The Saturday Evening
POST
October 15, 1960 — 15¢

JA 11 '61

CHICAGO
By John Bartlow Martin

THE CASE FOR THE DEMOCRATS
By Sen. Henry M. Jackson

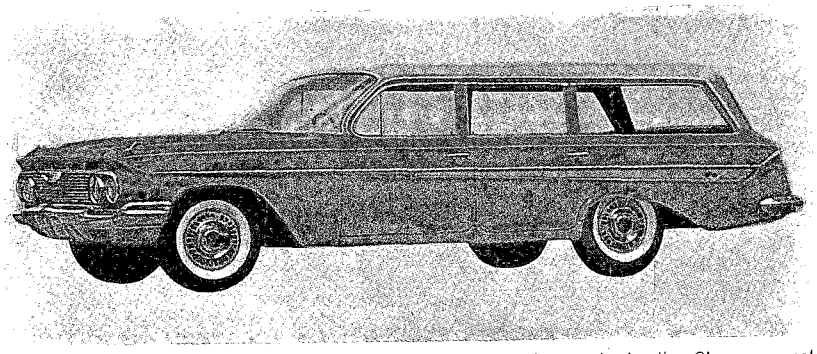
JOHN FALTER

Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO

363 GROVE AV P
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

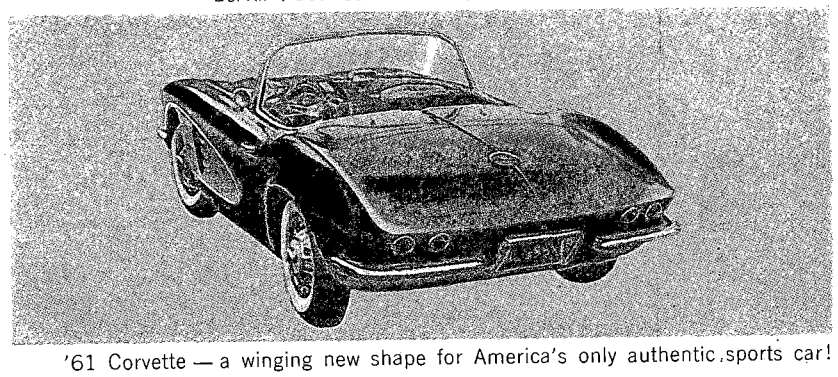
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nomad 9-Passenger Station Wagon—one of six easier loading Chevy wagons!

Bel Air 4-Door Sedan—sensibly sized right back to a new deep well trunk.



'61 Corvette — a winging new shape for America's only authentic sports car!

There's never been a wider assortment of Chevrolets than this '61 selection. Whether you're a budget-watcher or a luxury lover (or both!) you'll find a Chevy model that's meant for you. Visit your Chevrolet dealer's for the nearest thing yet to one-stop shopping for the car you want.

Now! Big car comfort at small car prices...

NEW '61 CHEVY BISCAYNE 6

the lowest priced full-sized Chevrolet!

New Biscaynes (6 or V8) give you a full measure of Chevy quality, room and proved performance — priced down with many cars that give you a lot less!

Biscayne 4-Door Sedan (below)—*big-car comfort at small-car prices!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

s the most useable, liveable, likeable car ever
—the '61 Chevrolet. Less out size that leaves
tra inches of clearance for parking and garaging.
re in size with seats as much as 14% higher
ust right for sitting, just right for seeing) and
shaved down driveshaft tunnel that leaves wide
en space for feet. Larger door openings (up to 6
ches wider) make an open and shut case for
mfort and convenience all by themselves, and
at new storehouse of a trunk (you can stack
rgo 15% higher) shows you that Chevy thinks
about baggage, too. Loading is an easy lift to
e new bumper-level deck lid opening, and pack-
g odd-sized objects is a cinch, thanks to the
cessed deep-well floor. You can tell extra-
reful planning went into this new Chevy. It's so
xurious where you want luxury, yet so practical
here you want Chevrolet's thrifty, no-nonsense
acticality. Drop in and see it at your Chevrolet
aler's right now, the car that gives you
whole new measure of your money's worth!

Sixty-Onederful Chevrolet

THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

CHEVROLET

rolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

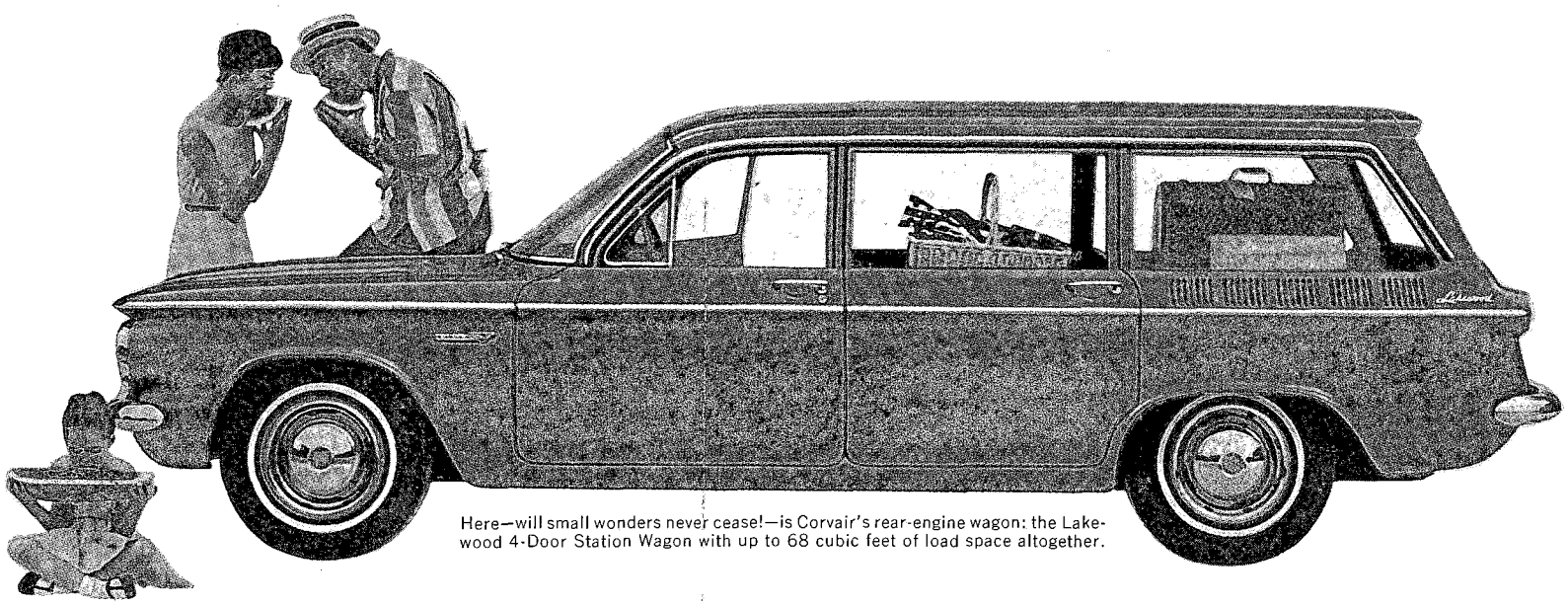
Impala Sport Sedan—one of five luxury-loving Impalas for '61. Notice the distinctive new roof line; front door entrance height is nearly 2 inches higher.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

now...more space, spunk and savings!

'61 NEW CHEVY CORVAIR!

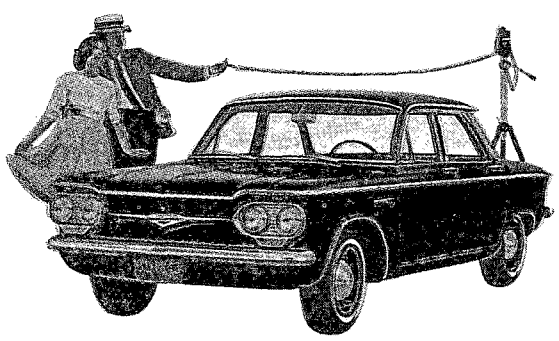


Here—will small wonders never cease!—is Corvair's rear-engine wagon: the Lakewood 4-Door Station Wagon with up to 68 cubic feet of load space altogether.

Corvair comes into '61 with a complete line of complete thrift cars—and every Corvair virtue is refined and sharpened! To begin with, you get more room for yourself and whatever you're taking with you (there's almost 12% more room under the hood for luggage in sedans and coupes). Corvair's spunkier air-cooled rear engine—now 145-cu.-in. displacement—gives all nine models the nimble handling and the tenacious traction that are a special Corvair trademark. At the same time, you get more miles to a gallon and faster than ever cold-start warmup. There's even a thrifty new heater* that warms everybody evenly. We could go on and on—especially about Corvair's new wagons. But why spoil your fun? Talk this polished new 1961 Corvair over with your Chevrolet dealer—and make it soon!

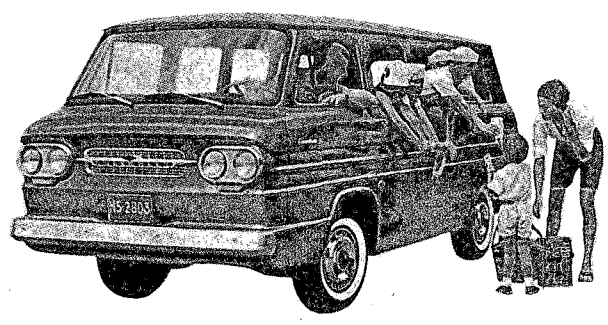
Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at extra cost.



4-Door 700 Sedan—its 145-cu.-in. Turbo-Air 6 gives you faster than ever warmup, so you can start saving on gas quicker. More miles per gallon, too.

2-Door 700 Club Coupe—Like all Corvairs, it offers a brand-new-for-'61 all-Synchro-Mesh four-speed gearbox* in addition to Powerglide* and standard transmission.



Greenbrier Sports Wagon—coming your way, with up to twice the space for people and things you're used to in a wagon—a whopping 175.5 cubic feet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

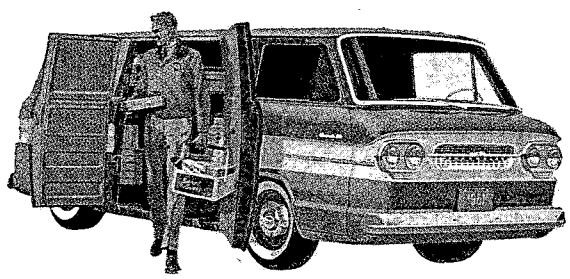
TWO TOTALLY DIFFERENT TYPES OF

Corvair 95 Rampside—with a wing-ding of an idea for easy loading! Ramp is nearly 4 feet wide.

REAR-ENGINE CORVAIR 95'S the trucks that began with four wheels and a fresh idea!

You're looking at the newest thing in moving loads since the horse went out of style. A truck that carries up to 1,900 pounds of payload on a nimble 95-inch wheelbase and will practically pay for itself in savings.

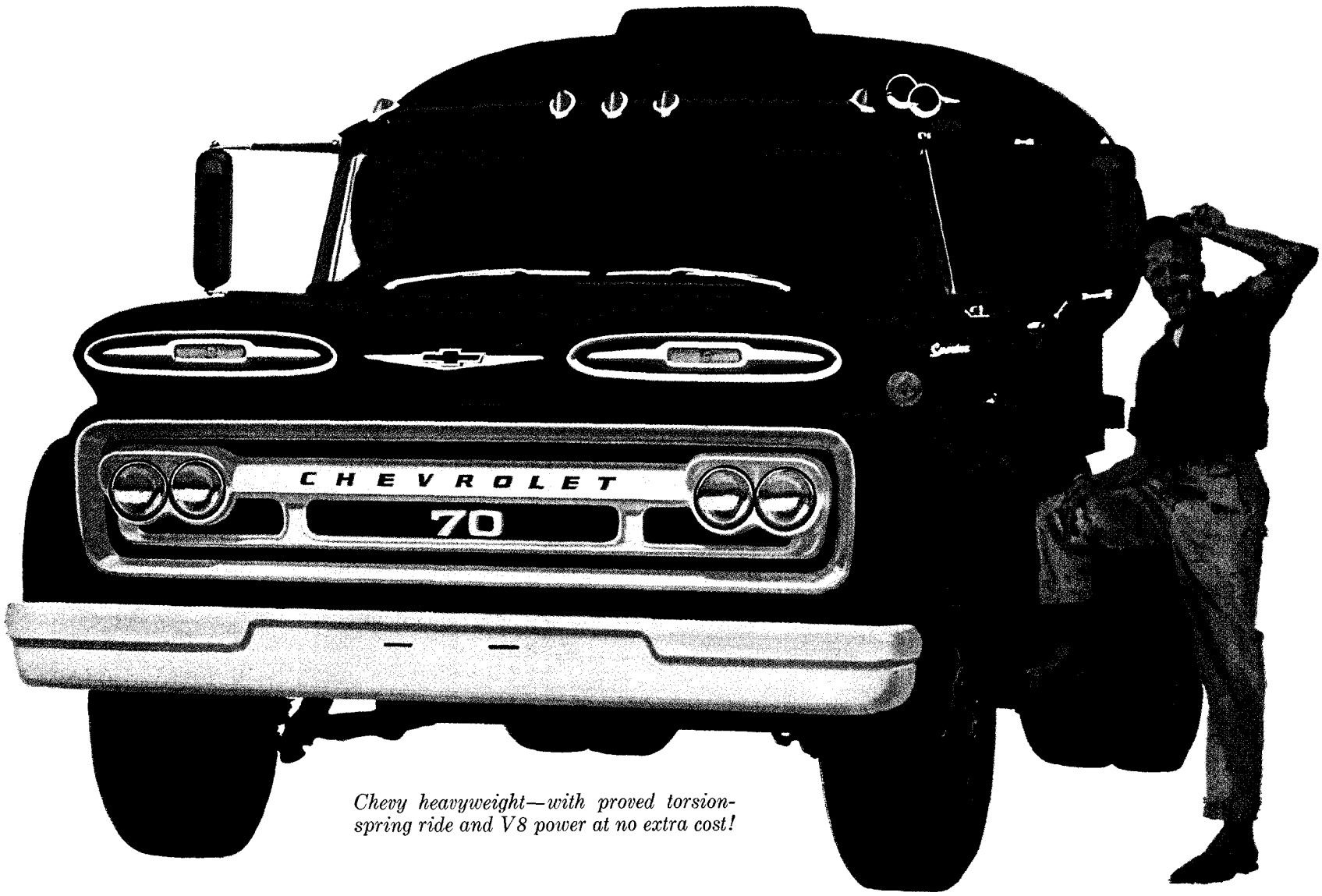
Three Corvair 95 models—two pickups and a panel—join Chevy's '61 fleet, each one with more load space than a conventional half-tonner. Yet they measure more than two feet *shorter* from bumper to bumper! They're experts at jockeying king-size cargoes into pint-size parking places. Experts at saving, too, with an air-cooled rear engine that gets by on less gas and never, never uses water or antifreeze. (You never have to worry about radiator repairs or new hose connections!) Here are all kinds of special attractions never found in an American truck before. Cabs with plenty of space. Great visibility—no hood between the driver and the road! Level-riding four-wheel independent suspension. A solid integral body-frame construction. Fifty-fifty weight distribution front and rear, loaded or unloaded. This one you've *got* to see.



CORVAN *Loading height is a low 14" from the road. Side doors open a full 49" wide.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

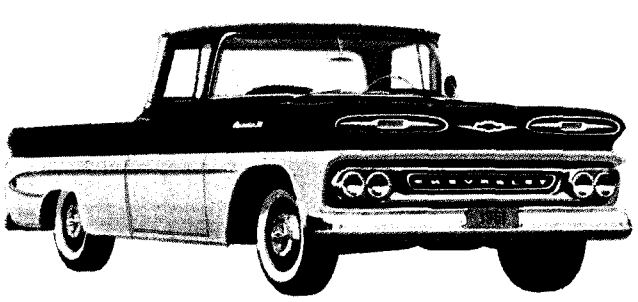
CHEVY TRUCKS FOR '61!



Chevy heavyweight—with proved torsion-spring ride and V8 power at no extra cost!

TORSION-SPRING '61 CHEVROLETS worth more because they work more!

Here's Chevy for '61—the latest editions of the trucks that revolutionized trucking with their load-saving, road-paving independent front suspension. Work-proved torsion-spring trucks that cut downtime and haul extra thousands of miles before trade-in! You'll find tightwads in every Chevy weight class to whittle down work costs and up your income. A whole long lineup of the most popular pickups working. New, lower priced, long wheelbase 4-wheel-drive models. The most advanced Tilt Cabs and Low Cab Forward models on the market. Medium-duty 60-H models that hold down overhead and work like heavies. Every kind of truck to move nearly every kind of load, right on up through high-powered, high-capacity tandems! Stop by your dealer's. Look over his '61 models on display—read up on the latest specs. And by all means plan to sample Chevrolet's work-proved torsion-spring ride. You'll see in short order why more truck owners swear by Chevy than any other make. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH
NOW AT YOUR
CHEVROLET DEALER'S CHEVROLET

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA 5, PENNSYLVANIA. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $6.00 A YEAR IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY MUTUAL
the company that stands by you

NIGHTMARE CRACK-UP

But Liberty settles claim with "maximum speed, minimum trouble"

A Liberty Mutual Policyholder writes:

"During my recent vacation . . . I had the misfortune to be involved in an automobile accident . . . Your company settled my claim to my complete satisfaction with a maximum of speed and efficiency and a minimum of trouble to me. When I purchased my policy, I was very skeptical of all insurance companies in general. Since this accident, I have nothing but praise for your company . . . I will be able to recommend it to my friends with confidence."

Liberty Mutual policyholders seem to enjoy spreading the good word about Liberty's fast, efficient claims service. No doubt you've heard the news yourself. Have you also heard that this *quality protection* often costs no more than ordinary car insurance? It's true. And every year generous dividends have lowered the cost still further. Last year, for example, our automobile policyholders got back over $12 million in dividends alone.

Call the Liberty Mutual office nearest you and find out how easy it is to protect yourself with this better insurance.

Save 20% to 40% with Liberty's Homeowners Policy

A Liberty Mutual Homeowners Policy protects you against loss from many common hazards. It combines fire insurance with personal liability, theft, windstorm, explosion, etc. This package costs 20% to 40% less than if the same protection were bought in separate policies. How much you save depends on what state you live in. You can further reduce your premiums by taking advantage of deductible clauses, and last year's dividend added another 15% to the savings.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HOME OFFICE: BOSTON
Personal Insurance: Automobile, Fire, Inland Marine, Burglary, Homeowners
Business Insurance: Workmen's Compensation, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Inland Marine, Fleet, Crime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, John Bird.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Sherwood Harris, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 15, 1960 *Vol. 233, No. 16*

4 Short Stories

The Governor's Wife . . . . . *Gertrude Schweitzer* 22
The Peddler . . . . . *N. J. Crisp* 26
Climb for Your Life . . . . . *Edward Lindall* 30
Killer at the Door . . . . . *William Fay* 37

8 Articles

To Chicago, With Love . . . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 19
I Rode the Thunder . . . . . *Lt. Col. William H. Rankin, USMC* 24
The Face of America: The Carriage Trade . . . *Photograph by Jack Fields* 28
Can Arkansas Keep Her Coach? . . . . . *Fred Russell* 31
The Case for the Democrats . *Henry M. Jackson, U.S. Senator From Washington* 32
Bernard Baruch's Own Story (Conclusion)
The Truman Years . . . . . *Bernard M. Baruch* 36
The "Compacts" Are Here to Stay . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 38
Adventures of the Mind: Listening to the Universe . . . *A. C. B. Lovell* 40

1 Serial

Something Light (Second of four parts) . . . . . *Margery Sharp* 34

Other Features

Letters 6
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 42
Verse . . . 50, 58, 86, 90, 114, 125, 129
Hazel 130
Keeping Posted 132

THE COVER

The standard picture-post-card view of Chicago is of Michigan Avenue, looking north toward the Tribune Tower and Wrigley Building. Artist John Falter gives us instead a southern exposure of this elegant avenue—with the Wrigley Building and environs reflected in the camera lens at left. Behind the lofty buildings on the right is the Loop; facing them are the Art Institute, set in Grant Park, and Lake Michigan. The whiskered gent with sketch pad is the late Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright's mentor and an architect who helped reshape the face of this frisky city. (Sullivan had an office in Orchestra Hall, the second building from right.) We thought we had spotted another eminent Chicagoan, Al Capone, in the foreground. But Falter assures us we're imagining things.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Blades—and "files for every purpose"

NICHOLSON

Files, Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades, Rotary Burs, Industrial Hammers, Ground Flat Stock

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

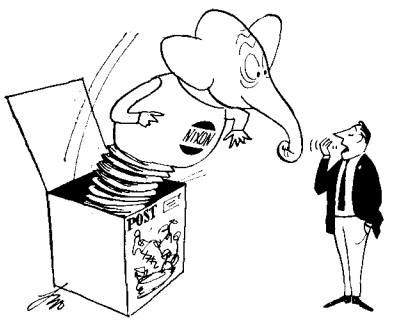
The Post Is for Nixon

● *This week's* LETTERS *section is devoted entirely to the spirited comments readers have made on our September 10 editorial,* THE POST IS FOR NIXON. *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading your editorial THE POST IS FOR NIXON. So what's the big deal? Are we supposed to be surprised? Nixon is a Republican, so naturally *The Post* is for him.

If the Republicans ran Goldwater or Omar Khayyam or King George III *The*



Post would support them likewise. So tell me, when has *The Post* ever supported a Democrat?

GEORGE BELL
Roselle, Ill.

● The Post *takes a moderately conservative position on public questions. Should the Democratic Party come up with a candidate who seemed closer to our views than the Republican candidate, he would be more than likely to have our support. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine editorial. I am reminded of the young son of our neighbor who was giving his Pledge of Allegiance at his first cub-scout meeting: "I pledge allegiance to the flag and to the Republicans for which it stands."

CMDR. D. ADAMS FROST, USN (*Ret.*)
Edmonds, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your editorial. I am an Irish, Roman Catholic, Oklahoma Democrat. . . . I have "thought for myself," and it is extremely gratifying to find that *The Post* has arrived at the same conclusions.

MRS. JOHN B. SCHIBI
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Having read your editorial outlining the reasons you have chosen to support Vice President Nixon, I must confess it was exceptionally fair to both candidates. . . . I intend to support the Kennedy-Johnson ticket.

SGT. G. NELSON, USA
Fort Hood, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

If God were running against the Devil, which isn't the case in 1960, you would support the reactionary candidate without asking which was God. . . . I'll say one thing for you guys. You can present your side of the case. You have almost persuaded me that 3 per cent national growth, high interest rates, 45 per cent of steel capacity idle, foreign-policy collapse in Cuba and Africa, rising living cost and a $12,500,000,000 peacetime budget deficit is a boon. I am beginning to think Nixon is God and that his $18,000 slush fund, of old, was a tithe in the name of the Lord.

FAUGH H. BOWDEN
Eunice, N. Mex.

"Toughness, Maturity, Experience"?

Dear Sirs:

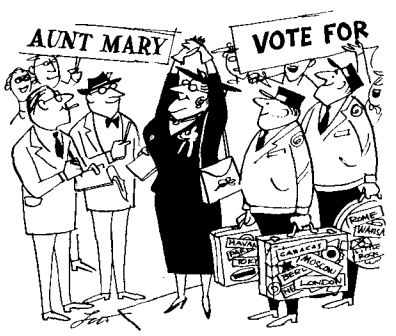
After reading your glowing descriptions of the "toughness" of Nixon I ask you to cancel my subscription to your magazine. You see I too know of the "toughness" of Nixon—his campaign tactics against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas are two shining examples that stand out in my memory. . . .

No, my friends, I cannot in good conscience further read this magazine whose editors admire the peculiar type of Nixon "toughness."

LORETTA BUCKMAN
Newton, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Maturity? Experience? Bah! Your Aunt Mary who went around the world last year has had as much international experience. Well, maybe not quite as



much. *She* didn't get stoned and spat upon in South America.

KATHRYN FALLER
Columbus, Ohio

"Second-Rate Power"?

Dear Sirs:

Over our past history we have failed many times, but never before have we failed so many times in such a short span of years as in the past eight to hold and to build world respect for the United States. Is this the "experience" you proclaim for Richard Nixon?

EVELYN E. RAWLEY
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It may be a bitter pill, but some of your friendliest allies do not find it quite so difficult to swallow the "charges" made by the Democrats in Los Angeles. Perhaps it may be wiser to replace Republican mythology and delusions of American grandeur with some good old American realism. . . .

One would expect that American patriotism is sufficiently secure to withstand some soul-searching reappraisal—or is it?

MRS. B. MOREN
Vancouver, British Columbia

Dear Sirs:

Your championship of Nixon was splendid, particularly your condemnation of the Democrats in implying that the United States is a "second-class power."

MADELEINE SPEAR
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was very glad to read of your stand for Nixon . . . for the Presidency of our *first-rate* United States of America.

B. E. SKILLMAN
Sylva, N.C.

Should We Take a Stand?

Dear Sirs:

It is most refreshing to know that a powerful publication depending on subscribers for its existence is willing to say exactly what it means. It is doubly so in this era so marked by double talk, and characterized by "good public relations," meaning "let's not offend anyone."

MARDA ALEXANDER
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

This might hurt your circulation.

JAMES L. AUSTIN
Troy Center, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The Post is for Nixon. We tore *The Post* into shreds.

EDITH HOLLAND OWEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Vive The Saturday Evening Post! It is heartening to see a magazine that has principles in this election year. Even though your editorial content is admittedly pro-Republican, you have steadfastly maintained the highest level of objective reporting in your news articles.

DENNIS HALAC
Elmhurst, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

We would like to stand up and be counted too. Please cancel our subscription.

MRS. ROBERT G. HACKETT
Clinton, Iowa

Drum Beaters

Dear Sirs:

Your decision to come out for Richard Nixon is interesting, but I fail to understand how you were able to do so on the grounds you propose: experience, maturity and toughness. Surely if anyone applies these criteria he must support John F. Kennedy. . . .

Nixon has had little responsibility for the actual running of the country. He has been a glorified public-relations man. . . . Kennedy, on the other hand, has been on the legislative firing line. He has fearlessly investigated one of the most pressing aspects of modern American life, labor racketeering. And he concerned himself with foreign affairs when there seemed little mileage in that area.

As to maturity. . . Nixon is a little older than Kennedy; Kennedy has tackled much the more important moral problems. He has faced up to labor; he has openly discussed the problem of religious bigotry; and he has studied our position in a world where American prestige has been slipping markedly. This willingness to face up to difficult problems certainly bespeaks maturity.

As to toughness . . . Nixon displayed commendable willingness to speak back to Khrushchev; and he also handled himself well in South America. But the moral toughness shown by John F. Kennedy is legendary. . . . If anyone thinks that John Kennedy would be afraid of Khrushchev he does not understand the record of this gallant fighter. . . .

From the above you can probably guess that I wished you had come out for Kennedy. Well, it's going to be a great campaign.

JAMES A. MICHENER
Pipersville, Pa.

● *Author Michener these days is something of a "glorified public-relations man" himself, as chairman of the Bucks County, Pa., Citizens for Kennedy committee. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Like countless thousands of others, I have read your editorial. . . . You have brought out the ideas so clearly. I like to think that the shadows of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin and others are looking up toward your windows this week with a smile of approval. Maybe the Liberty Bell will join with a faint ring.

Down here I am head of a Citizens for Nixon and Gavin Committee. (The latter is the Republican candidate for governor.) Most of us are Democrats, and I believe when the votes are counted next November that Mr. Nixon will be pleasantly surprised.

GEN. ROBERT L. EICHELBERGER, USA (*Ret.*)
Asheville, N.C.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19, 20, 21—Larry Keighley. • 22, 23—Robert G. Harris. • 24—Lemuel B. Line; Sid Avery; U. S. Marine Corps. • 25—Ollie Atkins; U. S. Marine Corps; Sid Avery. • 26, 27—Edwin Georgi. • 28, 29—Jack Fields. • 30—Sam Bates. • 31—Bill Shrout; University of Arkansas. 32, 33—Ollie Atkins. • 34, 35—Lynn Buckham. • 36—United Press International; Philippe Halsman. • 37—Larry Kritcher. • 39—Two by Jim Burns; Studebaker-Packard; two by Jim Burns; General Motors. • 40—Wolf Suschitzky. • 41—California Institute of Technology. • 84—Larry Keighley. • 108—British Official Photo, Central Office of Information. • 132—Sid Avery; B. Denitch; Larry Keighley.

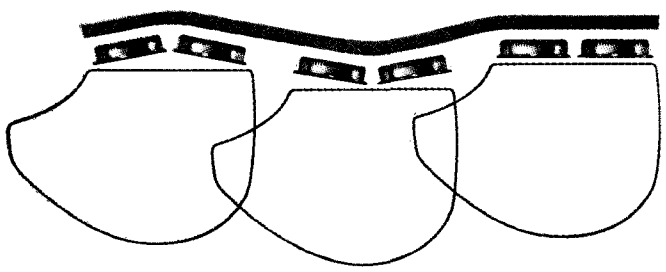
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norelco ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN SHAVING SINCE THE ROTARY BLADE ITSELF...

The World's Finest Shaving Instrument

New 'floating-head' shaver outdates all other ways to shave!

Here is the new 'floating-head' Norelco Speedshaver. This instrument not only has the famous self-sharpening rotary blades—but new 'floating-heads' that follow the contours of your face to shave the hollows and the hills, every curve of your face!



Adjusts itself while you shave . . . hugs every curve of your face . . . gives faster shaves than ever before . . . closer shaves than ever before!

What's more, you don't have to bear down! The motor automatically adjusts its speed to the load you place upon it to give you optimum shaving efficiency. You shave faster, closer—without pinch, pull or irritation.

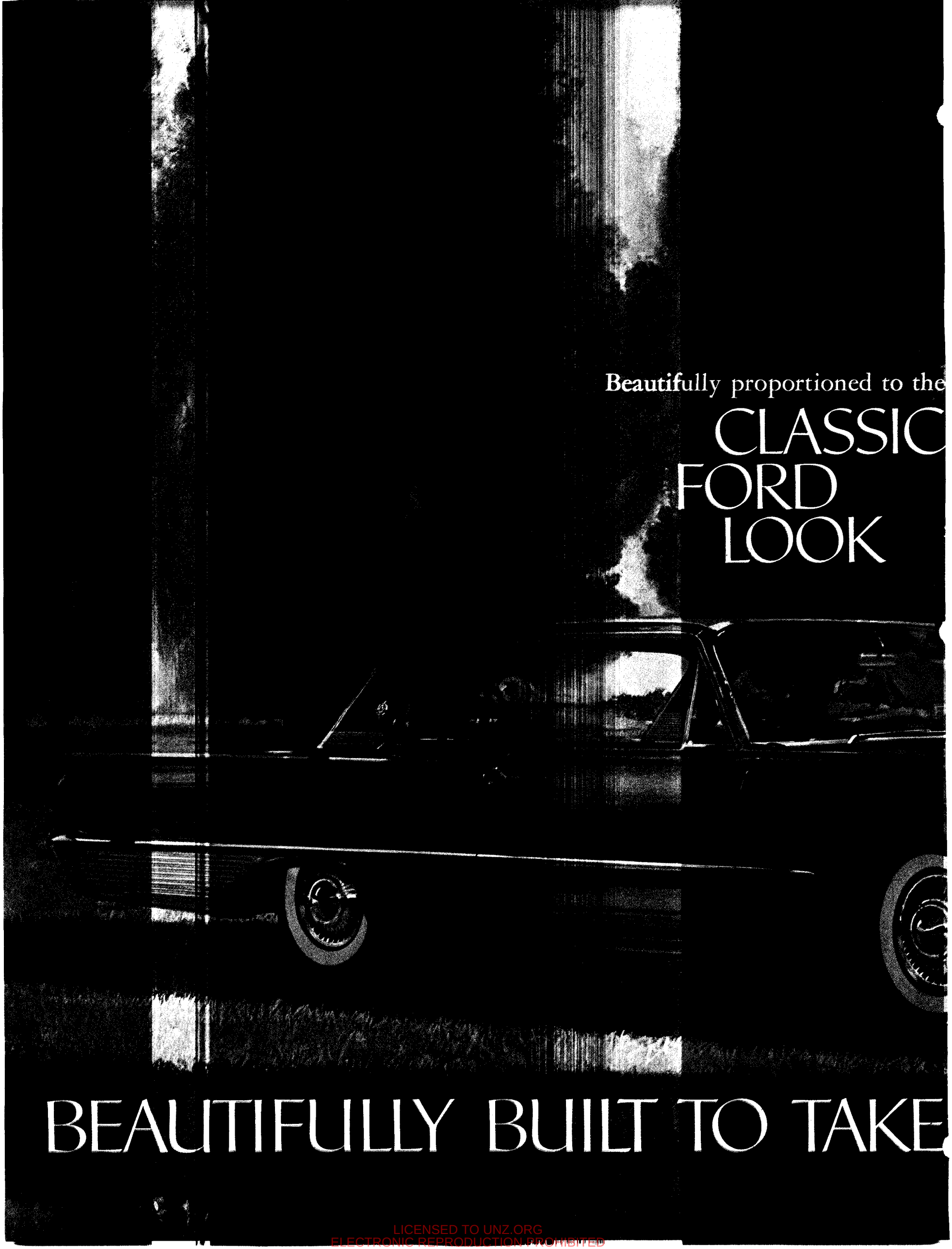
But that's not all! The new 'floating-head' Speedshaver® has larger heads, more blades, more whisker openings. A twist of the wrist adapts it for 110 or 220 volts. Free adaptor plug for world-wide use. In handsome metal travel case AC/DC (MODEL SC 7860) $29.95.

Norelco Speedshaver with push-button flip-top cleaning—world's largest selling electric shaver—available at $24.95 AC/DC (MODEL SC 7912).

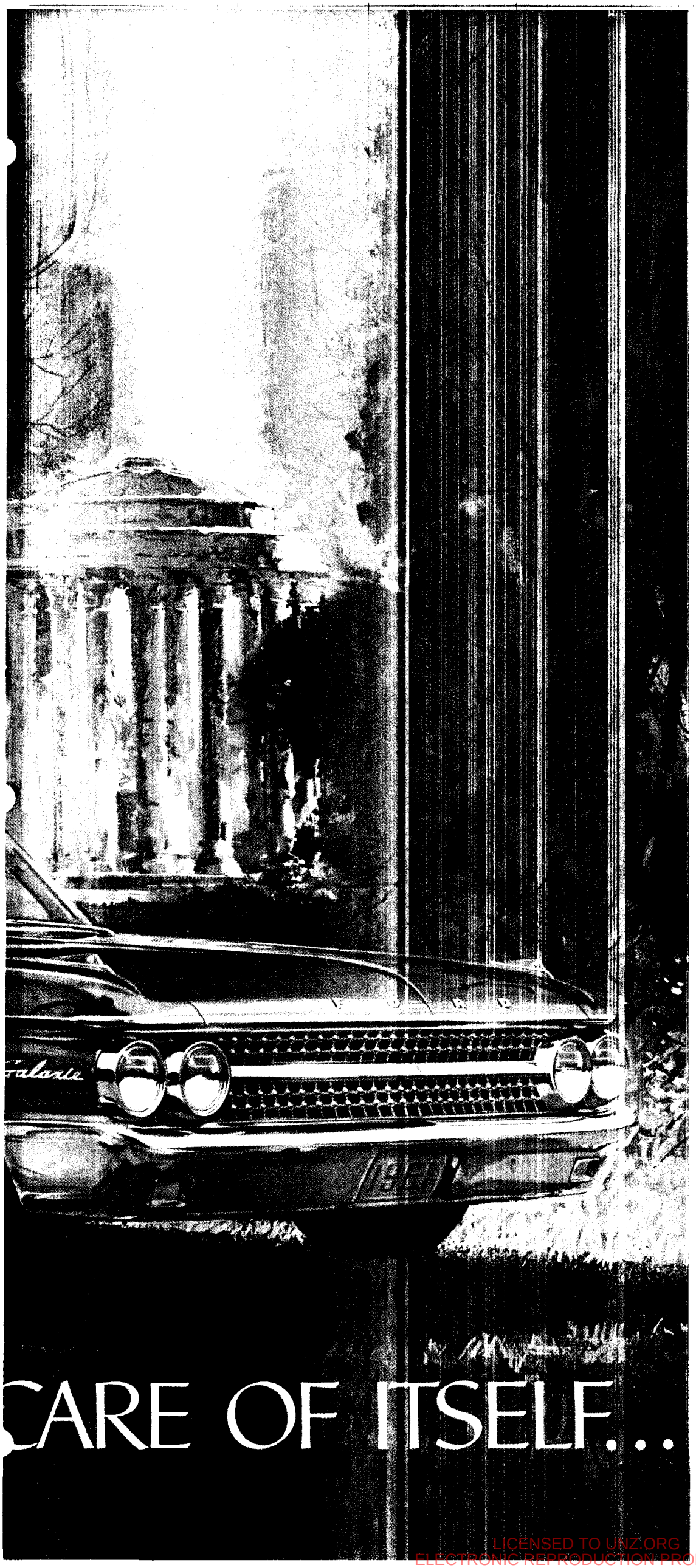
NEW Norelco® SPEEDSHAVER with 'floating-heads'

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world.
Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An honor to be proud of, this is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per L'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

You are looking at the trend-setting car of our times, the '61 Ford . . . a car whose clean and classic profile is unmatched by any other in the world. One glance and you'll know: from the big-circle taillights and sculptured rear deck to the crisp, fresh front-end design, the '61 Ford is cast to the Classic Ford Look.

Here is a Ford that is not only magnificent in looks, ride and comfort, but is new in its entire concept. For the '61 Ford is beautifully built to take care of itself! It lubricates itself . . . cleans its own oil . . . automatically adjusts its own brakes . . . even protects its own body.

Indeed, here is a car that will save you valuable time and money by doing away with many stops for service.

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself. You'll normally go 30,000 miles without a chassis lubrication.

Cleans its own oil. You'll go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter.

Adjusts its own brakes. New truck-size brakes adjust themselves . . . automatically.

Guards its own muffler. Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized—normally will last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body. All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish. New Diamond Lustre Finish never needs wax.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company,*

'61 FORD

A magnificent view . . . the '61 Ford Galaxie Club Victoria

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

It's Not What Kind of Cars, But What Kind of Country?

We could be wrong, but it is hard to imagine people getting excited over the Schlesinger-Galbraith-Humphrey thesis that the Government should take away the people's tail-fin automobiles (Why them?) by means of higher taxes and spend the money on public projects which are supposed to be starving. "Growth" is a top enthusiasm of the Kennedy campaigners, and to be really acceptable, growth must be confined to the "public sector" of the economy. Some critics put our growth rate as low as 3 per cent a year, as against 6 per cent for the U.S.S.R. Despite the record of the Soviet leaders for not telling outsiders anything important, our gloom bloc always comes up with figures—no two alike.

Adherents of what Vice President Nixon has aptly named the "growthmanship" school of thought usually evade the contradiction between their analysis of the trouble and their prescription for a cure. Surely if we need faster industrial growth, it would be foolish to make things harder for industry by more onerous taxes to finance projects, many of them inflationary or unnecessary. But this is precisely what Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one of Senator Kennedy's closest advisers, wants to do. In a document circulated among Democratic leaders and revealed in *Printer's Ink*, Professor Schlesinger proposes a tax on advertising as a means of curbing the ordinary citizens' demand for "television sets and rumpus rooms," to the supposed neglect of the "public sector—everything from schools to missiles." To him, the things people insist on buying with their own money are "gadgets and gimmicks to overwhelm our bodies and distract our minds." People should be disciplined to "want" more of their money spent for them by the Government!

The June bulletin of the First National City Bank of New York disposes of the theory that the taxpayers are being spoiled while public projects languish. It is pointed out that "there has been a twenty-times multiplication of the Federal Government's cash intake in the past generation. Personal disposable income—the money people have left after income taxes—is not much more than four times the level of 1927." Considering the decline in the value of the dollar over the same period, it is hard to see the American taxpayer as hostile to the needs of that ever-demanding public sector.

As the observant banker points out, those who despise tail fins on automobiles "are not apt to mention the wheat bins holding surplus grain for which the taxpayers have put up more than $3,000,000,000. . . . They say nothing about misconceived public-works projects and the common abuses of social-welfare programs."

The fundamental question was mentioned by Mr. Nixon in a speech before the Junior Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis in June. The issue is: What kind of society do we want? Do we want a Government which can "plan and manipulate the economy to arrive at an arbitrary fixed percentage of growth"? Or should growth represent the normal process by which the needs of the people are met as they arise?

It seems to us that Mr. Nixon gave the right answer. "Growth," he said, "is only one objective of national policy, though admittedly a vitally important one. Among our other objectives are freedom and security. We must not and need not sacrifice either freedom on the one hand or security on the other to achieve growth. . . . We will always remember that the primary source of progress in America has been and will continue to be the dynamic, creative productivity of private rather than government enterprise."

In the Eichmann Case, the UN Found a Sensible Solution

It is pleasant to note that there is one matter in which the United States lately won a diplomatic success. Hitler's lieutenant, Adolf Eichmann, who was in charge of murdering millions of Jews, later hid in Argentina, but at last was tracked down. "Volunteers" seized him and put him on a plane for Israel, to be tried. Argentina complained to the United Nations of this violation of her sovereignty. She handed the Israeli ambassador his passport.

Our ex-ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, said Argentina was accurate in saying there had been a "violation of its sovereignty." But he offered two amendments to Argentina's proposed resolution. Argentina accepted them and they were unanimously adopted. The resolution requested Israel to make "appropriate reparation" to Argentina. Ambassador Lodge said the apology which Israel had already made was "adequate reparation."

Objection to Mr. Lodge's diplomacy was made by Herbert Monte Levy, former staff counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, and Marshall MacDuffie, who was chief of the United Nations relief in the Ukraine in 1946. They asserted that the United States, by conceding that Argentina's sovereignty had been violated, was "demanding of Israel a higher nobility" than it requires of itself.

Levy and MacDuffie cite the case of Morton Sobell. This spy for Soviet Russia asserted that he had been "kidnaped on foreign territory with American connivance." Our Department of Justice denied this, but argued that, even if it were true, our courts still could try him.

There is no analogy with the United Nations action in the Eichmann case. Sobell hid in Mexico. The Mexican Government did not complain of any "violation of its sovereignty." On the contrary, Sobell charged that Mexican officials had done the kidnaping and had delivered him to American officials. This is how the Eichmann seizure could and should have been accomplished.

In short, our Government acted correctly in the UN. The mass murderer, Eichmann, will be brought to justice. Israel's kidnaping methods were rebuked and Argentina's feelings soothed.

To Understand Other Nations, Learn Where They Are!

Ernest O. Hauser in his article, American Girl in Love With Paris (*The Saturday Evening Post*, July 9, 1960), tells about a Parisian shopkeeper "who is perfecting his geography by making his American customers describe their home states."

This so impressed us that we conducted a small, unscientific survey among random, college-graduate acquaintances to discover how many could name the provinces of France, let alone describe them. Of the ten individuals questioned, seven drew blanks and three mentioned Burgundy and Normandy. We then asked ten others—also college graduates—what country borders the Republic of Panama to the south. This elicited six incorrect stabs—Venezuela was the favorite guess—and four Colombias (correct).

These answers corroborate a suspicion that in spite of our vaunted "one-worldness" and our tremendous concern in foreign affairs, we in the United States are woefully ignorant about place geography, as it is called.

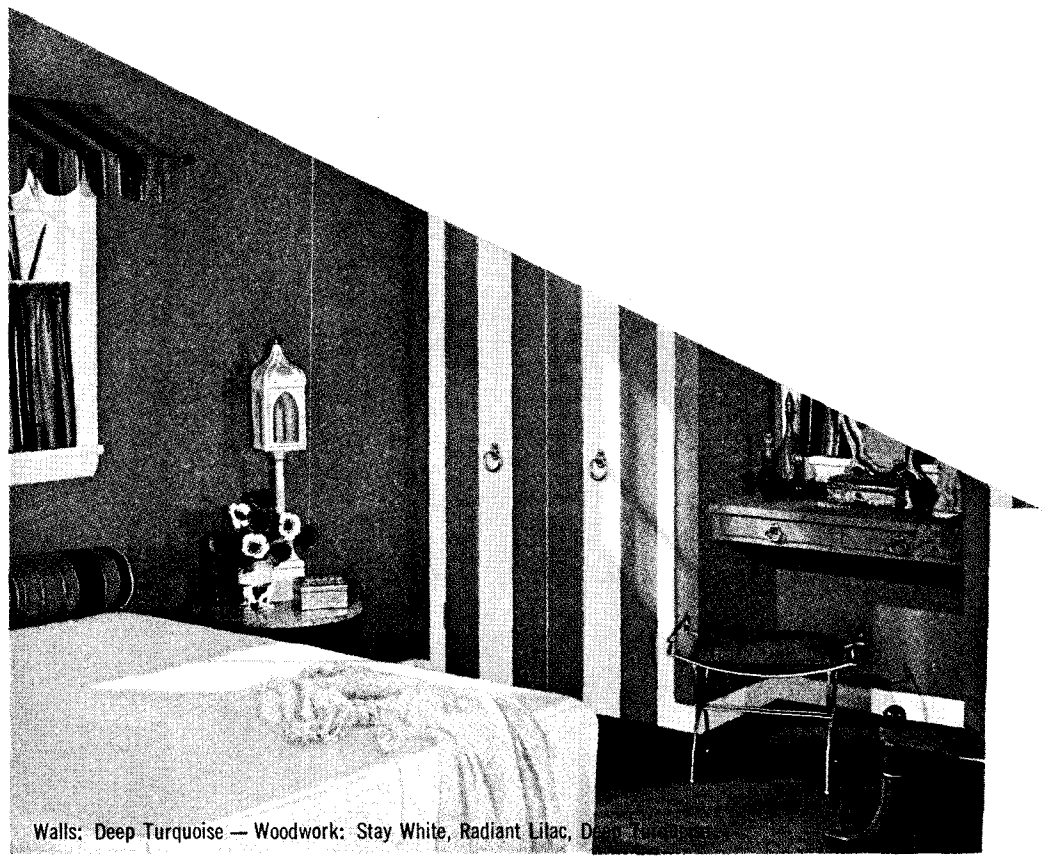
The suspicion germinated when, at a party given for foreign-exchange students, a well-educated American asked a Paraguayan boy, "Now let's see, is Paraguay in Central or South America?" It's as if the foreigner had asked the American, "Saskatchewan is one of your Western states, is it not?"

School children in the United States are taught a great deal about the earth and its changes, and its relation to the universe. They learn about the regions of the world: "On the Shore of the Arctic Sea" and "Living in Desert Lands" are chapter assignments in most social-studies books in the elementary grades. The children get a broad concept of the world, but not the "Name the Capitals" type of geography which used to be as basic as the three *R*'s.

High-school students are exposed to solid chunks of geography as they are related to their courses in government, American history, current events and the like, but they are still chunks; and only few high-school seniors elect World Geography when it is offered.

A required, one-semester course in plain old-fashioned geography, either in college or high school, wouldn't hurt a bit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Walls: Deep Turquoise — Woodwork: Stay White, Radiant Lilac, Deep Turquoise

Walls: Clearwater Blue

What does it take to be a decorator? Just you — and America's most popular wall paint. You see we created Super Kem-Tone to help you color style your home, whether you apply the paint yourself or have a contractor do it.

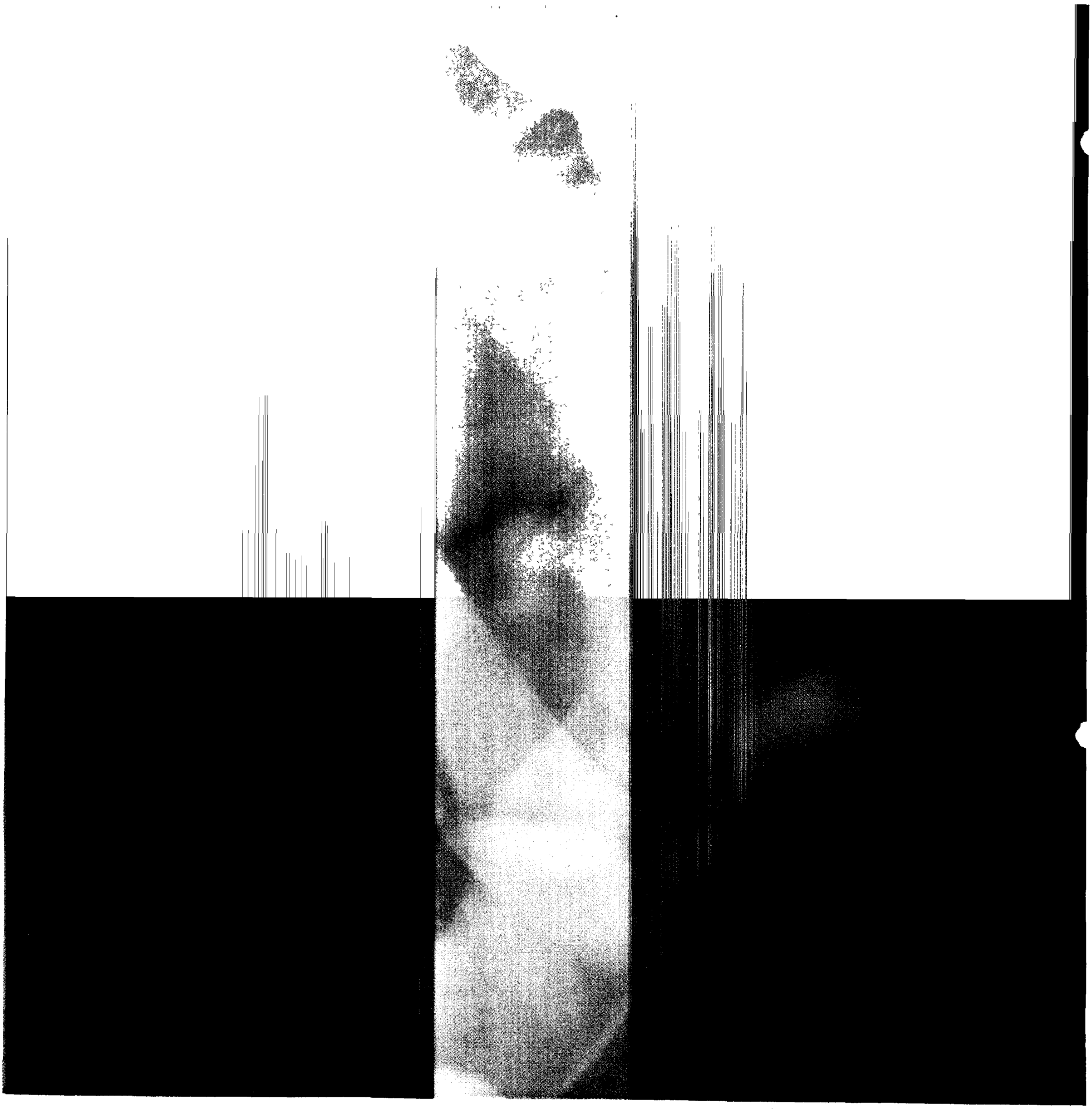
We choose our colors with unusual care — the newest, most beautiful shades in a wonderfully wide range. To help you choose colors, we offer our unique new Color Harmony Guide that you can borrow, free! And only Super Kem-Tone goes on so easily, covers so perfectly. Twenty minutes later, it's dry. And its beauty won't fade. Super Kem-Tone is guaranteed washable or your money back.

To make woodwork as beautiful as walls, use color-matching Kem-Glo® enamel. You can get these fine products at over 49,000 paint, hardware, lumber and department stores.

Super Kem-Tone wall paint and Kem-Glo enamel are made and distributed by: The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland • Acme Quality Paints, Inc., Detroit • W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh • The Lowe Brothers Co., Dayton • John Lucas & Co., Inc., Philadelphia • The Martin Senour Co., Chicago • Rogers Paint Products, Inc., Detroit

Be your own decorator with SUPER KEM-TONE®

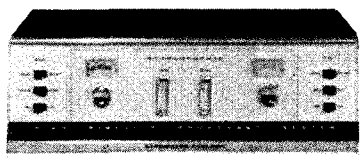
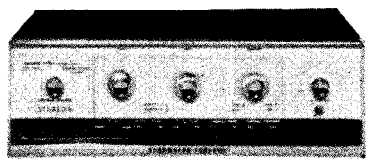
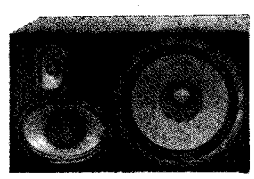
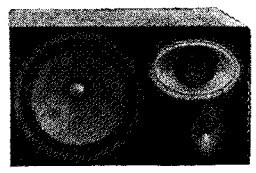
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



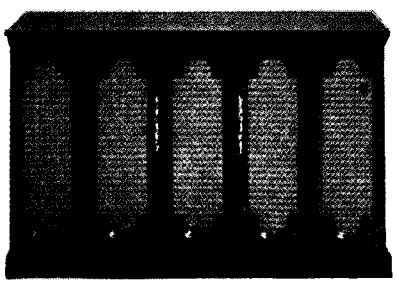
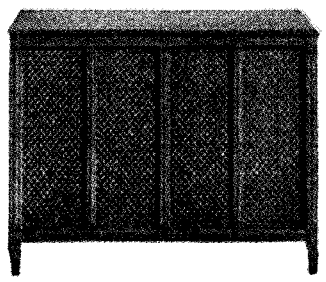
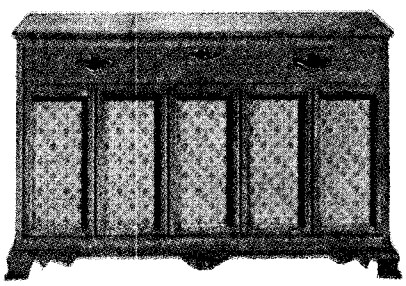
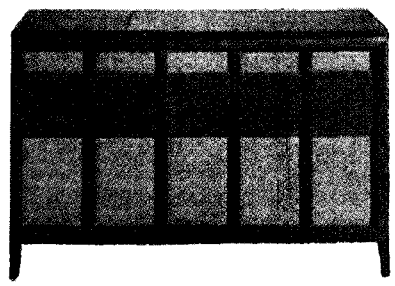
If you can get emotional about

MUSIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY STROMBERG-CARLSON GIVES YOU THE SAME INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS THAT HIGH-FIDELITY ENTHUSIASTS CHOOSE FOR THEIR OWN CUSTOM-BUILT SYSTEMS . . .

AND COMBINES THEM FOR SUPERLATIVE PERFORMANCE IN EXQUISITE FINE-FURNITURE CABINETS . . . CHOICE OF 13 CONSOLES IN RICH, BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED WOODS. AUTHENTIC CONTEMPORARY, TRADITIONAL, EARLY AMERICAN, FRENCH AND ITALIAN PROVINCIAL STYLING . . . COMPLETE STEREO CONSOLES ARE PRICED AS LOW AS $285.00.

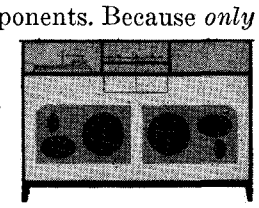
You should experience the sheer musicianship of a Stromberg-Carlson stereo high-fidelity console

A Stromberg-Carlson stereo console has an almost human reverence for music; it reproduces it so faithfully. The throaty sweetness of a clarinet. The shadowed moodiness of a cello. The dreamy majesty of a French horn. Their beauty is exquisitely recreated — because a Stromberg-Carlson is exquisitely and beautifully engineered.

In a Stromberg-Carlson console, you find the same audiophile components that are featured in specialist high-fidelity stores. Stromberg-Carlson amplifiers, tuners and loudspeakers. Garrard changers. Shure stereo cartridges. These are the identical components a passionate high-fidelity fan selects when building a system of his own. Only such components can produce, not just stereo or high-fidelity, but music as the artist created it.

Which brings us to the ultimate beauty secret of a Stromberg-Carlson.

A Stromberg-Carlson is the only console capable of reproducing music as faithfully and flawlessly as separately mounted components. Because *only* Stromberg-Carlson isolates the loudspeakers — by means of an ingenious cabinet-within-cabinet suspension system. This prevents sound energy from the speakers feeding back into the stylus, cartridge and amplifiers—and distorting and clouding the music.



Listen to a Stromberg-Carlson. Your ears will tell you its truth and beauty. *There's nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson.* You can own one for as little as $285.00. Consult the Yellow Pages for the name of your local Stromberg-Carlson dealer, or write Stromberg-Carlson, 1401-01015 North Goodman St., Rochester 3, New York, for color brochure.

STROMBERG-CARLSON
A DIVISION OF **GENERAL DYNAMICS**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing!

1961 SUPER 88

by OLDSMOBILE

The Action Line...in Performance and Design!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A glamorous all-new version of Oldsmobile's super-performer . . . *more spirited than ever!*

Again Oldsmobile takes the initiative . . . in high style and high performance! New "Action-Line" design radiates the look of luxury, the feel of flight . . . brings you the full-size room you like! The exclusive combination of the exhilarating new Skyrocket Engine and the all-new Hydra-Matic* with Accel-A-Rotor action writes a bright new chapter in Oldsmobile-pioneered performance! Gorgeous new interiors sparkle with new fabrics. And the ride is "super" too . . . cushioned in live rubber at more than 90 different points. Come try this spirited Super 88—and the Classic 98 or the dollar-saving Dynamic 88—all on gala display at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's now!

Oldsmobile Division of General Motors Corporation. *Optional at extra cost.

Turn the page for more! See Oldsmobile's F-85 . . . the hot new number in the low-price field!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S HERE!..the hot new number i

—F-85—

...every inch an OLDS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he LOW-PRICE FIELD!

MOBILE!

OLDS F-85 brings you the best of both—

nimbleness and economy of smaller cars...

high performance and solid ride

to match the bigger ones!

Trim and terrific! That's the new F-85 —Oldsmobile's thrift-size entry in the low-price field! It's lighter, livelier . . . easier on gas! Easier to park and handle! And the F-85 can really step out . . . because it combines a weight advantage with Oldsmobile's *exclusive* Rockette Engine—the all-new aluminum V-8 of *proved* design that's *standard* at no extra cost! Hydra-Matic Drive is optional for automatic convenience. Only Olds offers a power team like this in the low-price field!

Fun to drive! Alert to your every touch, the 155-horsepower F-85 holds the road like a shadow! A honey to handle and a peach to park! Handy 188.2″ over-all length . . . and an ample 112″ wheelbase for a superior ride.

Style and stamina that you'd expect in an Olds make the new F-85 a car you'll be proud to drive . . . and smart to buy! Simply beautiful fabrics that out-sparkle those in most big cars. All-Morocceen interiors available at no extra cost. Solid-looking hardware . . . solid-feeling ride . . . solid comfort from thick rubber insulation at many points. Come in and *size up* the new four-door F-85 sedans and wagons. Discover, too, how delightful it is to drive a new F-85 . . . at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's now!

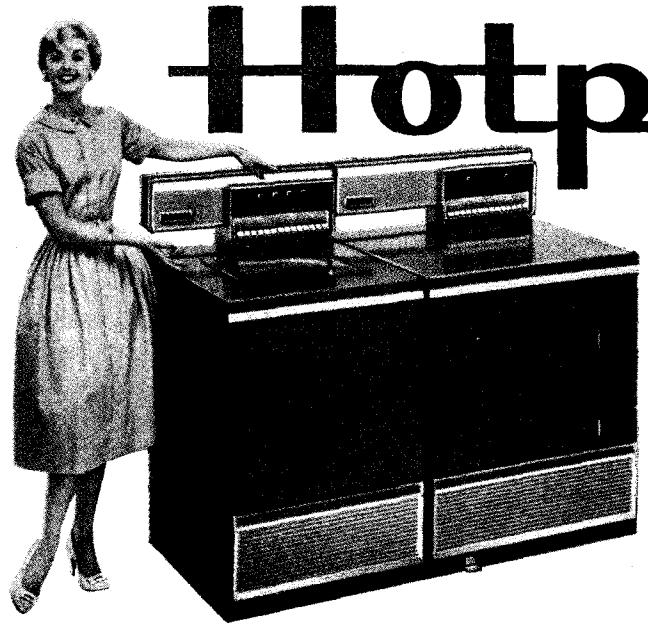
Before you buy any low-priced car
. . . be sure to see and drive the new F-85!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custom washes every washable at the touch of a button... new

Hotpoint with TOUCH COMMAND



All the washable fabrics in your home—from everyday cottons to special silks and woolens—even the newest miracle fabrics—are *custom washed* in your new Hotpoint with just the touch of a button. No dials to set—just push the button marked for the type of fabric and forget it.

Lint problems? Never, with the unique Hotpoint Underwater Lint Filter! And the Hotpoint Bleach and Rinse Dispenser makes everything come out beautifully bright and clean.

All Hotpoint Washers are *all porcelain inside and out.* Yes, every Hotpoint Washer provides *true* porcelain protection. At your dealer's now.

NEW SPEED-FLOW DRYER WITH TOUCH COMMAND
Now, dry washables you never dared dry before! Faster, cooler drying—safe for all washables. Dries typical loads in an average of 35 minutes. Also, for the first time, fast, effective drying—without high cost installation—in 115-volt models.

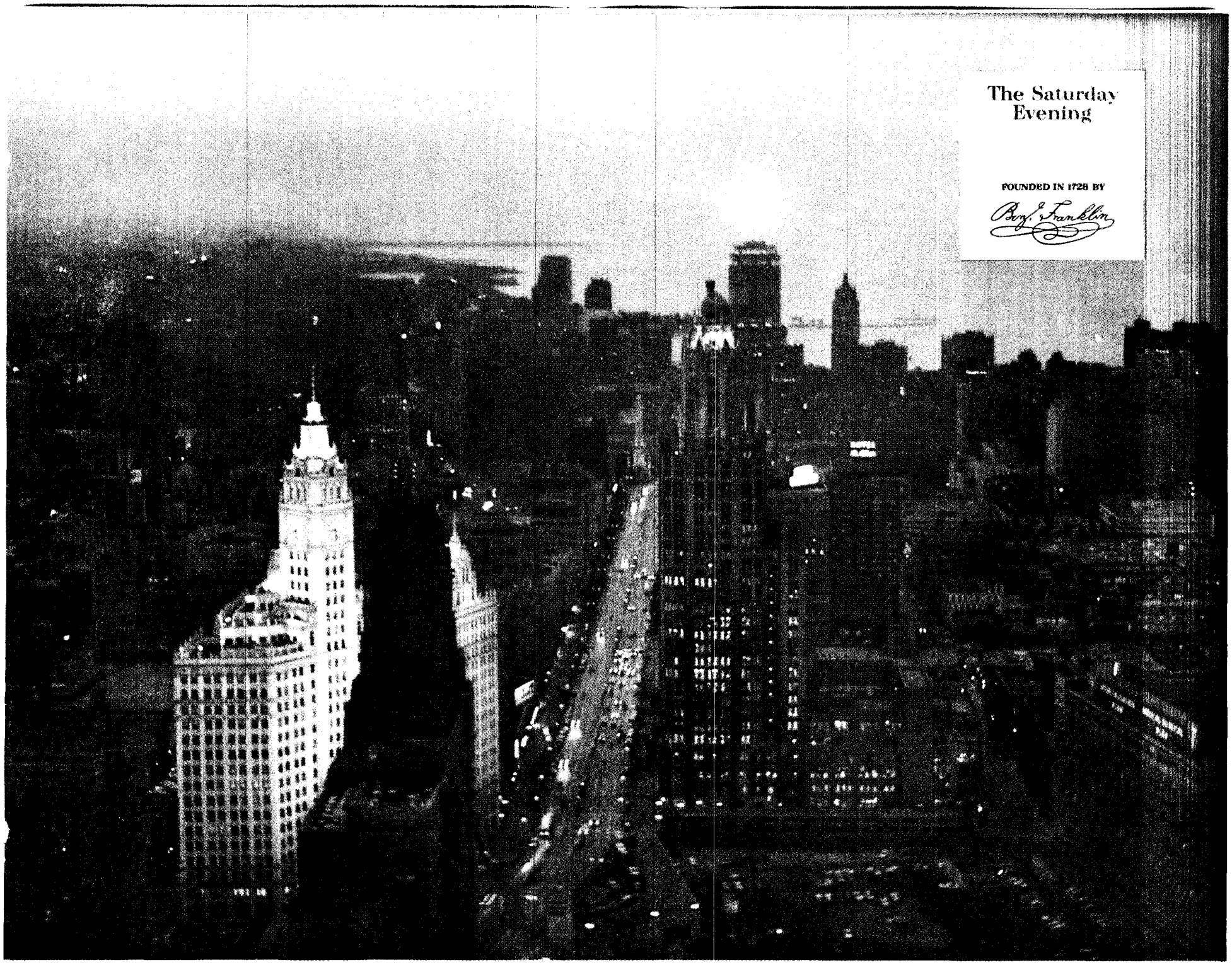
Hotpoint (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

Benj. Franklin



Chicago's "Magnificent Mile": Looking north on Michigan Avenue, with Lake Michigan in the background.

To Chicago, With Love

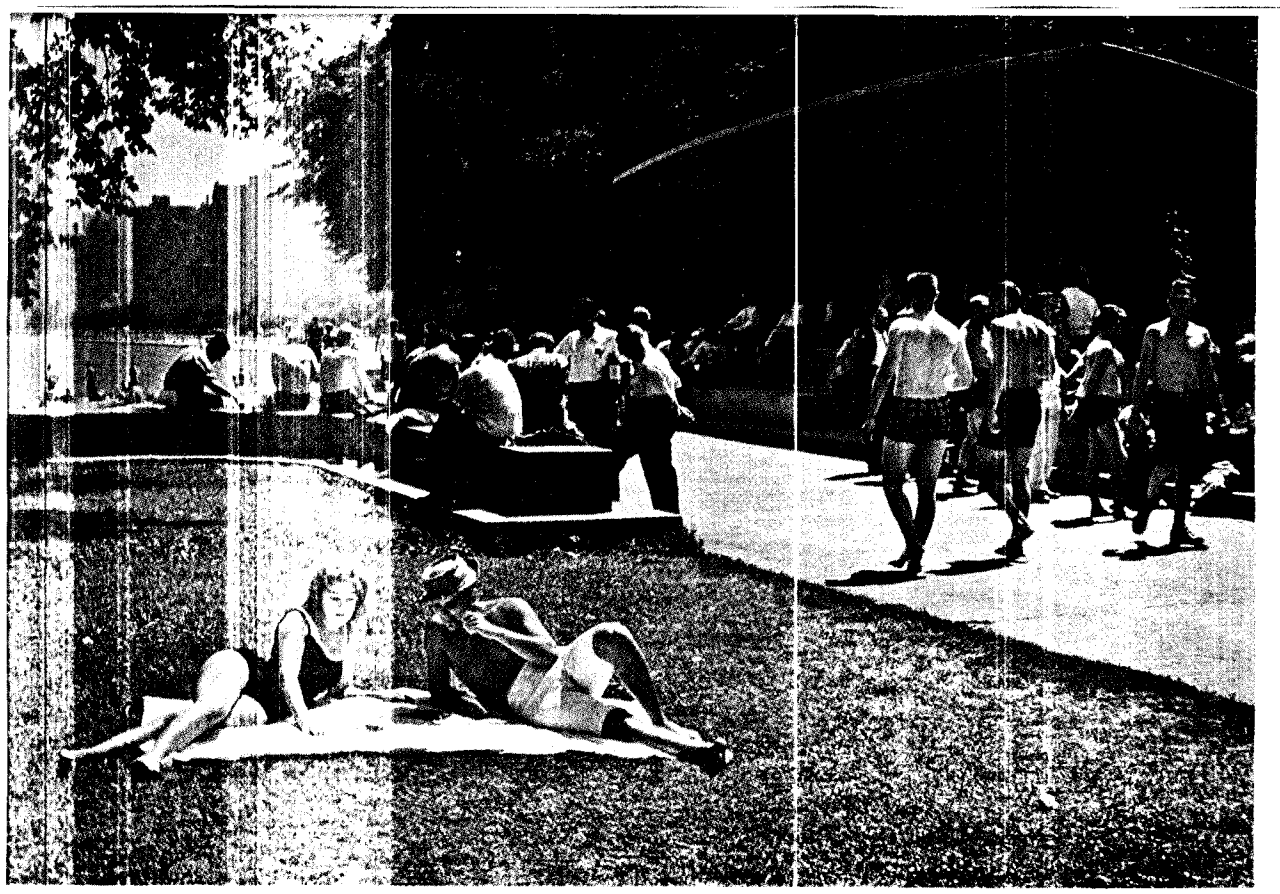
"Possibly the worst place to live in the United States," says the author, "but the people are wonderful." A famous reporter examines the many faults—and some virtues—of his beloved city. By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

One cold day last winter I went downtown in Chicago to have lunch with some friends from the East who were passing through town. I found them immensely cheerful and buoyed up. For in recent years they had heard depressing reports that Chicago had mended its roaring, wicked ways and assumed a dull respectability, but now, only the night before, Roger Touhy, an important racketeer in the beer wars of the 1920's, had been shot dead on the steps of his sister's home. And somehow Touhy's demise rejuvenated my friends, it reassured them, and one of them, a gentle little lady, said, "Thank heavens, there'll always be a Chicago."

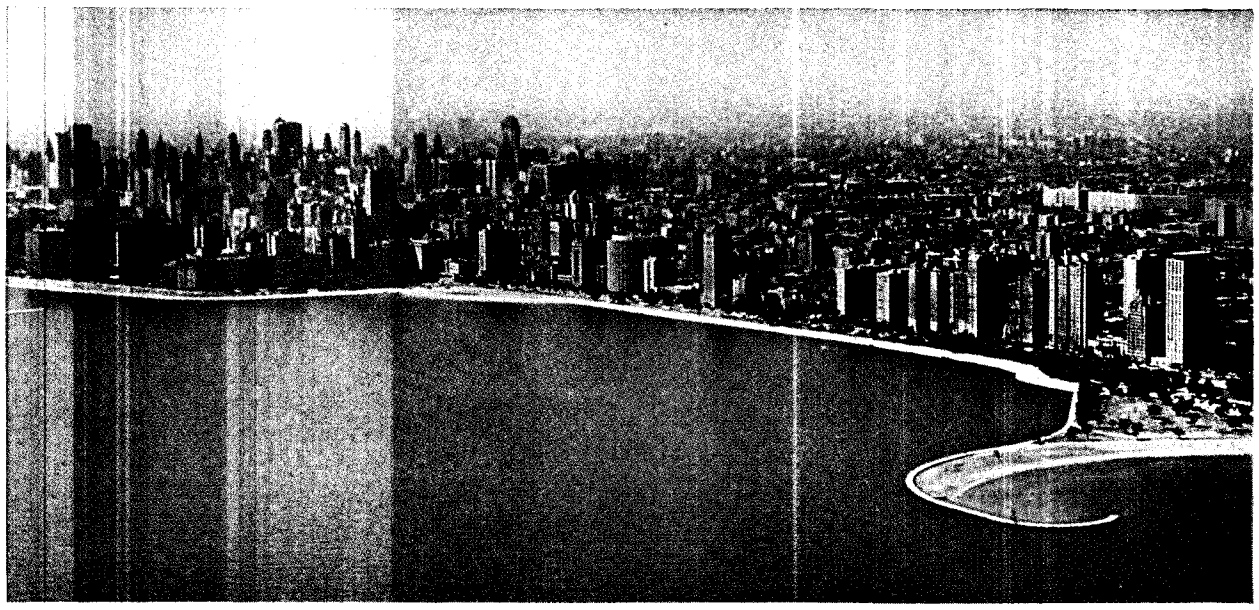
I must confess that, juvenile though it was, I too felt a certain odd lifting of the heart. This set me to wondering about Chicago's reputation. Where did it come from? And what kind of place is Chicago anyway?

I came to Chicago to live more than twenty years ago, and though I have spent a good part of that time in the suburbs, when anybody asks, I say I'm from Chicago. I grew up in Indiana, and when I was a boy my parents took me once to visit a distant cousin of theirs in Chicago. Five things impressed me forever: His apartment overlooked unbelievable Lake Michigan; he made gin in his bathtub; he lived not far from the Cubs' big-league baseball park; he spoke in breezy side-of-the-mouth accents foreign to Indiana ears; and one night as he and his wife were driving to a movie his car broke down, so he traded it on the spot for a new one, a magnificent gesture that I still think of as having something to do with the Chicago spirit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chess players at North Avenue Beach, near an area where many of Chicago's Bohemian intellectuals live.



"The Gold Coast," a strip of swank apartment hotels on Lake Michigan. The hook of land is North Avenue Beach.

Mayor Richard J. Daley (hand to face) and Jake Arvey (far right), Democratic National Committeeman, at the July funeral of Albert J. Horan, a former Municipal Court bailiff who left an estate of $1,000,000.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As I grew up, Chicago came to mean other things. It had been the home of Sherwood Anderson and the locale of *The Front Page*. It sported a tabloid newspaper. It was the place where The Big Story happened—I wanted to become a newspaperman—and more especially The Big Crime Story. John Dillinger had died there, a country boy from Indiana gone to the big town. In Chicago Eugene Debs had led the Pullman strikers, and Clarence Darrow had fought his battles. Chicago was where things happened. The horizons in Indiana seemed suffocatingly close, the ceiling in Chicago unlimited. And as fast as I could I went.

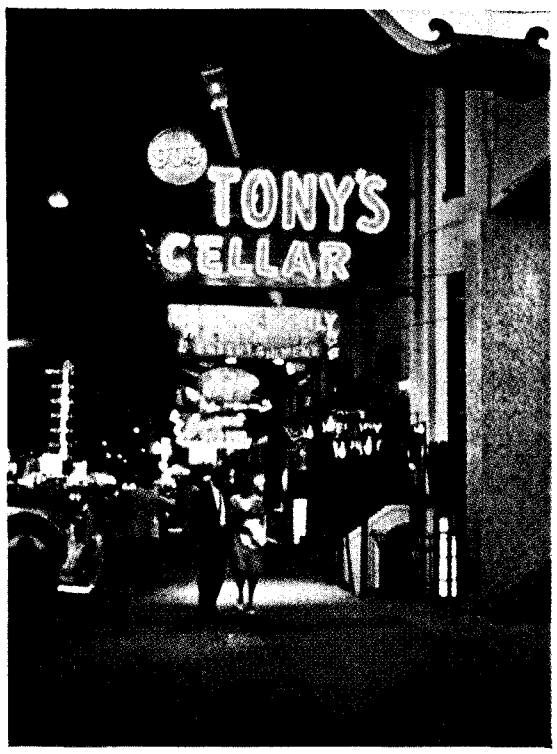
So have hundreds of thousands of other young people, boys and girls standing by the garden gate on a summer evening listening to a lonesome train whistle its way across the Kansas plain, for Chicago is in truth the hub of the prairies, the magnet that draws the young with bright lights and excitement and boundless opportunity. Bernard DeVoto once wrote that this Midwest is the place where the essential American civilization was formed—here met many streams of immigration, and the blend that emerged was something new in the world, the American idea. And of the Midwest, Chicago is the capital.

Chicago did not disappoint me. I was seized with a passion for the poor, and in high school had wandered through Indianapolis's meager slums, disappointed they were not more extensive; here were acres and acres of them, all mine. The city roared with life, traffic sped up the Outer Drive, trucks rumbled down Western Avenue, and elevated trains roared by overhead on the wondrous El, reared against the sky. Randolph Street in the theatrical district blazed with light nightlong. There was nothing like this in Indiana.

I lived in a cheap hotel on Rush Street on the Near North Side, a neighborhood of garrets and apartment houses, French restaurants and night clubs, inhabited by young people—artists, writers, hoodlums, show people. (Disappointingly many were like myself, kids out of college drinking beer by a fireplace at the Pub, and most went into the advertising business and moved to the suburbs or to New York; but that came later.) Waiters spoke with exotic accents, Polish, Italian, Czech. A gambling joint owned by the Syndicate, as the heirs of Al Capone are collectively called,

Greek coffeehouse on Chicago's South Side at Halsted and Blue Island Avenue. Waves of immigrants of many nationalities have lived in this run-down area.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

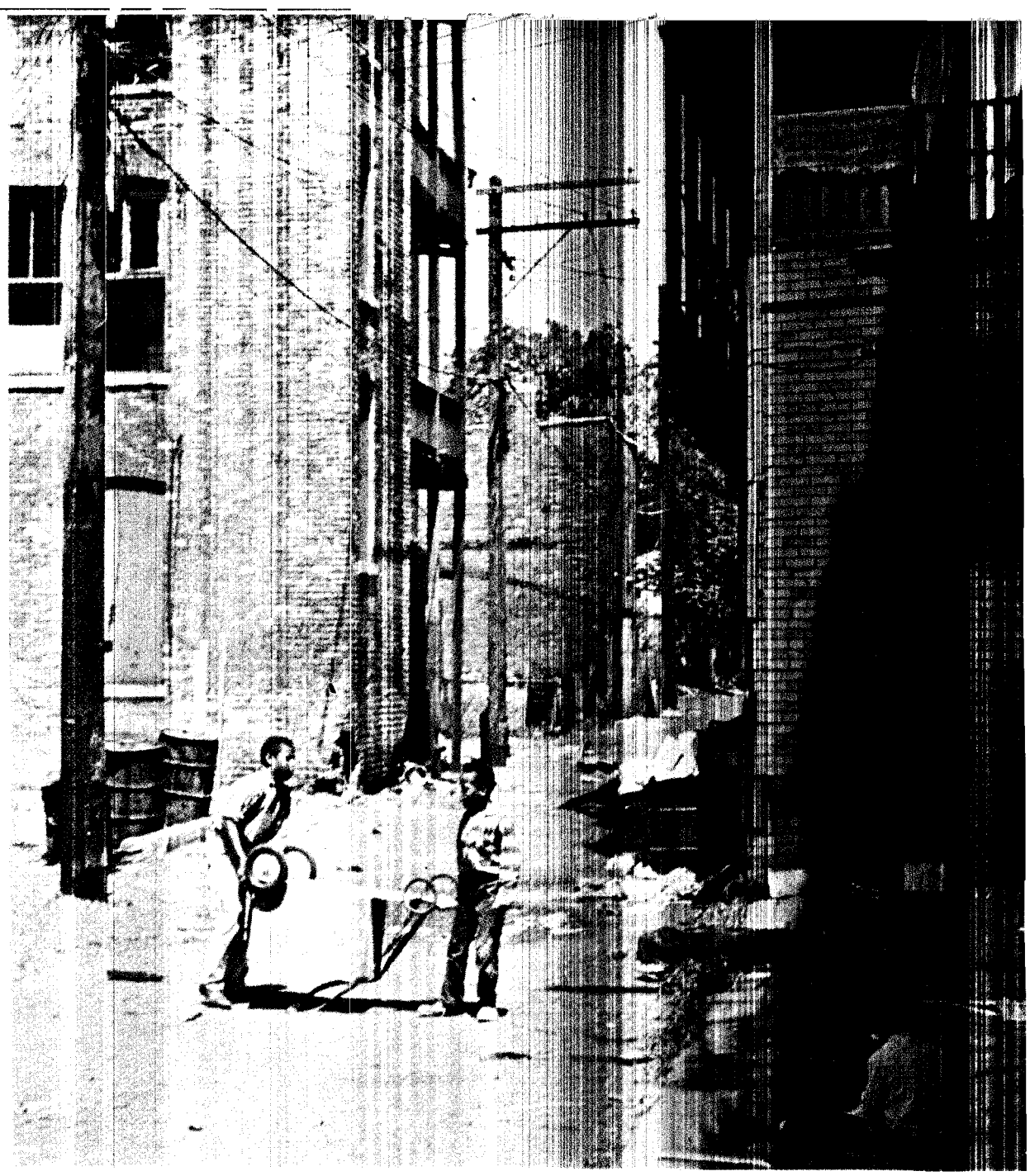


Rush Street on the Near North Side: This is still a district of garrets, French restaurants and night clubs, as it was when the author first lived here in the 1930's.

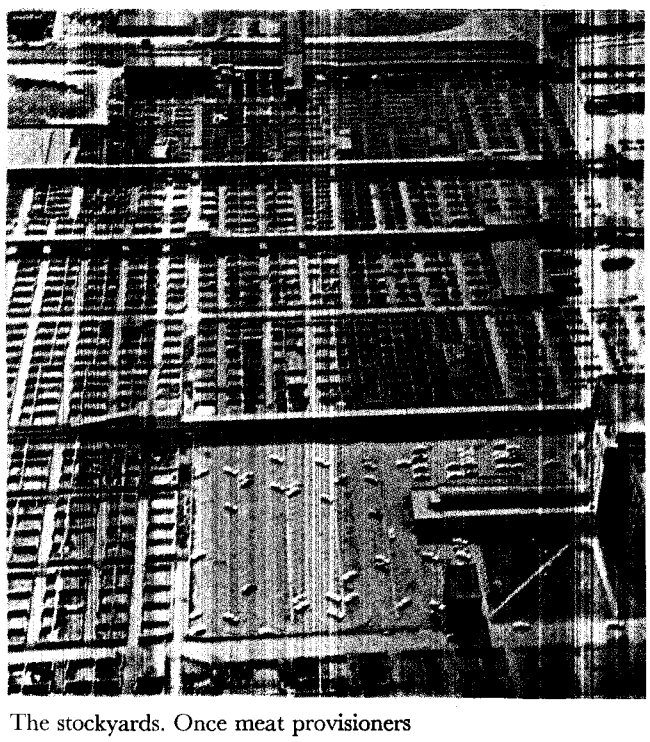
operated wide open on Division Street—roulette, craps, blackjack, anything—and dice girls ran twenty-six games in all-night saloons up and down Rush Street.

In my hotel I met a flashy man who said he was a newspaper police reporter, but he never seemed to work, and he always carried an enormous roll of bills, and when he drove past traffic policemen in rainy weather, he took care to splash them and yell derision at them; one day he disappeared. I never bribed a policeman, but everybody else did, or said he did. Everybody in a saloon eyed everybody else closely, each wondering if all the others were gangsters, and it seemed to be a part of the code not to talk to strangers, but to stand at a bar hour after hour almost shoulder to shoulder, never speaking, never quite touching one another, lest a false move, as in a Grade-B Western, trigger bloodshed. I took to carrying my money loose in my pocket; no wallets for me any longer. (In Indiana men squeezed pennies from tightly zippered wallets, called pocketbooks.) And always there was the wonderful lake, a limitless inland sea.

It was all rather innocent foolishness. Today the El no longer seems romantic to me, just an obsolete nuisance. The slums are not picturesque, just appalling; Randolph Street and Rush Street not glamorous, just tinsel cheap; gangsterism not exciting, just dreary and dangerous. But this (Continued on Page 83)



The heart of the "Black Ghetto" on the teeming South Side. Here half a million Negroes live in a jungle of poverty and crime.



The stockyards. Once meat provisioners to the whole nation, Chicago's packing industry is declining.

Left: An airliner makes a low approach to Midway Airport, which has long been the nation's busiest airport.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was obvious that she didn't have the right "background"—she could never be...

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

The minute he came in, the room changed for her. Everything grew sharper and clearer, like a picture coming into focus, like fog lifting, and she heard the lift of her own voice, as though it had been muffled and was all at once released.

"There's Halburton," someone said. "He looks as vigorous as he did the first day of the campaign. Must be made of iron."

Iron, she thought. *Yes, and fire.* She could see it all in his face as he stood on the steps leading down to the living room. Ice-blue eyes that were not cold. A hard mouth that was gentle.

The eyes, surveying the room impersonally, were looking for her. When they found her, they paused so briefly that no one else would have noticed, and then passed on. He descended the steps and walked across the room to greet a group of men.

A woman next to her leaned toward her. "That's Lance Halburton," she said in a low voice, as though imparting classified information. "Have you met him?"

"Yes," she said.

"I always think he *looks* like a governor, don't you? Someone told me he has that white streak bleached in, but I don't believe it, do you?"

"No."

"No. He looks distinguished enough without that. Besides, if he were going to affect anything, it would be the rumple-haired look, don't you think? It's the boyish type that's popular this year. Not that I really believe people vote for such foolish reasons; do you?"

"It wouldn't surprise me," she said. "But I don't know. I don't know anything about politics." She rose. "If you'll excuse me ——"

She had decided to leave, wondering why she had come, but it was not easy to negotiate the obstacle course of elbows and feet, cocktail glasses and shoulders and canapés, between her and the room where she had left her coat. When she finally got there, Lance was standing just inside the doorway, writing with frowning concentration on a memo pad.

As she slipped past him he said, without a pause of his pencil, "Where are you going?"

"Home," she told him. He looked up then, and she said, "Don't let me interrupt you. I'm just ——"

He held the memo pad out to her. "A ruse," he said, "so I'd be left alone for a minute."

The page was covered with the same two words written over and over in his firm, black scrawl. Margaret Risdon. Her name. It was so idiotic that she wanted to weep. The distinguished Mr. Halburton, nominee for governor, writing a girl's name on a pad like an amorous schoolboy.

"Lance, go back to the customers," she said, and would not let her voice shake. "I'm going home."

He smiled and leaned against the wall, the picture of a candidate talking casually to another of several thousand pretty voters. But the words were tight. "I just came. Why are you going? Or is that why?"

She rummaged on the bed for her coat, feeling for cloth under the minks and seals. "A better question would be, why did I come?" she said. "Maybe I thought it would be different this time. It isn't."

"Margaret, I have to talk to you," he said. "Will you be home all evening?"

She found the cloth coat and shrugged it on before he could help her. "I don't know," she said. "What good will it be anyhow? We've talked. What more is there to say?"

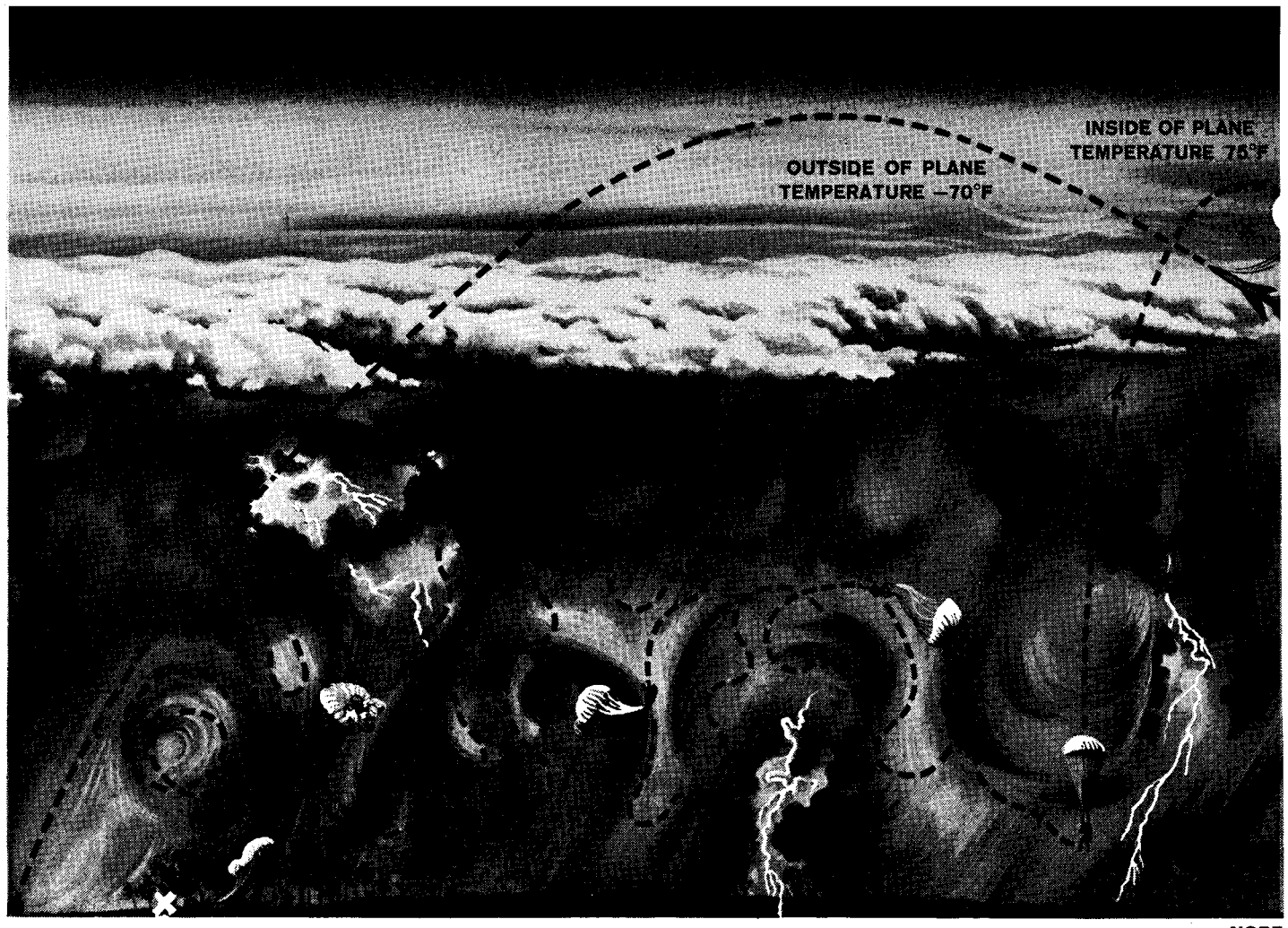
"I'll call you." He turned the casual smile upon a heavily powdered matron who came fluttering up. "So nice to speak with you again, Miss Risdon," he said to Margaret for the benefit of the matron.

Someone greeting a guest at the front door—the hostess probably, though earlier someone else had seemed to be the hostess—raised her eyebrows

(Continued on Page 68)

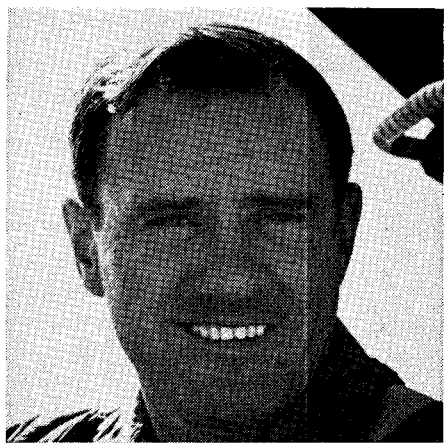
Illustrated by R. G. Harris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When Lt. Col. William Rankin ejected from his F8U Crusader jet, he began the long, tortuous fall to earth depicted in this drawing.

NORF
VIRG



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Lt. Col. Rankin enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in 1940, as a private. His combat record embraces World War II and the Korean War, and his decorations include two Distinguished Flying Crosses. This article is taken from his autobiography, *The Man Who Rode the Thunder*, soon to be published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

I Rode the Thunder

By Lt. Col. WILLIAM H. RANKIN, USMC

A jet pilot's harrowing account of his high-altitude bail-out through a thunderstorm that held him in its grip for forty minutes after he jumped.

One night last May, just as I was dropping off to sleep in my quarters near Norfolk, Virginia, a flash of lightning snapped me awake. A sudden fierce wind drove sheets of rain against the windows. Thunder exploded in deafening claps, shaking the walls.

Lying there, snug in bed, I knew that all this savage display was mildness itself compared to what was going on far above, in the heart of the storm. I had reason to know; ten months earlier I had been forced to parachute from 47,000 feet into one of the most violent thunderstorms ever to strike the East Coast. Suspended in pandemonium by fierce updrafts, I had been a virtual prisoner, stuck in the storm's throat for more than half an hour. I came through it, according to the Naval Aviation Safety Center, with the distinction of having survived the most prolonged and fantastic parachute descent in history.

It all began with a routine checkout I was giving to another marine pilot, Lt. Herbert Nolan, in the F8U Crusader jet fighter. As the final test, I had arranged for us to fly a two-plane formation from Beaufort, North Carolina, to the Naval air station at South Weymouth, Massachusetts, about 600 miles each way. We went up on a Saturday and stayed overnight. The next day, Sunday, July 26, 1959, dawned bright and beautiful. Herb and

© 1960 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

At left, the huge crater made by Rankin's plane when it crashed in a wooded area near Scotland Neck, N.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Judson Dunning family. After the battered pilot finally landed and staggered to a highway. motorists found his appearance so alarming they passed him by. But the Dunnings came to his aid.

Rankin was hospitalized for three weeks while he recovered from severe cuts, bruises and mild amnesia.

The author is flying an F8U Crusader again. "I've returned to where I belong," he says.

I got to the field at 3:30 P.M. and changed into summerweight flight suits—not pressure suits, but ordinary pilots' coveralls.

After we had dressed, I told Herb as part of his checkout procedure to file the flight plan to Beaufort. While he was doing that I consulted the aerologist about weather.

"The weather is good at Boston," he said, "good at Beaufort and, according to the latest reports, it's V.F.R. all the way. You may expect to run into some thunderstorm activity, Atlantic City south to Charleston. There's considerable thunderstorm activity in the vicinity of Norfolk. The tops of the storm clouds are reported at 30,000 to 40,000 feet."

I said, "Well, I'll go to 50,000 feet and get over the weather. Any frontal conditions?"

"Negative, colonel. This weather is strictly of the isolated thunderstorm variety."

The flight plan had us at "over 40,000" feet en route; direct, Boston to Beaufort; estimated air speed of about 540 mph; estimated arrival about seventy minutes after take-off.

As Herb and I walked toward our planes, I started briefing him. We'd check the radio first and, after obtaining taxi clearance, we'd make our normal run-up check, then I'd call for take-off clearance, and we'd make an afterburner take-off. As soon as we were air-borne, I'd come out of afterburner, but he was to remain in afterburner until he'd caught up with me. Then, when he'd come up on my wing, I'd switch from the tower to tactical radio frequency for in-flight communication between us. "When you get aboard," I concluded, "let me know. We'll climb to 44,000, and on course to Beaufort. Any questions?"

"Negative, I've got it."

We arrived at our airplanes and inspected them. I found mine in (Continued on Page 45)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By N. J. CRISP

the peddler

the rare gift he brought would change her entire life.

Katherine Trent remembered afterward that she had seen him coming up the road, moving along the pavement between the houses, pushing open the garden gates, knocking on the front doors.

She was standing smoking a cigarette, looking out of the window, not because she wanted to see anything, but because her eyes had to be directed somewhere. But though afterward her memory reproduced the picture, at the time she did not notice him. He was an anonymous part of the street, like the pavement, the lamp-posts, the telegraph poles, the privet hedges which fronted the houses.

She turned away from the window and threw her cigarette into the empty grate. She shivered and pulled her head back into the collar of her coat. Unoccupied for several weeks, the house was cold.

She took a final look round the room, now empty of furniture, which would undoubtedly be the sitting room when someone lived there. A deep-blue carpet in fair condition stretched from wall to wall. Heavy, regency-style curtains hung at the window. *Valuable fixtures and fittings*, the professional part of her mind catalogued, half mockingly. *Telephone connected.*

She made up her mind. She wasn't going to wait. Perhaps she had made it up last night, or the day she first met Graham over two years ago, or perhaps it wasn't until she walked around this house and tried to visualize in what way Graham and she would be different if they lived there—and couldn't.

Graham Wilson wasn't the kind of man to issue ultimatums. Not exactly shy, he was yet so quiet and self-contained that Katherine sometimes wondered if she was in fact important to him at all. Nevertheless, the meaning of his quiet request was perfectly clear to both of them.

They had been dining together the previous evening. In what Katherine thought of as an essentially adult and mature relationship, they preferred theaters, concerts and quiet restaurants to parties and dancing. When the coffee came, he gave her a cigarette and said, "I want to ask you to do something for me."

She leaned forward to the flame of his lighter. "Of course. What is it?"

Graham leaned back in his chair and looked at her steadily. "I'm rather tired of my flat," he said. "I've seen a house that I think would be suitable. I can rent it on a seven-year lease. I'd like you to look it over for me and tell me if the price is right."

"Yes." Katherine was vaguely uneasy. He had not mentioned this before, and they usually discussed everything with each other. "How about Friday?"

"I want to make a decision tomorrow," he said. "I thought you might look at it after lunch." His hand came out of his pocket with an envelope. "Here's the address and a key."

Katherine took the envelope and looked at it as if it conveyed something. "I didn't know you were thinking of moving just yet, Graham," she said.

"I have to decide sometime or another. Everyone does, doesn't he?"

"I suppose so," Katherine said uncertainly.

He leaned forward. "I've got another key," he said. "I'll come along at four-thirty. If you like it yourself—if it appeals to you, that is—you can wait and tell me. If not—well, you can leave a note."

Even then Katherine wasn't sure, or tried not to be sure. He might just want somewhere bigger, a more convenient address. But as soon as she opened the door and saw the square hall, she knew.

It was a Georgian house, part of a terrace, not large, but skillfully modernized. The sitting room was long and gracious, with a central chandelier light. The kitchen was fitted with every device to make life easy and led into a small dining room. Upstairs, the main bedroom formed a self-contained suite with a dressing room and bathroom. There were two other bedrooms, one of which had nursery paper on the walls, and another bathroom.

The decorations were good, and the rent was entirely reasonable. Only Katherine was well aware that that was not the point at all.

As soon as she stepped through the front door, even though she was half expecting it, she experienced a sense of shock, of uncanniness, as if she had seen this house before in some vividly remembered dream.

Not that she had. But it was an exact replica of the house that she and Graham had talked over many times. The type that they agreed they both liked, that one day it would be pleasant to have. One day . . . sometime . . . later on.

She sometimes wondered just what she and Graham were to each other. They were together as much as they could be, and they were never tired of each other or uncomfortable in the other's company. Neither of them had sought any other member of the opposite sex since they met. The days passed pleasantly. Taking each one singly, she could always be sure of seeing him or talking to him on the telephone.

It was surprising how much could be suppressed or evaded if her only thought was of today and perhaps tomorrow. For there was no decision that had to be taken tomorrow. Nothing was that urgent. Later on. . . .

Perhaps it was this that lent her view of Graham a somewhat negative aspect. That today or tomorrow would be dull if she didn't see him, rather than joyful because she did. And yet he was the only man who had ever interested her.

The first time she saw him, it was, somehow, as if he were no stranger, but someone she already knew—whom perhaps she had not seen for a long time, so that there was a great deal to find out.

She looked up from her desk in the estate agent's office where she worked and saw him standing in front of her, a tall, dark man of about thirty, wearing a black overcoat.

He said, his eyes taking in the name plaque on her desk, "Miss Trent? I'm looking for a flat. I understand that you handle ——"

She smiled at him. "Yes. Please sit down, Mr. ——"

"Wilson. Graham Wilson."

He told her what he wanted, while she sorted through her index cards. Later she took him round and showed him the vacant flats that she thought

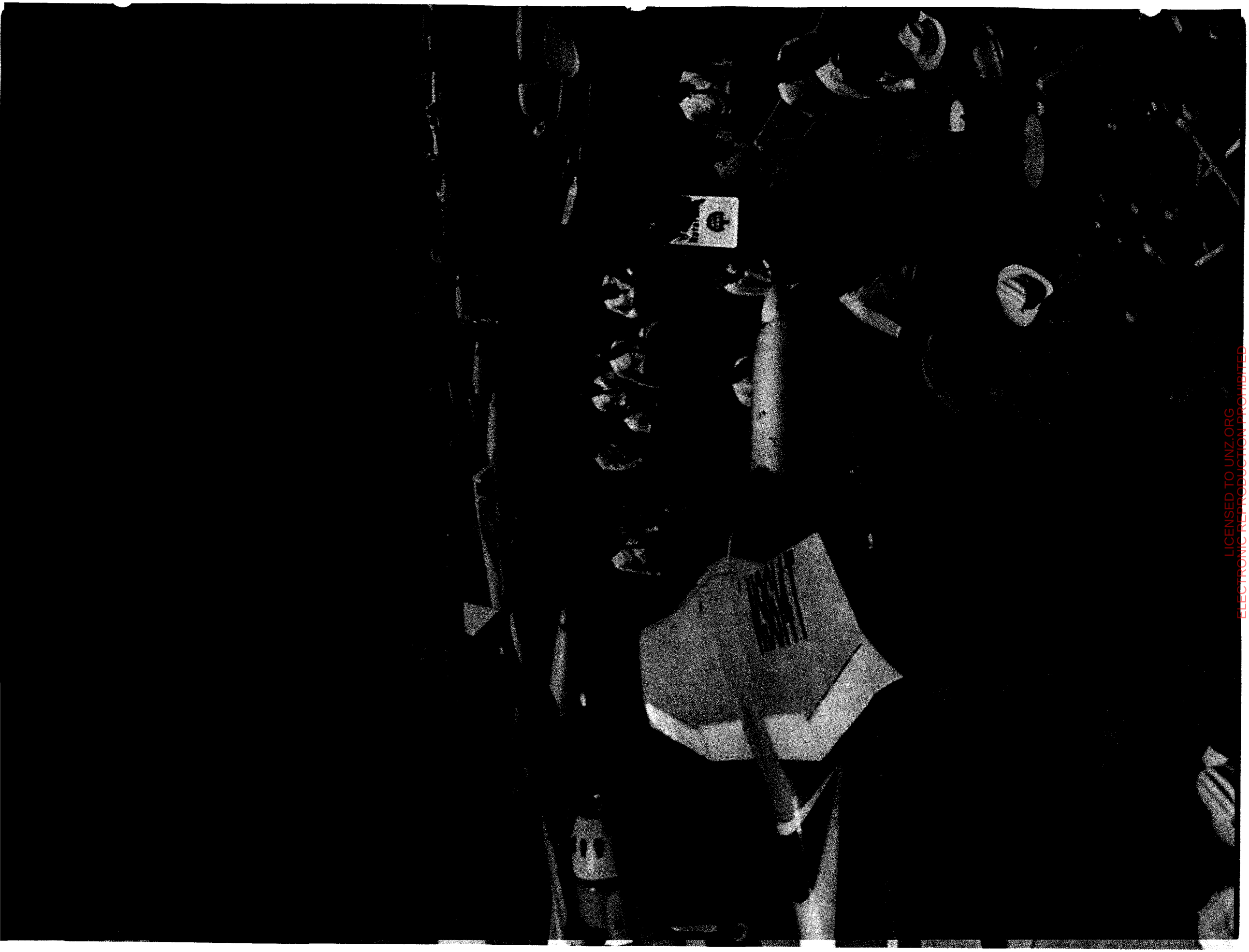
(Continued on Page 103)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

"Good day, madam," he said.
"You let me show you my nice things?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

The Carriage Trade

Simple folk from the East, touring California, are easily flummoxed by a restaurant called the Nut Tree, on U.S. 40, between Sacramento and San Francisco. Among its splendors are an art show, a luxury gift shop (South American clothes), a bookshop (egghead titles) and an airstrip for private planes, which accommodated 25,000 passengers last year. This is the parking lot, photographed last June when fifty planes with 200 guests landed at the Nut Tree strip for the annual fly-in meeting of Northern California Rotary clubs. Pilots were directed to parking slots by an attendant on stilts—ah, California!—who wore a red-striped costume (left center). If strangers from up Boston way are daunted by all this, Californians are not. Aviation is the largest industry in the state, the largest employer, and—ouch—the largest taxpayer. © Photograph by Jack Fields

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Keep up," he said. "If you fall, keep scrambling for the other side. Whatever you do, keep moving."

CLIMB FOR YOUR LIFE

Their only hope for survival lay in crossing a perilous escarpment of shifting rock.

By EDWARD LINDALL

There was a deep bitterness in Scott Bramley's eyes as he looked out at the watery bog that was now the valley. A bog with an overlay of flattened yellow grass and a rain curtain so thick it seemed to stand up from the ground. Here, in this drowned and unnamed valley, he had come to the end of his three-year marriage drift with Norma. And it hurt him cruelly.

He could see her now in his side vision, kneeling on the sapling-and-brush floor of the humpy he had made, bending over Eddie Smith, their young Australian pilot, looking again for signs of returning consciousness.

"Anything?" he asked mechanically.

Norma turned her head and Scott saw a glint of fear in her gray-green eyes. It had been a long, nerve-rasping vigil since their plane had crashed two days ago, watching a sorely injured man and the endless, fat monsoonal rain.

"He's breathing better," she said. "More evenly—perhaps a little deeper."

Scott twisted around to look at Eddie Smith's white face, with the skin stretched tight and thin, as though the great lump across the forehead had pulled the skin up like a rubber mask from around the neck and jaw. He was a charter flier whom Scott knew casually from other hirings. Young, skilled and countrywise, but not proof against a reneging motor and a grass-concealed rock. Now he was a sick boy and badly needed the hospital they wouldn't see until the valley dried—at least a week and maybe longer. But Scott was unwilling to admit that much to Norma. Time enough to worry her when it was inevitable.

"Skull like a buffalo," he grunted. "He'll be all right."

He directed his eyes back to scouting around the valley, and the bitterness in them spread to twist his big, sun-leathered face. He was a tall man, this Bramley, with sinew and muscle to clothe the height. He filled out like a football player and had been one in college, before he had found geology and got the smell of oil. He was thirty-five.

The sun texture on his face was borrowed from the many lands in which he had lent his American know-how (Continued on Page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Arkansas Keep Her Coach?

Frank Broyles is the latest bright young coach to make a name for himself at Arkansas. Now the Razorbacks' only worry is making sure he stays.

By Fred Russell

Arkansas is much more diverse than most outsiders realize. It is part Midwest, part deep South, part Southwest. The people of its craggy hills, its alluvial plain, its piny woods and its oil fields find many things to disagree about. They are on common ground, however, when it comes to the University of Arkansas football team. Their fervor for the Razorbacks is unforgettably clear to anybody who has heard their unique rallying cry: "WOOOO, Pig! SOOOiee!"

Frank Broyles heard Arkansas fans "Call the Hogs" in this fashion in Dallas in late December, 1954, when he was an assistant coach at Georgia Tech. Tech was getting ready to meet Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl. From his hotel room high above the city streets, Broyles listened as the advance guard of some 22,000 Razorback rooters sounded off down below at the intersection of Commerce and Akard.

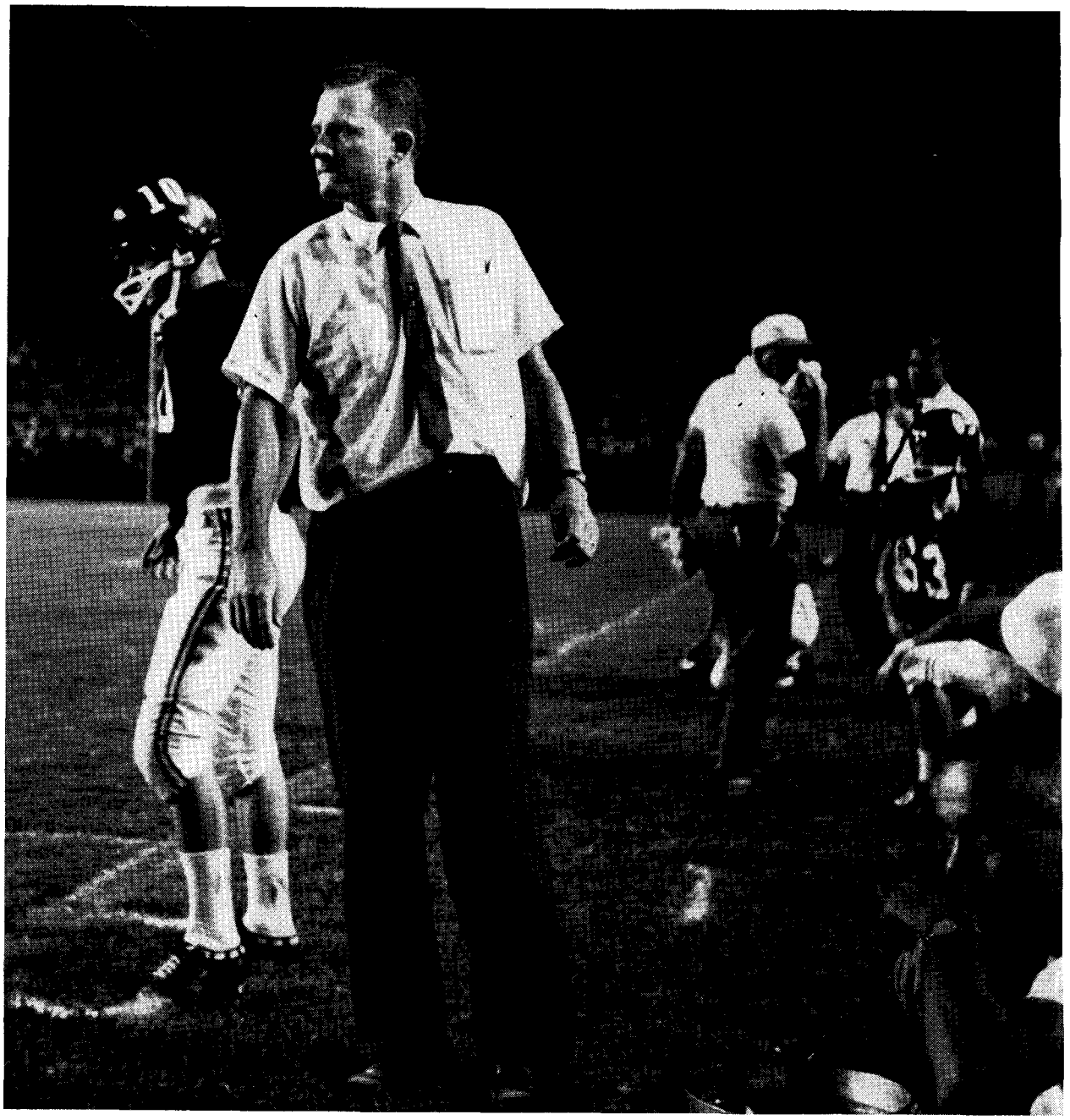
According to a sports writer who was in the room, Broyles dryly observed, "Can you imagine a mother's feelings at hearing her son called like a pig?"

Six months ago, according to the same sports writer, Broyles declared that no sound is sweeter to his ears these days than "WOOOO, Pig! SOOOiee!"

Broyles says now that he doesn't recall making the first remark, but he heartily endorses the second. The explanation is, of course, that Broyles moved to Arkansas in 1958 as head coach. In his brief time there the football team has fared so well that the only worry has been whether the university could hold onto him. For Arkansas has acquired the reputation of being just a steppingstone for rising young coaches.

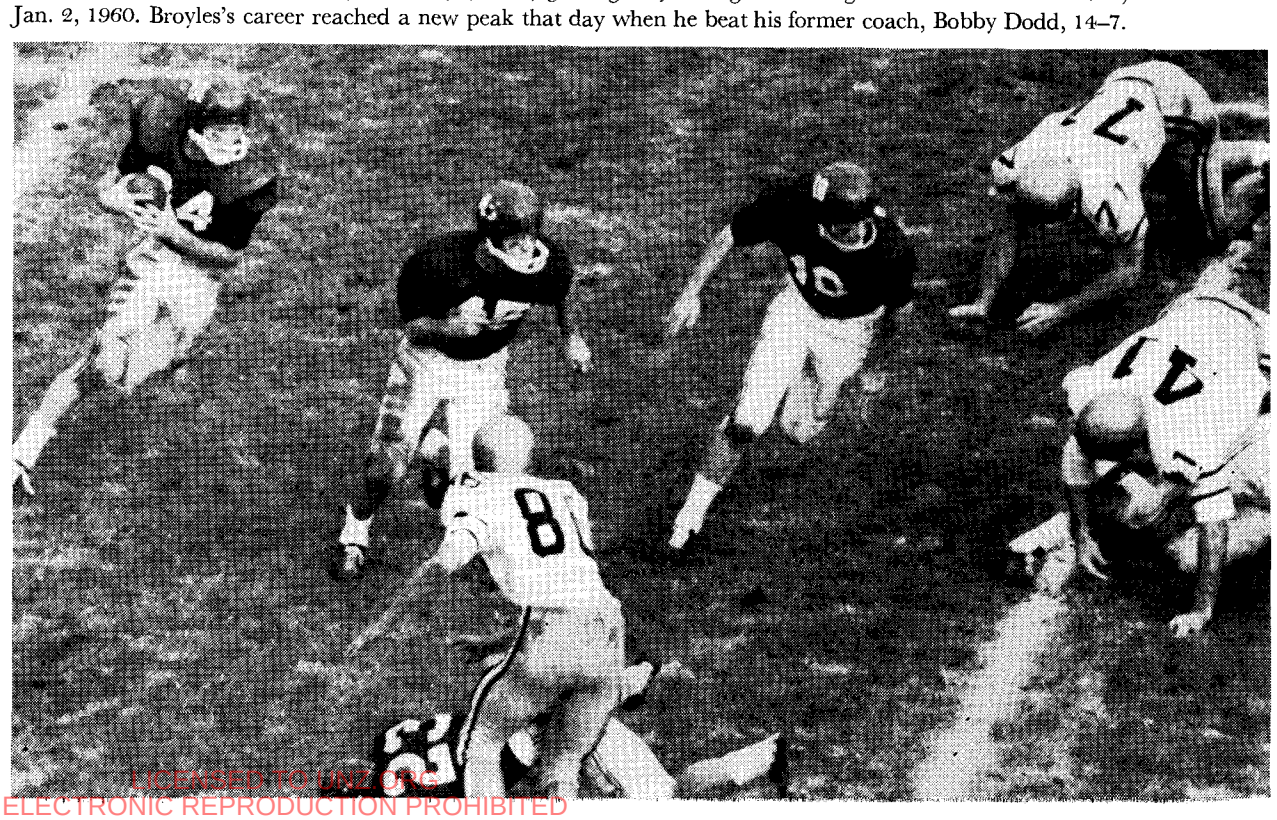
However, the job has become increasingly attractive both in pay and prestige. Although Arkansas is a relatively poor state, with only one urban center of more than 60,000 population—metropolitan Little Rock has 250,000—advance sales for Razorback home games reach 80 per cent of capacity by September. The six home dates are evenly divided between the university's own 31,000-seat stadium in Fayetteville and a 40,000-seat stadium in Little Rock. Many of the games are complete sellouts. Total attendance in 1959 rose to a new peak of 174,427 as Arkansas tied for the Southwest Conference championship.

At a monster catfish fry and Razorback rally in rural White (Continued on Page 97)



Little Rock: Frank Broyles watches his Razorbacks in their opener with Oklahoma State. Arkansas won, 9–0.

Below: Arkansas's All-American Jim Mooty (at left) gaining 24 yards against Georgia Tech in the Gator Bowl, Jan. 2, 1960. Broyles's career reached a new peak that day when he beat his former coach, Bobby Dodd, 14–7.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE FOR THE Democrats

By HENRY M. JACKSON, U.S. Senator From Washington

A few days after the G.O.P. convention I ran into an old friend and life-long Republican who teaches high-school mathematics. "Senator," he told me, "I don't see how I can stay in teaching and vote Republican. At least not this year." What he had in mind was, in particular, Mr. Nixon's tie-breaking vote in the Senate against increasing aid to education and, more generally, the present neglect of educational needs by the Republican leadership. What crossed my mind, however, was that my friend had expressed, in terms of the problem of deepest concern to him, the real case for the Democratic Party—it is responsive to the needs of a growing country in a changing troubled world.

We are living in a revolutionary age. Science and technology have already revolutionized warfare and are transforming our economy. The population explosion, here and abroad, is creating a host of new problems—from overcrowded schools and cities in America to the expansionist politics of Communist China. A political revolution, with roots in our own Declaration of Independence, is sweeping the world, bringing new states into existence in Asia and Africa and arousing men and women everywhere to demand life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as inalienable rights for themselves and their children.

Hopes are high and hearts are lifted as men see before them the New Frontiers of a new age of abundance. The day has come when the conquest of poverty, disease and ignorance is a realistic goal. It will not be won overnight, but men will never again be content to live as their grandfathers did, and they will demand leadership which shares their dreams and guides their efforts steadily toward their goal. The American dream of plenty has become the universal dream. On my last visit to Russia I saw billboards calling on the Russian people to "overtake and surpass America." Why? Because the Russian rulers are smart enough to exploit the individual Russian's hopes for an American standard of living. And the same desires are shared by the people of Asia, Africa, Latin America and, of course, Europe too.

Unfortunately the day has also come when man holds in his hands the power of almost total destruction. The change from the bow and arrow to the deadlier crossbow took thousands of years; from the crossbow to the airplane, thousands more; from the airplane to the atomic bomb, less than fifty years; from the atomic bomb to the intercontinental ballistic missile, scarcely more than ten years. The pace of scientific and technological development is ever accelerating—but we face the future with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Democratic spokesman calls his party the party of new ideas. He tells why he believes Democratic leadership is necessary if our nation is to survive in this perilous, changing world.

Democratic Party Chairman Jackson.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

This year, as in past Presidential-election years, *The Post* has offered space to both major parties to present their own arguments in the words of their own spokesmen. THE CASE FOR THE REPUBLICANS, by Sen. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, appeared last week.

political institutions and attitudes which change with glacial slowness.

The law of life is change, and adaptation is the condition of survival. (The dinosaurs could not adapt and perished.) In the eyes of those who dominate Republican affairs, however, their party exists not to promote change, but to resist it. It does not try to turn back the clock, but to stop the hands where they are. With the exception of a few reactionaries, Republican leaders no longer denounce Social Security and the other great New Deal and Fair Deal reforms as creeping socialism. They just don't want any more. They are just naturally allergic to change.

Now, I deeply believe in our two-party system because a healthy democratic system needs occasional alternations of political power to keep our parties responsive to the wishes of the people. So, although I am a Democrat and will work hard for a Democratic victory in November, I respect my Republican friends and their views—and wish them well 364 days a year. On Election Day it is a little harder.

There is much, I am thankful to say, that our two parties have in common. All of us, Republicans and Democrats, are patriots. All of us hold dear the values of our free society and would fight, if need be, to defend them. All of us believe in the proved worth of our economic system, which has given us the highest standard of living in the world. These things, which are fundamental, we share in common, and let us remember during our campaign debates that our agreements are more important than our disagreements. We are Republicans or Democrats second, and Americans first.

But a political campaign must emphasize our points of difference, for we are called upon to make a choice of political leadership. In 1960 *the* issue, in my judgment, is which party, with its chosen leaders, is best able to create the new ideas, to master the new problems, and to make and carry out the decisions and the policies that America needs to meet the challenge of the '60's, at home and throughout the world.

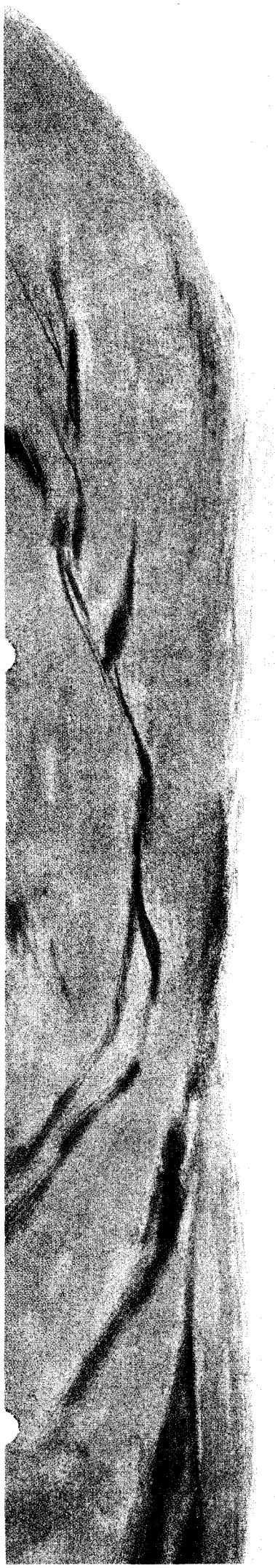
Is it the Republican Party, whose leadership in the twentieth century, with the single exception of Theodore Roosevelt, has distinguished itself by its lack of new ideas? Or is it the Democratic Party of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and now, in the same great tradition, John F. Kennedy?

I invite you to ask yourselves a question: First list the changes in domestic policy which seem to you to be most important in terms of your own welfare and the nation's welfare; then ask yourselves (Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buckham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Tomorrow night," Jimmy said earnestly. "I want you to have dinner with me at my house."

SOMETHING LIGHT

By

MARGERY SHARP

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

Had Louisa finally found someone who thought of her as a prospective bride?

Louisa Datchett was thirty, good-looking and very fond of men. But she was also an independent and self-supporting woman who had never thought much about marriage. She hadn't, that is, until Freddy Pennon showed interest in her. Freddy was about sixty, but rich, and Louisa decided she was tired of being self-sufficient.

Thus she was disappointed when Freddy asked her to spend a week at his Bournemouth estate to serve as a sort of chaperone for him and a widow named Enid Anstruther. He said he wanted to marry Mrs. Anstruther. Then one night at Bournemouth, after Enid went to bed, Freddy asked Louisa to marry him.

Louisa liked him. She didn't love him, as probably he didn't love her; but they liked each other.

"Well?" asked Freddy.

At that moment Louisa heard a slight sound in the hall and glanced up. She saw Enid trying to hide herself, but the mirror gave her away.

II

Louisa could see her quite plainly; and quite plainly Enid had been eavesdropping. Now she stood with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, and above it her eyes were fixed in an expression of such helpless dismay that she looked like a frightened child. Not like a bird, or a moth, or a butterfly; like a frightened child.

© 1960 by Margery Sharp

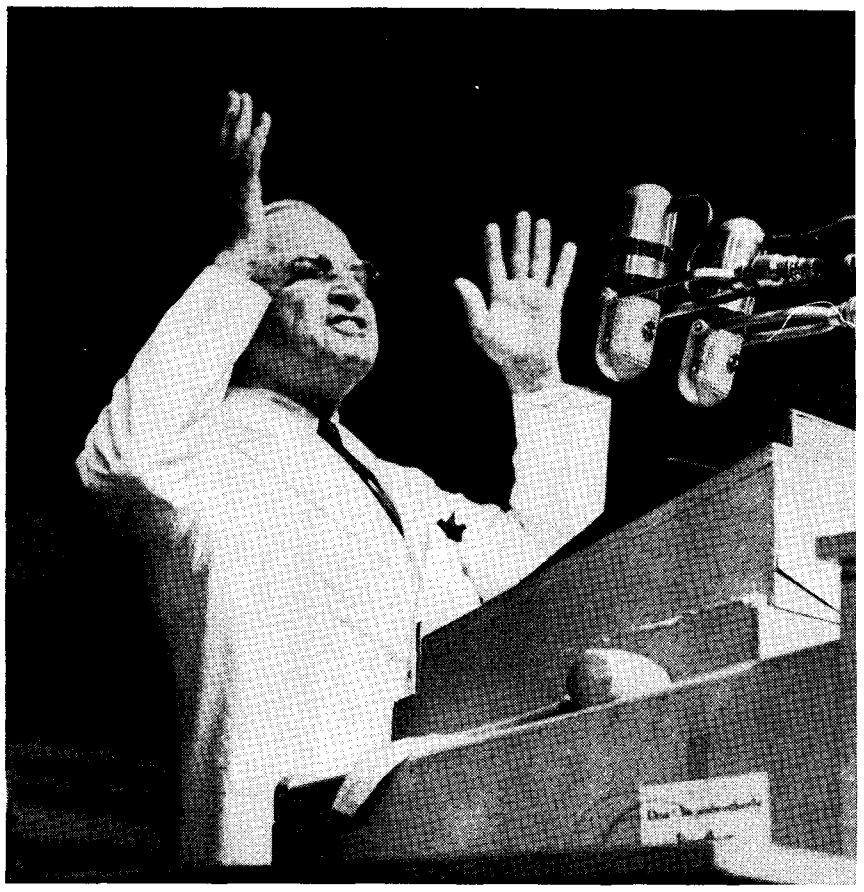
It took perhaps an instant, no more, for Louisa to fix the image in every detail; her eye photographed even the lace on the handkerchief and a wisp of hair fallen across one cheek before she looked swiftly away from the tragic sight. For it was tragic—only pitifully, not tragic in the grand manner, but nonetheless authentically so. The triviality was of detail only: the lace on a handkerchief, the ribbon roses on—for heaven's sake!—a boudoir cap. Enid Anstruther's face, ravaged by incredulous dismay, was authentically tragic.

And why not? thought Louisa. For what on earth would become of her without Freddy?—a woman so unfitted to face the day and age without a husband; a woman with neither a penny to her name, nor the least idea how to set about earning one? Nubile and nothing more was Enid Anstruther, even with her profile. *She can't look after herself, and I can*, thought Louisa. *Even if I don't pick up a settlement, I can look after myself.*

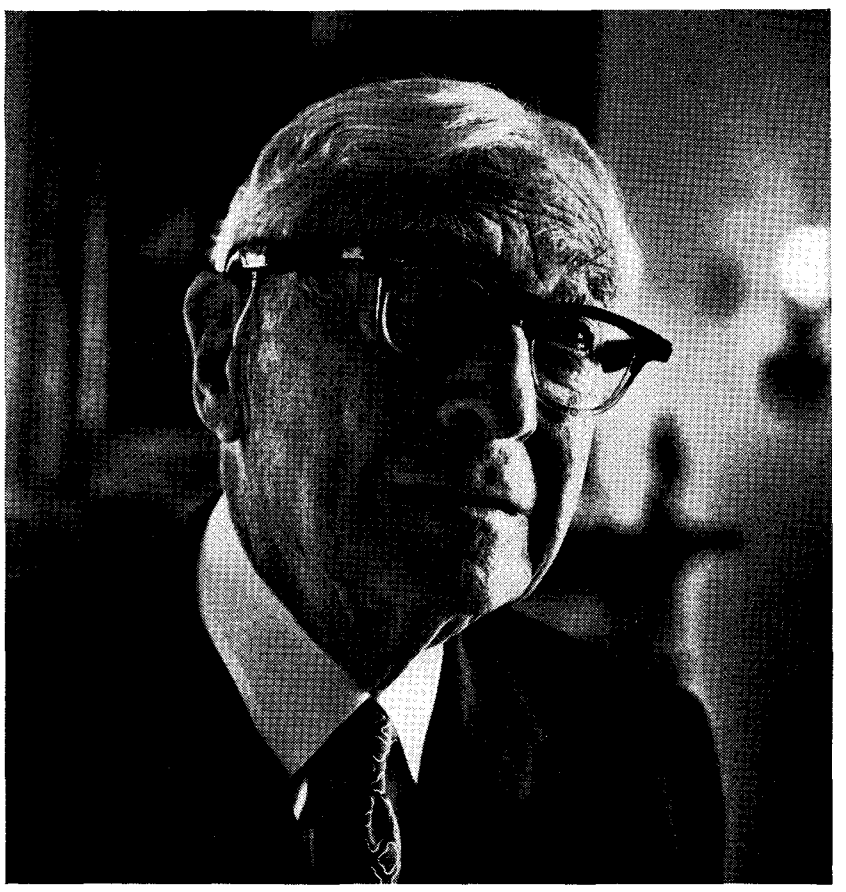
Oddly enough, in one so fond of men, she considered F. Pennon scarcely at all. He could look after himself too. He'd always have Gladstone Mansions as a blowhole. The point lay, as Louisa saw it, between herself and Mrs. Anstruther; and to scoop up old Freddy away from Enid would be too much like robbing a blind man.

Regretfully—how regretfully!—she shook her head. "I'm sorry." (Continued on Page 113)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Soon after Truman accepted the 1948 nomination (above), he became angry with Baruch for declining to serve on a party committee.



The open break came when the author, resenting the President's attitude, spoke harshly against Truman to a newspaper columnist.

BERNARD BARUCH'S OWN STORY

CONCLUSION

The Truman Years

The author describes his dedication to Truman during the rocky 1948 Democratic convention and the sensational falling out he had with H.S.T. just before Election Day.

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

Shortly after Roosevelt's sudden death, on April 12, 1945, Harry Truman took office as our new President. I called on him about a week later, accompanied by Secretary of State Stettinius, to report on my last assignment from F.D.R.—a mission to London.

Before taking up my report, the President said, "Mr. Baruch, I would like to read this carefully. I'm a very slow reader."

"That's all right," I said. "I have all day and all night."

So the three of us sat there while President Truman read, nodding in evident agreement as he went along. The report summarized my conversations with the British, and contained various recommendations on the problems of peace. Briefly, I favored aid to Britain on condition that they "do more for themselves and . . . ask less of us." I proposed strict control of Germany, a policy of friendly firmness toward the Russians and a revamping of our peacemaking machinery.

When he had finished reading, President Truman said, "I don't want anyone to see this document. It is going to be the basis of my policies." I was puzzled by his injunction about secrecy, since there was nothing in my report of a security nature.

Before our meeting broke up, I asked, "Don't you think Will Clayton ought to see this?" I was thinking of the references to trade and commerce, tariff duties, and Lend-Lease, which came under Clayton's jurisdiction in the State Department. The President agreed. But the next day I received this letter from Stettinius:

> On second thought I believe it is much better not to show the report to anyone, not even Will. It has been put in my vault in the Department of State. I have reported this to the President.
>
> I am asking Will to call on you sometime next week, and I hope that at that time you will be good enough to tell him about a few of the economic matters you discussed, about which you feel he should be informed.
>
> I am confident that as a result of your visit things between us and the British will be much easier. . . .

That was the beginning of an inexplicable secrecy about my report. James Byrnes did not see it, even after he succeeded Stettinius as Secretary of State. More recently the State Department was unable to secure Mr. Truman's permission to publish it in a volume of official documents. To this day I cannot understand why it was suppressed.

When Truman assumed the Presidency, the war was coming to its climax. Three weeks after he took over, the "thousand-year Reich" surrendered. Four months later Japan was brought to her knees by the mighty blasts of two atomic bombs.

From the moment we stepped into the atomic age, it was clear that America could not retain a monopoly on nuclear energy. It was equally clear that control of this cosmic force demanded international co-operation of a character never before achieved.

The first step toward the formulation of a plan to control atomic energy was taken in January, 1946, when Byrnes appointed a committee to investigate the problems involved. This committee consisted (Continued on Page 126)

© 1960 by Bernard M. Baruch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KILLER AT THE DOOR

Detective McQuade never expected to find a gunman in his own back yard.

By WILLIAM FAY

The problems of Joe McQuade, a captain of detectives, were not relieved by the semi-annual visit of his wife's sister, Stella, and Stella's husband, a superbly unabashed master of the economic short cut, or the casual free-load. It was at times like these that McQuade, a patient man, was unable to recognize the subtle and tiptoed signs of his own baser nature creeping up on him. Only later, after quiet self-review, would he be able to see himself as a victim of the pernicious old Adam that lives deep in the best of us.

"You ought to be ashamed," McQuade's wife said.

"After twenty years of it? Twenty years and forty pajama makers' conventions at the Astor? Him squirreling his thirty-dollars-a-day allotment into that safe-deposit box he calls his pants?"

"Please, Joe," Mary said. "Be fair."

"All right. Twice a year he reaches into his sample case, and I get another set of pajamas. I'd be a well-dressed man, he says—ha! ha!—if I'd only learn to walk in my sleep."

He sat at a table in the kitchen, this early morning of a Saturday in May. Not even a second cup of coffee had dispelled his yearning to toss his wife's sister's husband from the guest room—*Guest room, my foot*, McQuade was thinking; there were normally three of their own kids sleeping in it—to the sweet crab grass of the ragged lawn a dozen feet below. This image of "Uncle Grover" flying heels over free pajamas so delighted him that he repeated it, with gestures.

"In heaven's name, lower your voice before Stella hears you," Mary said. "You know how she feels about Grover."

"I know how I feel," said McQuade.

"Thank you." Mary's lips were a straight line as she turned back to the stove.

So there you were. It was the way she said it, in the tone of a wife betrayed. It would be an uphill struggle now, like fighting City Hall with a nickel night stick and a letter from your councilman. He picked up yesterday's paper, but there was nothing in its grim contents he hadn't seen before. (Continued on Page 91)

"Stay down!" McQuade shouted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

THE "COMPACTS" ARE HERE TO STAY

One out of three buyers of 1961 cars will probably choose a smaller, more economical car with fewer extras. Here's what U.S. auto manufacturers will have to offer them.

The National Automobile Show has come home at last. It will be opened this week in the city of automobiles, Detroit, after six decades of life away from home. The National Automobile Show is the official showcase of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, and for its first appearance in the home city it will be housed in a new exhibition hall in a new civic center on the water front.

It will be a big event for the sprawling, unwieldy and often untidy town. The show will include not only the polished samples of the car makers' 1961 lines but a series of associated industrial exhibits as well. The homecoming, however, is late. Today more than two thirds of the passenger cars produced in this country are made elsewhere.

But Detroit is still the city of automotive decisions. Four of the five major manufacturers house their executives in hush-quiet suites in Detroit, in the surrounded island community of Highland Park or in suburban Dearborn. The decisions made here in recent seasons have been unusually difficult. The automobile year just ending was a bone-shaking experience for the makers of American cars. And there are more soul-searching decisions to come.

A year ago [THE BIG THREE JOIN THE REVOLUTION, *Saturday Evening Post*, October 3, 1959] it was suggested that the auto year then dawning would be a revolutionary period. It has been, indeed. The ultimate merits of this shake-up can be and are still debated. But the season just ended should go down in history as the year the automobile industry tried price-cutting—and found that it worked. The packages offered at the lower prices were smaller packages, to be sure; but for the first year since the war, the auto makers offered something different from better and costlier caviar. They offered beans—and the beans sold very well.

These more economical packages which found a larger-than-expected market were the so-called compact cars. They were the Ford Falcon and Comet, the Chrysler Valiant and the General Motors Corvair. They had been preceded by two American Motors Ramblers and the Studebaker Lark. In the first eight months of this calendar year the combined production of these bargain items totaled 1,250,000—a surprising quarter-plus of the industry's entire output.

"Compact" is a difficult word. It was once described as "a Mormon expression meaning 'a small automobile that won't sell.'" This was a joking reference to a man named George Romney, and it now has a hollow ring. Romney, the head of American Motors, is a Mormon-church official and he builds smallish cars which he has always called compacts and which, for an agonizingly long time, sold very poorly. Now he is in a position to forgive any number of quips at his expense. He has collared more than 7 per cent of the industry's sales, and his pet word, "compact," is so thoroughly in the public domain that Romney in private conversation won't use it any more. He calls compact cars "Rambler-size" cars.

Last season a compact was technically an automobile about a third lighter in weight, two feet shorter, a little narrower and lower and with one third less horsepower than similar specifications in standard low-priced automobiles. Original cost also was lower than the nearest standard make by as much as $300.

During the forthcoming season this definition must be stretched a bit. Slightly larger compacts have now appeared. Pontiac has a Tempest which is a little larger than the 1960 compacts, but still notably smaller than the normal Pontiac. Oldsmobile has the same-size car in its F-85, and Buick in its 1961 Special. The new Dodge Lancer does not deviate as much. It is essentially a Valiant with appearance changes.

Add these 1961 introductions to last year's list, and the American automobile industry in 1961 will be selling eleven different compact cars. This represents a sharp altering of the market place. As late as 1958 a car buyer looking at all domestic automobiles offered would have to view five standard full-size brands before he ran into his first compact. This year nearly every other car on the viewing list will be a compact, which is indeed a massive invasion of new names and sizes.

Names are not sales, but it is very likely at this writing that the smaller cars grouped under the heading of Compact will capture at least one third of all sales of American-produced cars in 1961. George Romney firmly predicts that the figure will reach 50 per cent in 1961 and between 65 and 75 per cent by 1963.

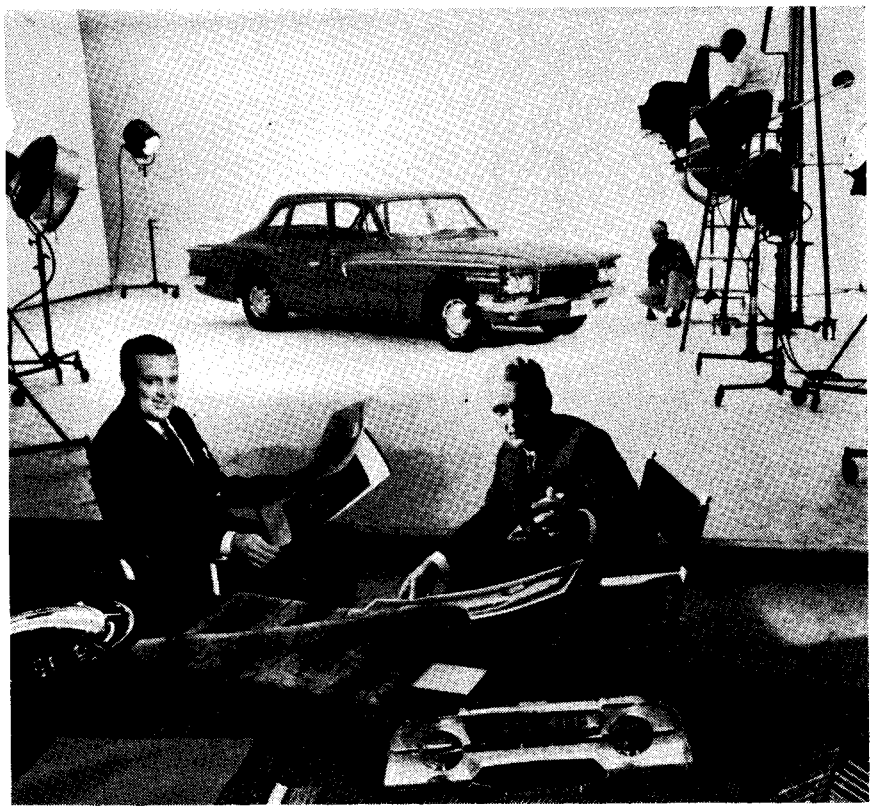
This need not necessarily be called a revolution, but at a minimum it is a very sharp change in automobile marketing patterns. At the most it constitutes a shake-up so severe that it could wipe out or seriously change the character of some automobile brands that have had a fixed status for many years.

There is no universal agreement on what the advent of smaller American cars really means in 1959–60 or will mean in 1960–61 and beyond. Individual opinions vary substantially. But by its very behavior the manufacturing industry is saying, "We had gone further in size and price than the customer was willing to follow. Hence we intend to go back to where the customer stands. We have no other choice."

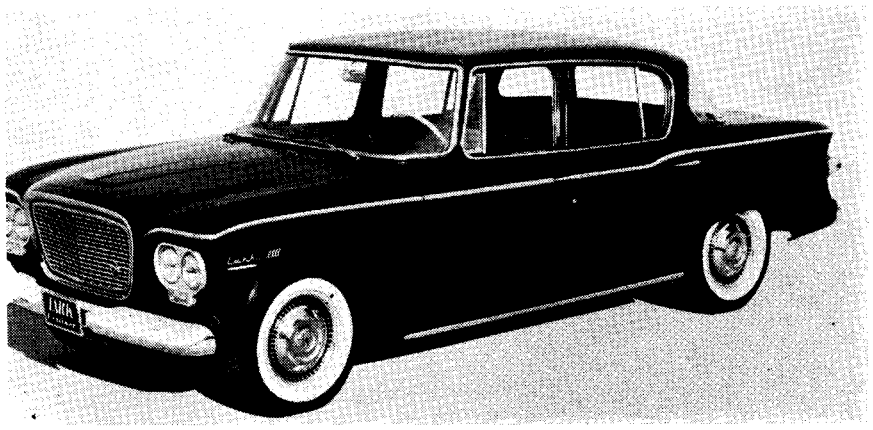
This tacit admission is clear in more ways than the mere introduction of smaller cars. In 1961 the average standard and large car will be trimmed a little in its dimensions, will get better gasoline mileage, will be less extreme in styling and will pay more attention to passenger comfort. One whole line of cars, for example, will have the corner windshield projections, the so-called dog-legs, removed. This will save a lot of knee bumping.

Some standard cars, while still bearing the same name, will (Continued on Page 75)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Dodge Lancer: A first cousin to the Plymouth Valiant. In the foreground are Byron Nichols—Dodge sales V.P.—and styling director Virgil Exner.



Studebaker Lark: With the compacts, annual drastic model changes are no longer the rule. The appearance of the 1961 Lark is much the same as last year's.

The Lincoln Continental, Ford Sunliner convertible and Henry Ford II. The compacts are influencing the standards—the new Lincoln is smaller, more personal.

Corvair's station wagon (left) and Greenbrier Sportswagon, with Chevrolet general manager Ed Cole. The Sportswagon will compete with Volkswagen's Microbus, a German import.

Rambler American: Firmest opponent of annual style changes is the father of the compacts, George Romney (above), though he has given the American (background) a new look for '61.

Pontiac Tempest station wagon: The first compact to offer a four-cylinder engine. Also unusual: Rear-axle transmission and curved drive shaft, eliminating the floor "tunnel hump."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listening to the Universe

How radio-telescopes, tuning in on billion-year-old signals from space, probe the mysteries of the universe.

By A. C. B. LOVELL

About the Author

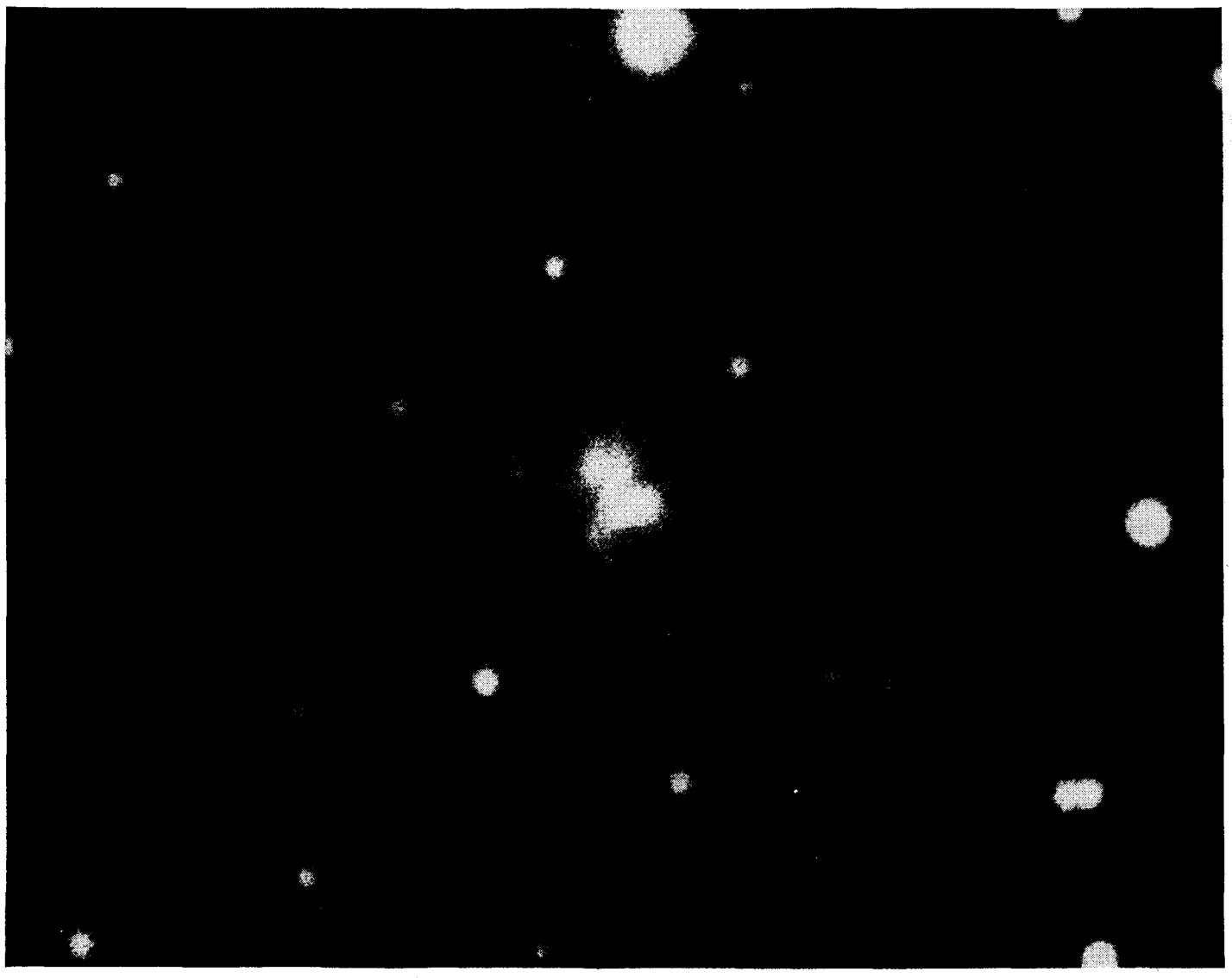
Alfred Charles Bernard Lovell, physicist and professor of radio astronomy at the University of Manchester, England, is director of the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, which operates the world's largest radiotelescope. Doctor Lovell began experimenting with the application of radar techniques to cosmic-ray research after wartime electronics work. Realizing the need for a large radio collecting mirror for detecting emissions from the Milky Way and other galaxies, he urged development of the spectacular 250-foot reflector he now supervises at Jodrell Bank. When Professor Lovell isn't tuning in on the stars, he enjoys such mundane diversions as gardening and playing the piano.

Perhaps the greatest challenge to the intellect of man is the problem of the origin of the cosmos. Mathematicians and philosophers have attempted to reach solutions by the exercise of pure thought, and astronomers by exploring the depths of space with telescopes of ever-increasing size. None of these attempts has produced any conclusive answer. Now we have a new science—radio astronomy—which is man's latest hope to probe the mystery of the origin of the cosmos.

It is strange that the predominant instrument of this new science—the radiotelescope—can at one moment be used to explore the depths of intergalactic space, and the next to track earth satellites and space probes, or by radar to investigate the moon and planets in the solar system. Indeed, the radiotelescope, which is the newest instrument of the oldest science, is one of the most comprehensive scientific tools ever devised by man, with an observational reach which extends from a few hundred miles to beyond the present observable edge of the universe.

Though it is not uncommon for scientific discoveries to be made in unexpected circumstances, it would hardly be thought that the study of the static in a wireless set could have much in common with cosmological problems. An American radio engineer, Karl Jansky, was studying atmospheric interference in radio about thirty years ago when he found that the residual noise in his equipment was maintained even in the absence of known terrestrial sources, such as thunderstorms. Jansky's crucial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Colliding spiral galaxies in the constellation Cygnus, 700,000,000 light-years away. This photograph of the second-strongest radio source in the sky was taken with the 200-inch Mt. Palomar telescope. Astronomers believe that the violent interaction of the gas of the galaxies is responsible for the abnormally energetic radio emissions.

observation was that this residual noise varied throughout the day in a systematic manner, with a period of twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes. This is the period of the earth's rotation with respect to the stars, and from this simple and elegant observation Jansky concluded that the noise resulted from radio waves reaching his equipment from outside the solar system. When Jansky was transferred to other research, interest in these extraterrestrial radio emissions was sustained for a decade through the efforts of Grote Reber, an American engineer and pioneer radio astronomer, who pursued his researches with home-built equipment in his spare time.

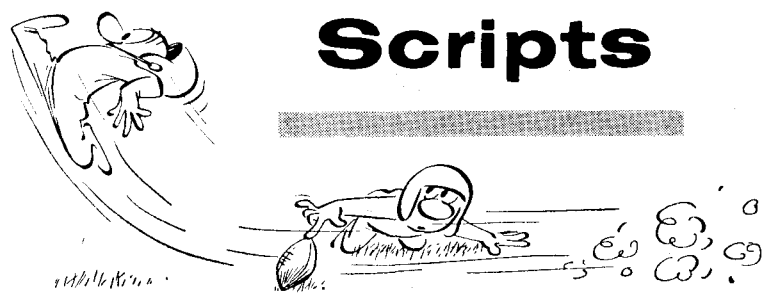
The work of Jansky and Reber, in effect, pulled aside the curtains from a second window through which man might look upon the universe. The first window, opening on the thin slice of the light spectrum available to the eye and the somewhat broader slice captured by the photographic film, is used by the optical telescopes. The new window provided by the pioneering work of Jansky and Reber allowed scientists to observe the energy emitted by the universe in the radio-wave part of the spectrum. Light waves and radio waves are fundamentally similar; they travel through empty space at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, but differ in their wave length. The wave length of light is so short that it is measured in millionths of an inch. The energy of a sodium lamp, for example, is concentrated on a wave length of about twenty-five millionths of an inch. The wave length of the radio waves which come to us from space is much longer. The hydrogen gas in the galaxy emits its energy in a concentrated spectral line at a wave length of eight and one quarter inches, and the radio waves from the depths of space can be picked up over a wide range of wave lengths from a few inches to several hundred inches.

The rapid development of radio techniques for military purposes during World War II reawakened interest in the radio waves from space and resulted in the development of a new science—radio astronomy. Radio astronomers soon realized that their instrumental problems were analogous to those facing the optical astronomers. Astronomers have striven to build optical telescopes of ever-increasing size for several reasons: first, because the large telescopes collect more light and so facilitate the investigation of fainter and more remote objects; secondly, because the resolution, or capacity, of a telescope to separate images of discrete objects increases with its size.

Similar reasons have dictated the construction of large radiotelescopes during the last decade. Here there is a difficulty because the capacity of the telescope to collect light or radio waves and its ability to resolve depends on the relation of the wave length to the physical size of the receiving instrument. Because of the long wave lengths used in radio astronomy, the radiotelescope must be of great physical size if it is to compete at all with quite small optical telecopes which deal with wave lengths of light which are measured in millionths of an inch. The steerable parabolic reflector (often called the Big Dish) at Jodrell Bank in *CONTINUED ON PAGE 106*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Campaign Speech (Or, Thank Goodness It's Almost November Eighth!)

"We want Goochenford! We want Goochenford! We want Goochenford! We want Goochen ——"

"Thank you, fellow Americans! I ——"

"WE WANT GOOCHENFORD! WE WANT GOOCHENFORD! WE WANT GOOCHENFORD! WE WANT GOOCHEN——"

"Thank you, fellow Americans! I—I wish—I wish to say that I'm happy to be here today."

"YEA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!"

"First of all, I want to talk about the R-68 Bill that was recently enacted."

"YEA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!"

"Do you realize, my fellow Americans, that our opponents have the audacity to take credit for the R-68 Bill?"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"They have the unmitigated gall ——"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"—to claim that ——"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"—they, and they alone ——"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"—brought it into being!"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"Now, I say to you, fellow Americans, that our party, and our party alone, is capable of knowing the ideals and dreams and aspirations of all our people ——"

"YEA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!"

"—and that our opponents ——"

"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

"—underestimate the intelligence of the American people!"

"YEA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!"

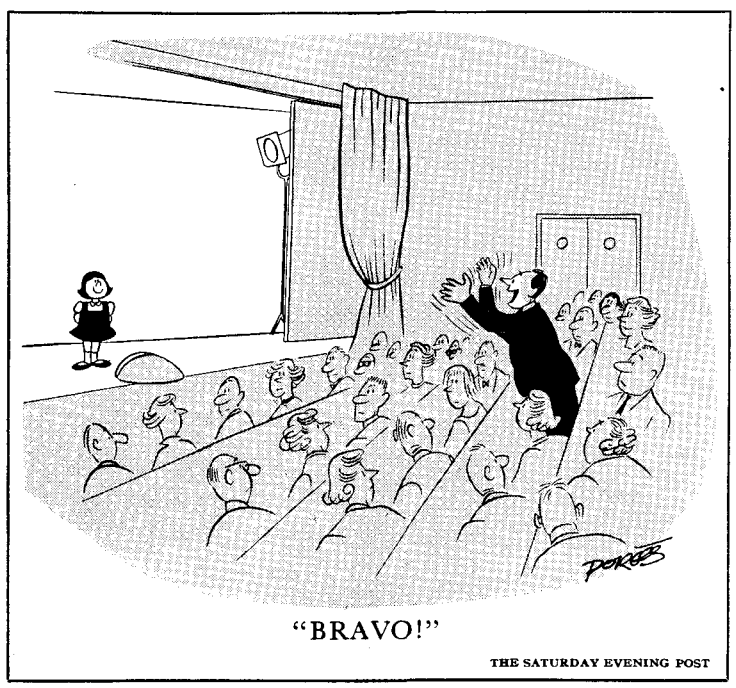
"I say that ——"

"YEA-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A!"

"—our opponents ——"

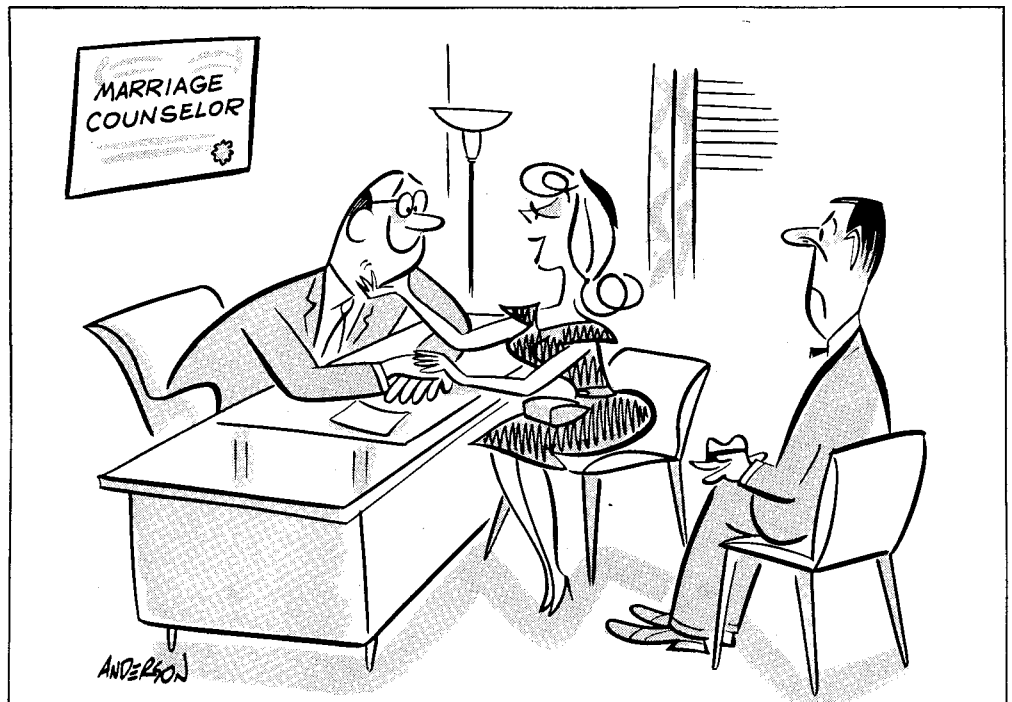
"BOO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O——"

VERNON H. KURTZ



"BRAVO!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"He's—you're cute—very jealous."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Light-Fingered Kangaroo

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—News Item.)

I came across a baby kangaroo practicing jumps.

"Hello, little fellow," I said. "Say, you can jump far!"

He jumped, landing in a chuckhole. "I haven't got the hang of it yet," he said, climbing out. "But when I grow up I'll jump twenty-five feet and travel thirty miles an hour."

"Well, well," I said, getting out my pad and pencil. "Is your mother ——"

"Kangaroos can box too. I'm gonna be a welterweight champion."

He did a little shadowboxing.

"I'll bet you will," I said. "Now, I'd like to speak with your mother."

"I'm an orphan," he said.

"An orphan?"

"Well, just for today. My room's taken. A baby rabbit's in my mother's pouch. She's a real klepto, you know. She puts anything she finds in her pocket. Right now, she's got this thing about small animals. Baby squirrels, fox cubs ——"

"Doesn't she know they're not you?" I asked.

"Eventually. But the minute I get out of the pouch she picks up someone else. It's very tiresome."

Just then Mrs. Kangaroo hopped up.

"Hi, ma."

"Why, Chauncey, what are you doing out?" his mother asked.

"Has the rabbit gone?" Chauncey asked.

"What rabbit?" she said.

"Me!" said a little rabbit, sticking his head out of the pouch.

"Good Heavens! How did you get in there?" Mrs. K. asked.

"You put me in!" the rabbit said. "Boy, what a bouncy ride!"

"Well, you get right out of there!" she said indignantly. "Your mother must be worried to death."

The little rabbit hopped off.

"Imagine that little scamp saying I put him in my pouch," she said. "Children are such fibbers. They'll do anything just so they can hitch a ride."

Chauncey looked at me and just shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, jump in, Chauncey," Mrs. K. said.

As she hopped off, Chauncey was tossing carrot tops from the pouch.

JACK BROWNELL

Enfeebled English

Back to College

Hi, Haral!
Hiya, Chug!
Nother big year gumminup.
Thads fer true.
You goana tha prom?
While danimals good'n keeb me away.
Hooyah taygin?
Graze. You?
Prolly Heln.
How weegunna do with foodball thizzeazon?
Atsa prollem. Tough skedjool.
You still mayjern in English?
Yeah.
Me doo. See ya in glass Doozdee.
Cheg.

HERB GOCHROS

You're Doin' Fine, Yokohama! Yokohama, O.K.!

I've been doing some research lately and have found that a great many places in the world have been completely ignored through the years by the writers of popular songs. In case they'd like to try to remedy the situation, here're a few suggested titles:

CAN'T GET CHARGOGGAGGOGGMANCHAUGAGOGGCHAUBUNAGUNGAMAUG LAKE, MASSACHUSETTS, OFF MY MIND

THE LAST TIME I SAW PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO

A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I GOT A GAL IN XIQUE-XIQUE, BRAZIL

JUST MENTION MY NAME IN ROCCA LITTORIO, SOMALILAND

MEET ME AT GRAND COULEE, JULIE

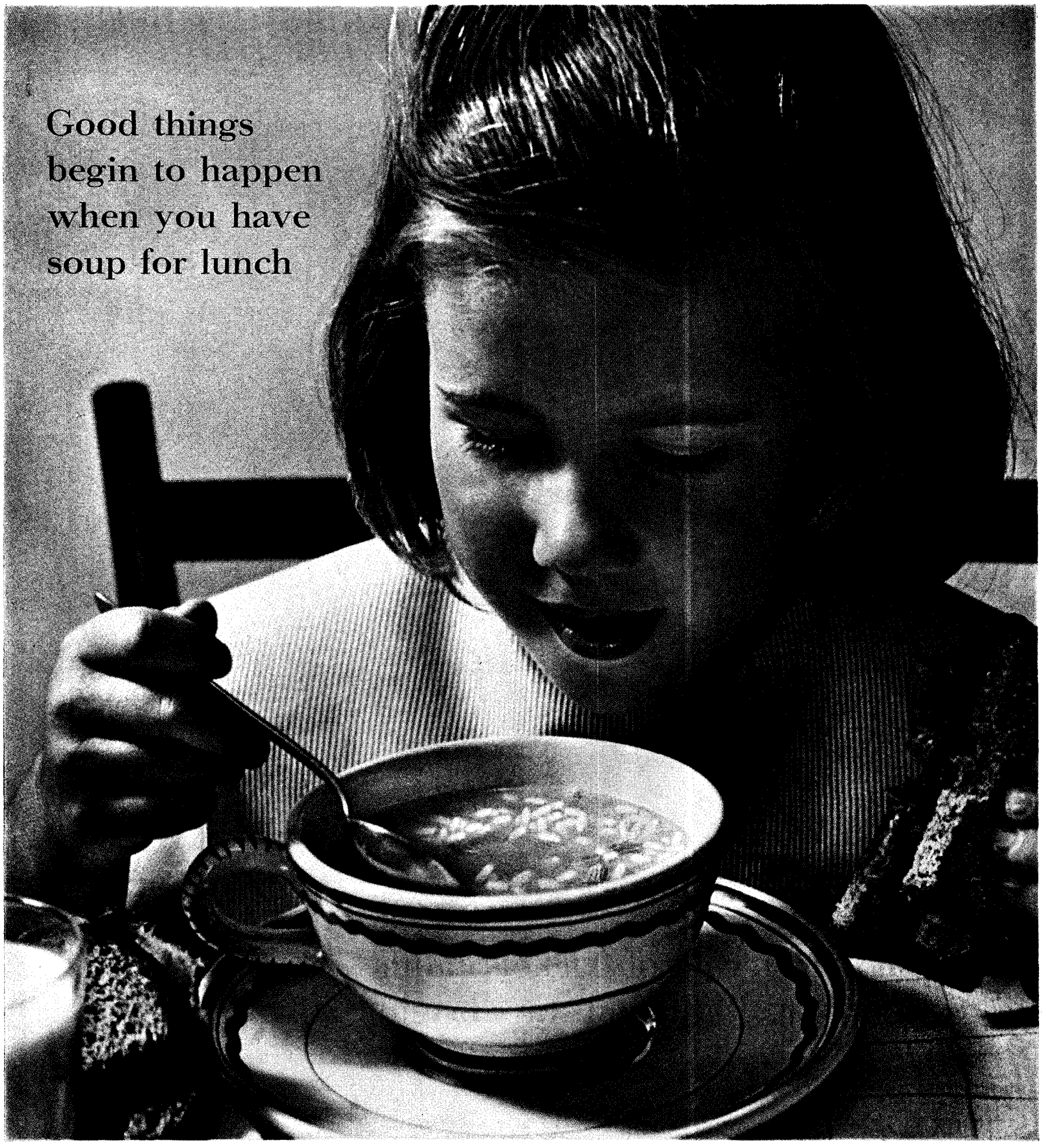
STARS FELL ON LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK

CHICKAMAUGA! CHICKAMAUGA!
(That Wonderful Town!)

APRIL IN KISKUNDOROZSMA, HUNGARY

CHARLES MATTESON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



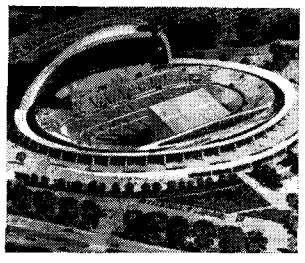
She's getting the good, wholesome nourishment of good, natural foods with every spoonful of that delicious, warming soup. That's Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup she's enjoying so much. She loves the tender chicken in it . . . the fluffy, long-grain rice . . . the sunny chicken broth. Soup smells good. Soup tastes good. Soup sharpens the appetite. And soup makes almost any meal a better meal.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All-weather auditorium in Pittsburgh will be covered by a 415-foot diameter Nickel Stainless Steel dome. Largest of its kind in the world, the dome will protect an audience of more than 14,000. Shown below: Auditorium with dome rolled back.

New push-button roof of Nickel Stainless Steel is strong, light, and stays bright



It's a year-'round, weather-proof auditorium or an open-air stadium . . . at the push of a button!

To let in the sun and stars, the lustrous Nickel Stainless Steel segments of this roof will nest together, out of the way. When rain threatens, a simple push-of-the-button sends these sections gliding quietly around an outside track, forming a protecting umbrella roof.

This stainless steel provides natural, carefree beauty. Beauty that keeps its luster through years and years of good-and-bad weather. Why? Because Nickel Stainless Steel is one of the most weatherproof metals there is. It's corrosion-resisting all the way through. What's more, it's virtually self-cleaning—every rainfall cleans it anew. It stays bright.

No wonder you're seeing more and more Nickel Stainless Steel in America's newest architecture. Some of the newest office buildings, for example, are sheathed in this lustrous, carefree metal—or have stainless steel window frames or column covers.

In your home, too—in gutters, screen doors, and windows—stainless steel with Nickel in it is playing an ever-greater role in bringing you lasting beauty and durability. This is another reason why there's "good news for you in Inco Nickel."

© 1960, Inco

The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N. Y.

Nickel Stainless Steel combination storm doors and screens—nothing is finer, nothing is more economical in the long run. Stainless steel won't warp or bind, takes the roughest use—stays bright and new looking.

Inco Nickel *makes stainless steel perform better longer*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Rode the Thunder (Continued from Page 25)

as perfect condition as I had ever seen it. The crew assisted me into my life jacket and torso harness, and I strapped on my jungle knife. One of the crewmen held out my helmet and oxygen mask, but I told him, "Not yet." Before putting on my helmet and mask I like to get into the cockpit and make myself comfortable while surveying the cockpit and instruments. In the open on a hot day I feel too warm in a helmet; the cockpit air conditioner doesn't turn over until the engine is started.

When you sit in an F8U, the only space around you is room to stretch your legs to the rudder pedals, a few inches of elbow room and eight or ten inches between your helmet and the canopy. The cockpit itself is a jungle of instruments—white- and green-faced dials, warning lights, switches, buttons, levers, handles, cranks, one hundred or more instruments—plastered, riveted, embedded into almost every available inch of space, including the armrests, above and behind your seat, under your feet. There are so many flashing warning lights and printed WARNING legends that one nonjet pilot, seeing an F8U cockpit for the first time, called it a "flying emergency."

After I had slipped into the cockpit seat, the crew brought up the yellow power cart, plugged it into the airplane and started the generator to send power into the plane, actuating the instruments. Needles flickered on the dials. I scanned the instruments systematically, starting from over my left shoulder, completely around the cockpit to my right side. When all seemed well, I buckled my torso harness into the parachute pack and ejection seat.

Then I put on my helmet and oxygen mask, tightened the chin straps, plugged the oxygen hose into the main oxygen supply, and another hose into the emergency oxygen canister attached to the parachute pack. If I should eject, the main oxygen hose would be ripped away, but I would have a three-to-five-minute supply of oxygen from the parachute pack, ordinarily sufficient to survive the thin-air beginning of a high-altitude free fall.

At a two-fingered signal from me, the crewman on the power cart started compressed air flowing into my engine; I hit the ignition switch, I heard a loud *whooosh* and knew my engine was on.

Having a good start, I turned on the main generator switch and rechecked all the instruments, including the radio. Then I signaled for the crew to check with me all the moving parts of the plane—rudder, elevators, ailerons. With the engine, instruments and all moving parts in good order, I signaled the crew to take the power cart over to start Herb's plane; and while they were busy there, I continued checking my instruments.

About twenty minutes had elapsed when Herb called me on the radio. "Tiger One, this is Tiger Two. All ready to go."

"Roger, Tiger Two. Switch your radio to tower frequency."

I turned my radio to the channel for tower communications and called in. "South Weymouth tower. This is marine jet 43696 for taxi instructions. Over."

"Roger, marine jet 43696. You are clear to taxi onto the runway."

I signaled the ground crew to pull the chocks from the wheels, eased the throttle forward, eased up on the brakes and moved slowly toward Runway Nine.

We pulled into a parking area beside the runway to make our final instrument check, the run-up check, throttle at full power.

I glanced at the red flag sticking out of the map case at my right foot. This flag is attached to the safety pin from the ejection seat; a crewman had removed it just before we shut the canopy. When the safety pin is out, the ejection seat is armed and ready to fire the pilot out of the plane in an emergency. I make it a habit to take the red-flagged safety pin from the crewman, wrap the flag around the pin and stick it part way into my map case, jutting out so I can see it during flight.

There's a good reason for the safety pin. To actuate the ejection seat, the pilot reaches up and slightly behind to grasp two metal handles. Pulling down on these handles brings a strong nylon curtain down in front of his face—the curtain protects the pilot's face against the tremendous wind blast as he is shot out of the plane—and sets off the explosive charge that fires the seat.

The safety pin, which is like a large cotter pin, is left in position until the last moment, because men working around the cockpit, and sometimes the pilot while getting in, may slip and reach for the nearest thing to grab—the ejection-seat handles. I know of a case in which this happened in a hangar; a crewman in the seat at the time was shot out of the plane, cannonballed into the hangar roof and killed.

When the pilot has pulled down the curtain and it is about level with his eyes, the canopy is supposed to blow off, followed by the ejection seat. If the canopy sticks and fails to jettison, the pilot can reach up behind him to his left and yank a lever which directly arms the seat; the pilot then can resume the forward pull on his ejection curtain, firing himself through the canopy. Better a few face cuts than to be trapped under the canopy!

After we had completed our roaring run-up check, Herb and I exchanged thumbs-up signals, and I released my brakes, rolling forward a few feet. I slammed my throttle into the afterburner notch. Sharply, swiftly, like a rocket, my plane climbed to altitude. About twelve seconds later, Herb's voice came over our in-flight radio channel.

"Tiger One, this is Tiger Two coming aboard, your starboard side."

"Roger," I said. "Let's go. Full throttle—destination Beaufort! Boy, this is living!"

Over New York there was not a cloud in the sky. From our altitude, nearly nine miles up, the metropolis looked neat and well organized. It was geometry glorified.

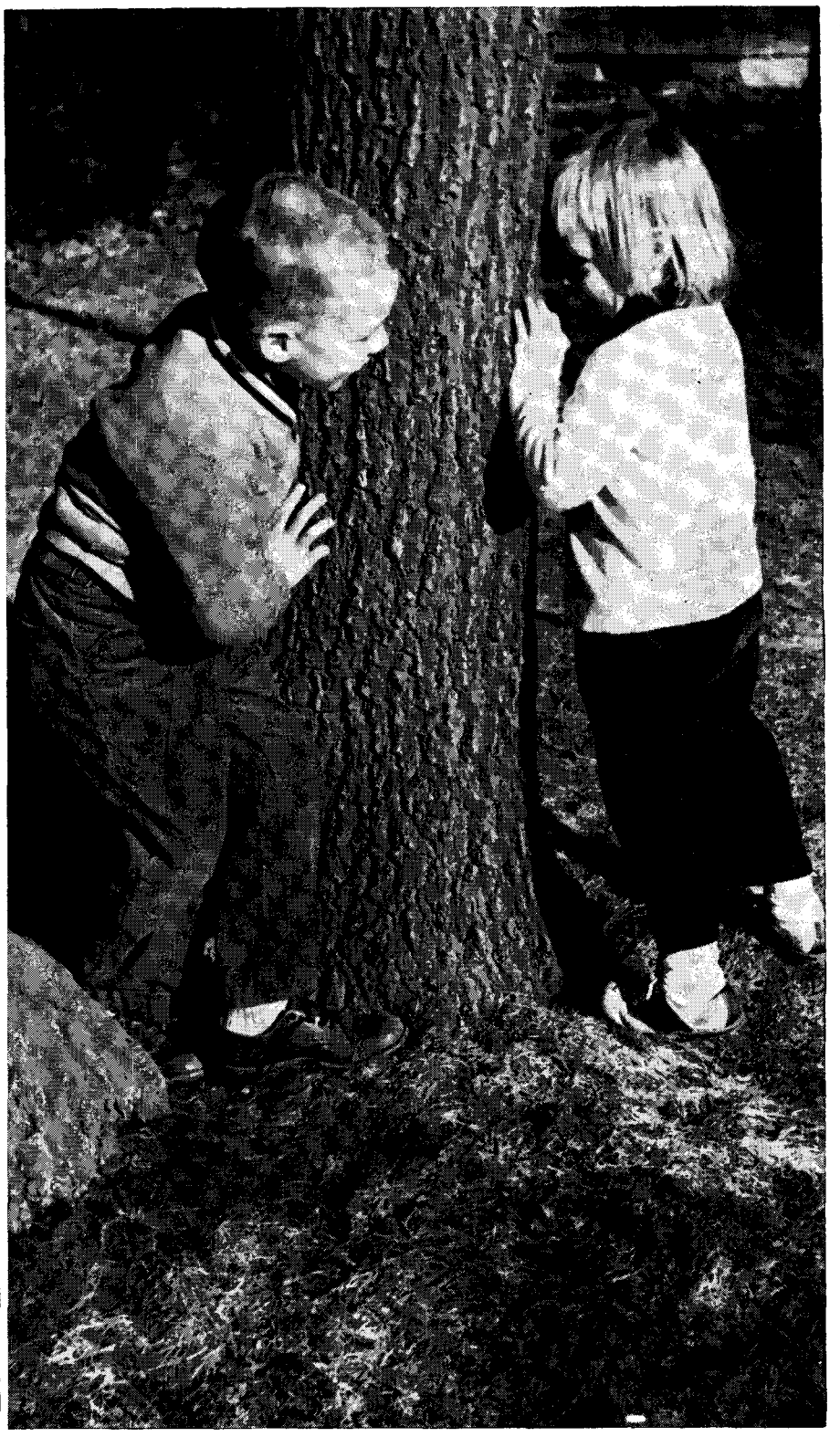
Soon we were over Atlantic City, where the sky began to get a bit hazy, with scattered and broken clouds. As we approached Norfolk, Virginia, I saw that the entire area was covered with the dark, massive, rolling clouds of a thunderstorm. I looked at my wrist watch; it was now a few minutes before six P.M. In about half an hour we should be touching down at Beaufort. The storm appeared to be slightly higher than the predicted 40,000-foot maximum. We might have to climb a bit to pass over the top.

I called Herb. "Tiger Two, this is Tiger One. It looks as if Norfolk is catching hell. That's quite a storm down there."

"Sure is, colonel," said Herb.

The reason so many children get spoiled is that few parents dare to spank two grandmothers.

CHESTER L. MARKS



A Long Distance call is news about all the little things your grandchildren do. It's hearing familiar voices, the sharing of lives that keeps a family close. Pick up your phone and enjoy a visit by Long Distance now.

Bell Telephone System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tiger Two," I said, "let's go into an easy climb here to make sure we get over the tops."

We went into full power for a steady, easy climb. Even as we started up, we were passing through the thin, wispy tops of the storm at 45,000 feet. At 48,000 feet, well above the tops, I leveled off again. Herb was abeam of me, about 500 feet off.

Passing over the Norfolk Tacan, an electronic navigation check point, we picked up a range-and-bearing signal. I was making an easy turn to take up the next heading for Cherry Point when I noticed that the F8U was slowing down a bit. I nosed over slightly to pick up speed. Expecting another half hour's flying, I reached down to crank out my rudder pedals a little more; I wanted to stretch my legs, feel comfortable. Then I eased into a cruise climb again.

I was just passing the 47,000-foot mark, still climbing, when I heard a thump and a rumbling sound behind and under me.

I quickly scanned my instruments. I was at Mach .82, just under the speed of sound, and nothing appeared to be wrong. My rpm indicator showed no loss of power. Still, I knew that the thump and rumble were abnormal sounds. I glanced to my right, noticing that Herb was at my two o'clock position, slightly down. I was about to call him, to let him know that I was expecting trouble, when I heard the thump and the rumbling again. Suddenly the fire-warning light flashed on.

There are a number of warning lights in the F8U, but the fire-warning light, about the size of a quarter, is the one that unnerves pilots most. It flashes on in a bright, traffic-light red, silhouetting four black letters—FIRE. The light is connected to an electronic sensing system which warns that somewhere in the plane there is excessive heat, there may soon be a fire or a fire may already have started. Usually it means trouble somewhere in the engine system, in which case the warning light is tantamount to an order: "Don't Waste Time—Eject!"

Instinctively I cut back on power and pressed the microphone button on the throttle to call Herb.

"Tiger Two, this is Tiger One. I'm having engine trouble. Stand by. I might have to eject." If I did have to go out, I wanted to be sure that Herb would see me and make the necessary reports to effect my rescue—or recover my body.

Herb replied instantly. "Roger, Tiger One. If you have to go, let me know." That was my last communication with him.

Quickly I scanned the instrument panel. Retarding the throttle apparently had been effective. The fire-warning light had gone out. Momentarily I felt relieved. But then my rpm indicator started to unwind rapidly, frighteningly. In five or six seconds indicated engine speed went from about 90 per cent to zero. I had never seen it happen that fast.

I have had jet flame-outs, in which the rpm indicator runs down, but gradually. When it happened, I'd dived down to a denser atmosphere to get a relight, each time successfully. But in this case I had to rule out an emergency dive for a relight because the rapid rpm unwind did not fit a diagnosis of flame-out.

Still scanning the instruments, I was convinced that I was having a one-in-a-million kind of emergency—"engine seizure." Some awful friction, perhaps due to loss of oil, had caused the engine to "freeze"—no engine, no power, no radio. The crackling noises in my radio headset suddenly ceased, making me feel lonely.

Without an engine I lacked not only electrical power but hydraulic power to control the plane. The control stick on the F8U is linked to the hydraulic system. Even at subsonic speeds the wind forces on the airfoils are so great that no man could exert sufficient pressure on the control stick to move them. Without hydraulic pressure you might as well think of yourself as riding an uncontrollable rocket. And you know that the plane is apt to "tuck," nosing down at fatal supersonic speeds, or suddenly whip into such a ferocious spin that the G forces will hold you pinned to your seat.

My next decision was automatic—to release the auxiliary power package, an air-driven turbine. Built into the side of the airplane, the turbine flops down from a hinged pocket. The force of rushing air whirls the turbine, generating electric power and actuating an emergency hydraulic pump.

I reached over to the left side of the cockpit, grabbed a T-shaped handle and pulled to release the auxiliary package. The handle moved the prescribed distance, but nothing happened. In my lifetime of flying there had been several times when I had released the emergency power package, and it had never failed. I had come to know its characteristic thump as it hit the slip stream, causing a slight, familiar yaw. But now I felt nothing—no thump, no yaw. My ammeter showed no indication of power, nor was there any indication of hydraulic pressure. Perhaps I hadn't pulled the handle hard enough.

I pulled again, hopefully, with greater force. The handle came completely out of the wall. It couldn't be! But there it was—the handle in my hand. I let it drop.

A feeling of helplessness crept over me. This complex leviathan of flaming flight, now dead and cold, a coffin of steel, still coasting upward in a climb, was mocking all my years of training. It was carrying me up past 47,000 feet where the air is so thin that the blood in a man's body—lacking the shield of pressurization—will just about boil.

There was nothing more I could do. I could not even dive to a lower, safer level for ejection.

But I could not stay with the plane much longer. Still climbing and still subsonic, I was in a favorable position for ejection. Yet one of two things might happen at any moment—running out of air speed, the plane might stall and fall into a wild spin; or it might suddenly tuck and go down at supersonic speed. The thought of the civilian test pilot who had ejected at supersonic speed and had become, in effect, a living vegetable, whipped through my mind.

Meanwhile, as I learned later, Herb had been trying to contact me on the radio. Unable to do so, he called Stargazer, the Norfolk control center, and said, "Emergency in the area; pilot has ejected."

Now it was my moment of decision, the most harrowing decision of my life. I had never heard of anyone's having ejected at this altitude, at any speed, supersonic or subsonic, with or without a pressure suit or some protective clothing. The temperature outside was close to seventy degrees below zero. I had on only a summer-weight flying suit, gloves, helmet and marine field shoes. I might survive frostbite, but what about "explosive" decompression at nine miles up? And what about that thunderstorm directly below me? If it could damage an airplane in flight, what would it do to a mere man?

From the time I had heard the first rumble indicating trouble until this moment, no more than twenty seconds had elapsed, although it seemed as if I had been acting and thinking for hours. One final look at the instruments and I made the decision—eject!

I positioned myself in the seat, feet firmly on the deck, back erect, shoulders squared, and tugged at my torso harness for reassurance. Then I reached up behind me, gripped the ejection-seat handles and pulled hard. The curtain came down before my eyes; I expected to feel a tremendous blast of air as the canopy tore away. But I didn't feel anything, nor did the curtain pause at the point where I'd have to reach back for the lever that would bypass the canopy-arming mechanism. With the curtain coming down smoothly, I was not going to stop. All I could think of in that brief moment was, *Oh, my God! Here I go through the canopy.* And then I heard the ejection seat fire and felt it—a tremendous kick in the rear.

As I shot up and out of the plane, there was a ripping sensation, as if part of my body or flight suit had caught on a jagged edge. (Later on, I discovered little stab wounds in my shoulders.) A tremendous, wall-like blast of air hit me. The ejection curtain was ripped from my hands, a cable pulling the ejection seat away. My body was suddenly a freezing, expanding mass of pain.

The coldness of the air was shocking. I had gone abruptly from a comfortable cockpit temperature of seventy-five degrees to almost minus seventy degrees, the sudden frigidity compounded by the "chill factor"—cold plus the force of wind. My body was shooting through the air at several hundred miles per hour. I felt as though I were a chunk of beef being tossed into a freezer. Almost instantly, all the exposed parts of my body, around my face, neck, wrists, hands and ankles, began to sting. It felt as if I were on fire. Then, seconds later, the burning sensation turned to a blessed numbness.

At the same time I felt the unbearable pain of "explosive" decompression. I could feel my abdomen distending, stretching, until I thought it would burst. My eyes felt as though they were being ripped from their sockets, my head as if it were splitting into several parts, my ears bursting inside, my entire body racked by cramps.

At first there was no sensation of falling, only of zooming through the air and spinning. At this moment I probably was skimming the cloud tops. My helmet's dark tinted visor had blown away. Against a purplish void, the sun went by in streaks of blurred reddish orange, like an elongated fireball, between glimpses of undulating milky-white fields. Then it seemed as if a white wall was speeding toward me.

I was preoccupied with the pain of decompression. It was torture, the body crusher, the body stretcher, the screw and rack of space, each second another turn of the screw, another wrench of the rack, another shot of pain. Once I caught a horrified glimpse of my abdomen, swollen as though I were in well-advanced pregnancy. I had never known such savage pain. I thought I would not survive.

But after a while, perhaps no more than fifteen or twenty seconds since ejection, just as I began to enter the tops of the clouds, I was overwhelmed with a feeling of elation, even gratitude. I was conscious—in spite of everything, I was conscious!

Hang on, I thought. *Hang on! You might make it yet. Just ride out this free fall and you've got it made.*

I became aware of my body tumbling, spinning, cartwheeling through space. I spun on vertical and horizontal axes, feeling the enormous pull of G forces. My body was spread-eagled, and the G force was so great I could not move my arms or legs. I tried to bring my arms in to my body, but I could not; they seemed to weigh tons.

I was desperate to get my arms in, because something was beating against my face. My oxygen mask! I had almost forgotten it. Now I was reminded that I was not getting oxygen. I had just left an airplane where I had been on 100 per cent oxygen and perhaps enough remained in my blood to sustain me for a while; but not for long. I would soon need more to avoid unconsciousness, possibly serious brain damage. I knew that I was free-falling and must continue the fall until my chute opened automatically at 10,000 feet. But what if something went wrong and the chute did not open and I were unconscious at the moment, unable to pull the D-ring to save myself? I had to get that oxygen mask! It was still flapping against my face. It might break away. *Get it!*

But I couldn't pull in my hands. Still a human centrifuge, I felt as though my arms were being torn from their sockets.

Suddenly, as I entered a dense overcast of gray and white clouds, I was able to pull in my hands. I grabbed the oxygen mask with my right hand, held it to my face and pressed down the top of my helmet with my left to ease the strangling pull of the neck strap.

In denser atmosphere I was feeling a little better, *(Continued on Page 50)*

"Worn at that jaunty angle it's quite sporty, sir. I wish you could see it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Plateau® suits.

When you talk about travel, talk to sportscaster Bud Palmer. He's always on the move. And that's why he needs a suit like Plateau by Timely® Clothes. It can take the suitcase circuit...and then some. It's made with Kodel, liveliest polyester yet. So it comes out of your luggage trim and crisp. And Kodel helps give it a "weightless feel," too. Fine Pacific worsted blend of Kodel polyester and wool.

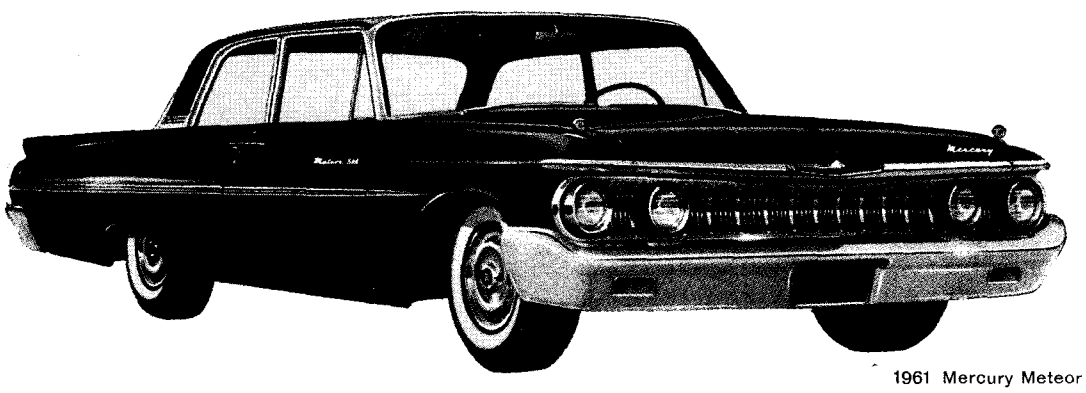
Plateau comes in all the new Fall shades, including iridescent tones...in many stripes and patterns, too. Famous Balanced Tailoring® keeps Plateau in shape extra seasons. Available at fine stores everywhere. $79.50 (slightly higher on the West Coast). The handsome Plateau fabric is a unique worsted blend of **55% Kodel polyester, 45% wool.** Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or the suit shown.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW for 1961!

MERCURY METEOR priced right



1961 Mercury Meteor 600

HIGHLIGHTS

- *Modern new size*—trimmer, better proportioned, for easier handling and parking
- 7 self-servicing features including a chassis that is pre-lubricated for the first 30,000 miles
- First low-price car with a fine-car ride! Exclusive Cushion-Link suspension
- Even roomier than last year. More rear-seat shoulder room, hip room, and head room. More entrance room. Bigger trunk
- New Super-Economy engines! Up to 15% more gas mileage! Mercury's first 6-cylinder engine plus new V-8's that use regular gas. Up to 10% better pickup than last year's brilliant Mercury

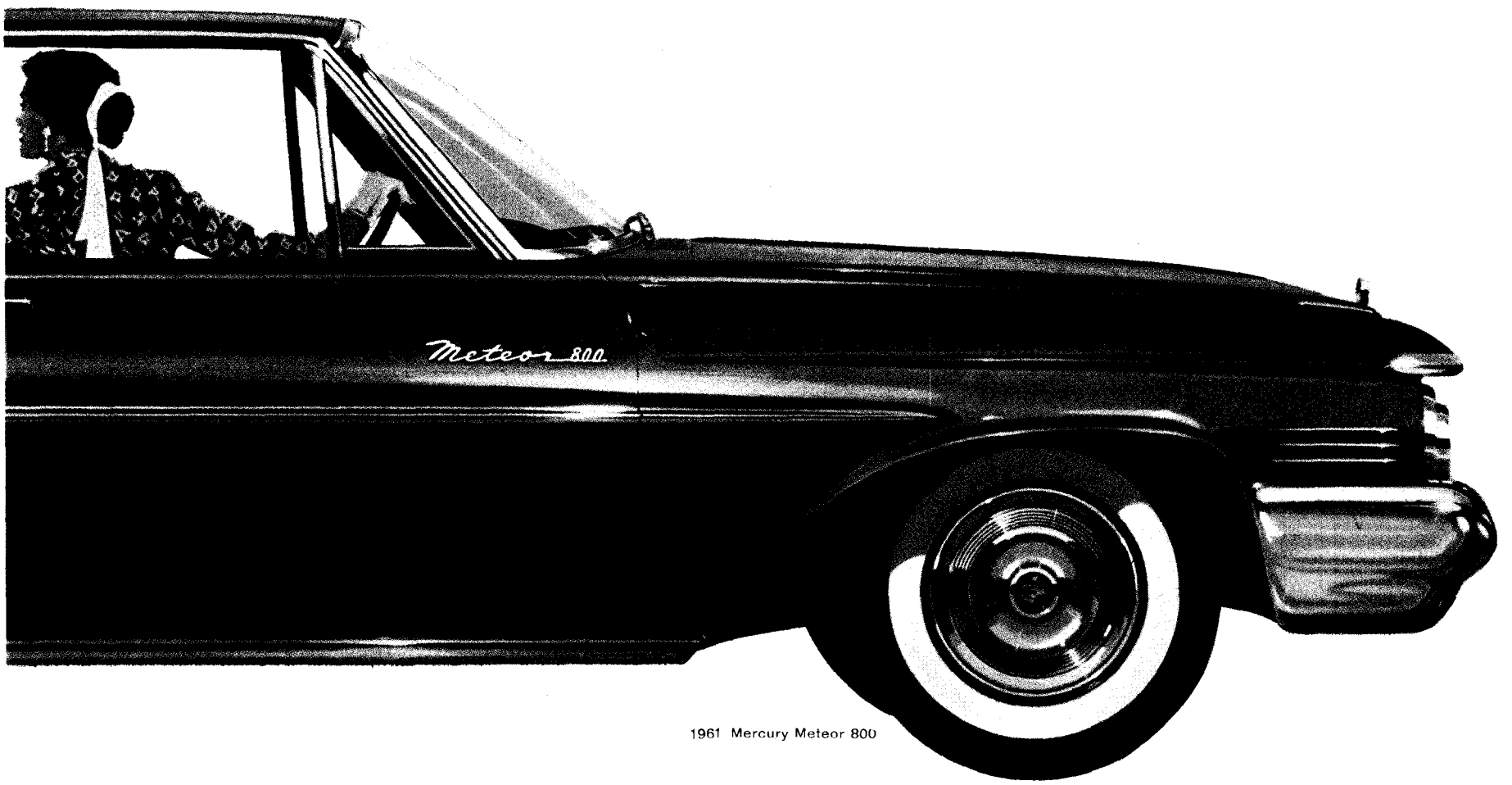
A NEW AND BETTER KIND OF LOW-PRICE CAR! HERE'S WHY:

You're looking at the newest car in the low-price field—the Mercury Meteor. As you can see from the chart at the right both Meteor series are in the low-price field. But the resemblance to other low-price cars ends with the price. For the Mercury Meteor has values never before found in any low-price car.

LOOKS BETTER—AND IS! The styling and size are completely new. Trimmer, cleaner, shorter, narrower. Easy to garage, far more agile. You get a de luxe interior in every model at no extra cost. Never before has such luxury been standard in a low-price car.

FEELS LIKE MORE! Here's the first low-price car to provide a true "fine-car feel." Not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1961 Mercury Meteor 800

600 and 800 series

in the heart of the low-price field

just shock absorbers and springs for your riding comfort but a unique new system of rubber cushioning. The name of this patent-applied-for feature is Cushion-Link suspension. It is exclusive on all Meteor 800's, Montereys, and Mercury station wagons. Even the effects of the smallest road-surface irregularities are almost completely absorbed before they reach you and your passengers.

For extra ride stability, new wider-track front wheels (61 inches) and a long, 120-inch wheelbase help take the sway out of curves. For extra quiet the Mercury Meteors have more insulation in more places than any other low-price car.

COSTS LESS TO DRIVE! You save on gas, oil, lubrication, and upkeep. Mercury's new wider choice of engines and transmissions lets you tailor your new Meteor to your kind of driving. Choose super economy, super power, or any combination in between. And just think of these 7 other savings:

A new pre-lubricated chassis lets you drive 30,000 miles before it needs another lubrication. A new-type oil filter lets you drive 4,000 miles between oil changes. Mufflers are aluminized for double the life. Brakes are self-adjusting. New zinc-coated body panels protect your car from rust two or three times as long. Spark plugs are self-cleaning, save gas. A special Super-Enamel finish never needs waxing.

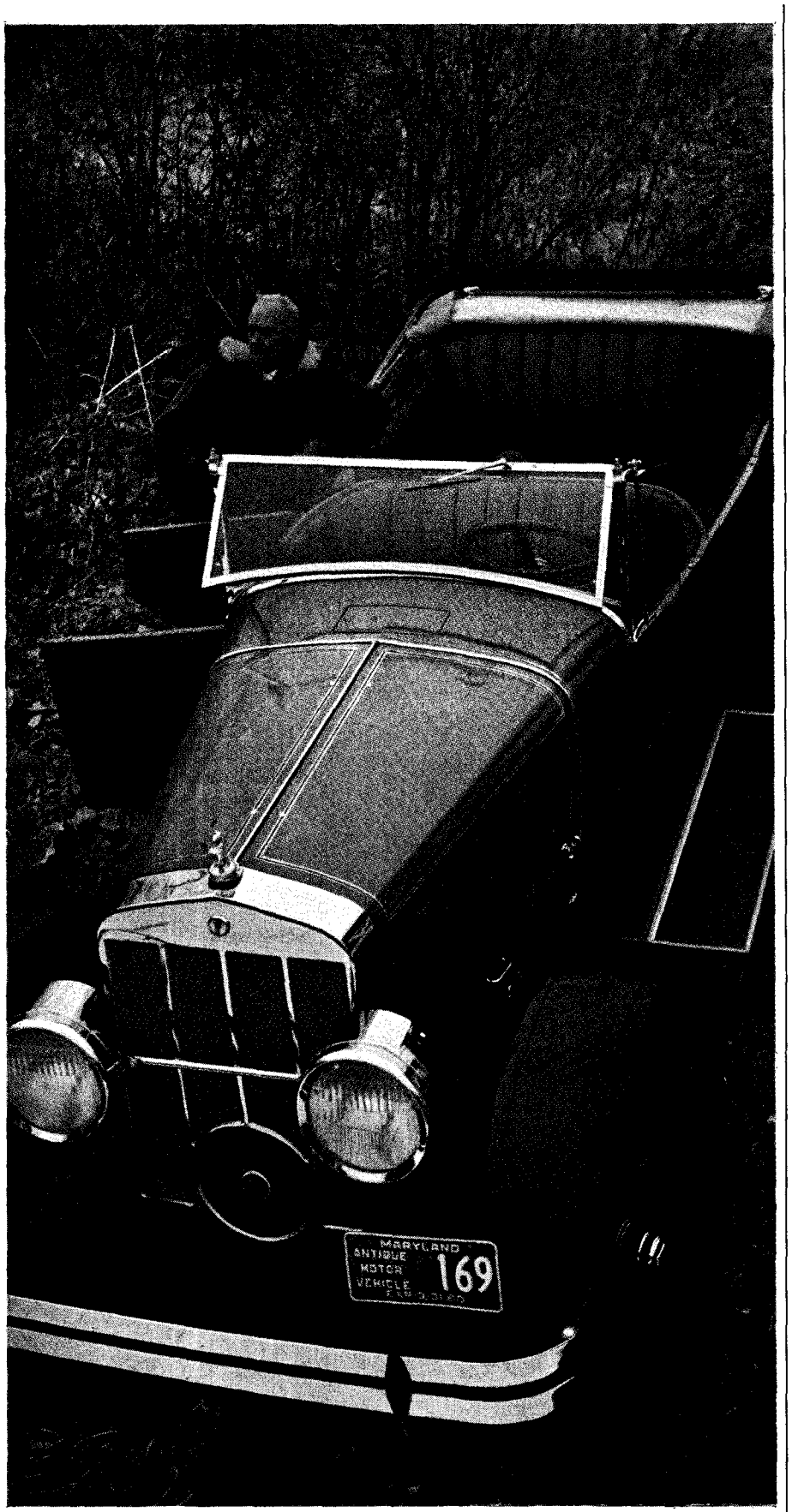
See the 1961 Mercury Meteor—the newest and smartest buy in the low-price field—at your Mercury dealer's showroom now.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION *Ford Motor Company*

1961 Mercury Price Comparison Chart	
1. Mercury Meteor 600	Priced right in the middle of the low-price field with such cars as Chevrolet Bel Air and Plymouth Belvedere.
2. Mercury Meteor 800	Priced with the top series in the low-price field with such cars as Chevrolet Impala and Plymouth Fury.
3. Mercury Monterey	Finest, most luxurious of all 1961 Mercurys.

1961 MERCURY
the better low-price car

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Charles R. Smith, Sr., of Cabin John, Maryland, Is one of the many classic car enthusiasts who protect their cars with Quaker State Motor Oil. His beautifully maintained classic is an air-cooled 1925 Franklin Touring Car.

"I keep my classic 1925 Franklin in perfect condition with Quaker State—and my new car, too!" Whether *your* car is old or new, always insist on Quaker State, the best motor oil your money can buy! Refined from pure Pennsylvania crude oil, for long-lasting engine protection. Available everywhere. Ask for Quaker State by name.

Member Penna. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

(*Continued from Page 46*) more confident, almost certain I'd survive. By remaining conscious, I would be able to report in detail what had happened. It would be good news to high-altitude aviators: *We can survive "explosive" decompression at 47,000 feet, perhaps 50,000 feet. But I'll report only 47,000 feet because that was the last altimeter setting I saw before ejecting. Yet, I'm certain I was higher because after I last looked at the altimeter the plane continued climbing. Other instruments demanded my attention. I'm thankful I can remember them, the settings, the positions, the readings, the rapidly unwinding rpm, the oil pressure—the oil pressure? What was the oil pressure?*

For a few moments I seemed to forget about my numbness, pain and cold. I could not picture the oil-pressure gauge in my mind, and it distressed me.

Dismissing the problem, I suddenly felt a powerful urge to open my parachute. I was still in a free fall. I knew I had to continue the free fall, but I let go of my helmet and reached for the D-ring. Fortunately I checked the impulse. *That's a damned stupid thing to do*, I thought. *Do you want to freeze to death, going down slowly in an opened chute? And what about your oxygen? The supply won't last more than five minutes. Just enough to get you through the free fall. Free-fall, free-fall, free-fall. Hold your oxygen mask, your helmet.*

Something was streaming down my face and freezing. Taking my right hand away from the mask, I saw that it was covered with blood. Where was the blood coming from? As I was to learn later, I had bled from the eyes, ears, nose and mouth as a result of ruptures caused by "explosive" decompression.

Now in heavier air, I began to feel more comfortable. But the storm clouds had become so dense that I had lost almost all sensation of movement. I felt as if I were suspended in a soft, milk-white substance, a huge amorphous easy chair. Only the sound of air rushing past me gave me a feeling of movement.

As I continued falling, the clouds grew darker, and I could no longer tell whether I was spinning or cartwheeling, upside down or falling feet first. I began to think of the passage of time. My wrist watch seemed to indicate four or five minutes after six, but in the clouds the luminous dial was barely visible. Then I started thinking about my rate of fall. Undoubtedly I had reached terminal velocity seconds after I had ejected and was now falling at an average rate of about 10,000 feet per minute.

My confidence in survival almost vanished. I had left my airplane at exactly six P.M. at approximately 47,000 feet, and now it was almost four or five minutes past six, or so it seemed. Why hadn't my chute opened? Had I fallen past the 10,000-foot mark? In this blind overcast, unable to see anything, I might be only a few hundred feet from crashing into the ground.

Once more I felt a tremendous desire to open my chute, but I knew my timing was not precise; I knew I should trust the automatic chute opener. So I decided to wait a little longer, fifteen seconds, thirty seconds, maybe a minute. Just then, my confidence was somewhat restored by a feeling that my body was being pelted by little rocks. I remembered the thunderstorm and realized that the "little rocks" were hailstones, formed by drops of rain carried to the freezing level by the storm's updrafts. *The freezing level for rain? Must be 10,000 feet or more. Good. Keep on free-falling.*

My eyeballs felt as though they were freezing. It was the same tingling sensation I had felt earlier, just before the exposed parts of my body turned numb. I closed my eyes and thought about the chute. Should it have opened itself? I was certainly in denser air, because the strain of expanded gas in my body was easing. Now I felt the risk of crashing in an unopened chute was greater than the risk of freezing to death, or being without oxygen for a while. Just as I reached for the D-ring, my body lurched violently. My chute had opened by itself.

In the storm's darkness the canopy overhead was invisible. However, I could see my parachute risers—taut, straight up—and feel them pulling on my harness. Again, a rough calculation. *I'm at the 10,000-foot level. Descending at the rate of about 1000 feet per minute. I should be down in about ten minutes.*

Utterly elated, I took off the oxygen mask. When it fell away, blood spilled into my hand. There was a deep cut on the little finger of my right hand. *Must have gashed it*, I thought, *when I ejected. Good time now to take inventory.*

Looking all about, I checked my hands, feet, helmet, flight suit, boots, life jacket.

Teen Crushed

By Jane Merchant

It matters little to anyone
Of all the people she knows
That she's lost the music,
misplaced the sun,
And forgotten where heartsease
grows.

It matters little that dawns are
dim
And that stars continue to
fall—
Except to one; and to him, to
him
It doesn't matter at all.

Except for rips in the suit, everything seemed to be intact.

Of course, I still suffered aches and pains. My body had been wrung out; it felt as if my internal organs and bones and flesh were being painfully reshaped. My face felt raw and swollen, my hands numb and stiff, but burning. I looked at my dangling finger again. The cut was so deep I could see the bone.

After another minute or so a slight turbulence reminded me that I was descending into a thunderstorm. Updrafts sometimes lifted me gently, but it wasn't bad at all. What I forgot was that in a thunderstorm, where the barometric pressure is usually lower than normal, the chute's barometric sensing device could have been fooled into opening the canopy prematurely. My chute might have opened not at the 10,000-foot level, but at 15,000 feet or higher.

But now I was no longer gravely concerned about anything, except where I would land, hoping it would not be in water or in one of the swampy areas along the coast. Overjoyed to be alive and conscious, I ignored the increasing turbulence of the air. It was all over now, I thought, the ordeal had ended.

But it hadn't. I was about to enter the vortex of the storm. The turbulence became stronger. Updrafts took me for elevator rides, each ride ending suddenly, with negative G, and the feeling that my stomach was being left behind. As the updrafts increased in strength, I knew I was falling (*Continued on Page 54*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 out of 21 U. S. truck makers use Champions . . .

Every major U. S. tractor maker uses Champions . . .

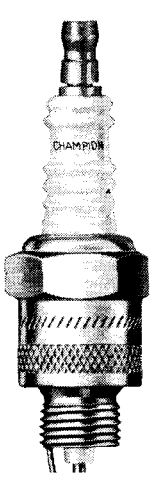
Every major U. S. small engine maker uses Champions . . .

Over twice as many car manufacturers use Champions

Q. Why are Champion spark plugs overwhelming favorites with men who design and build engines?

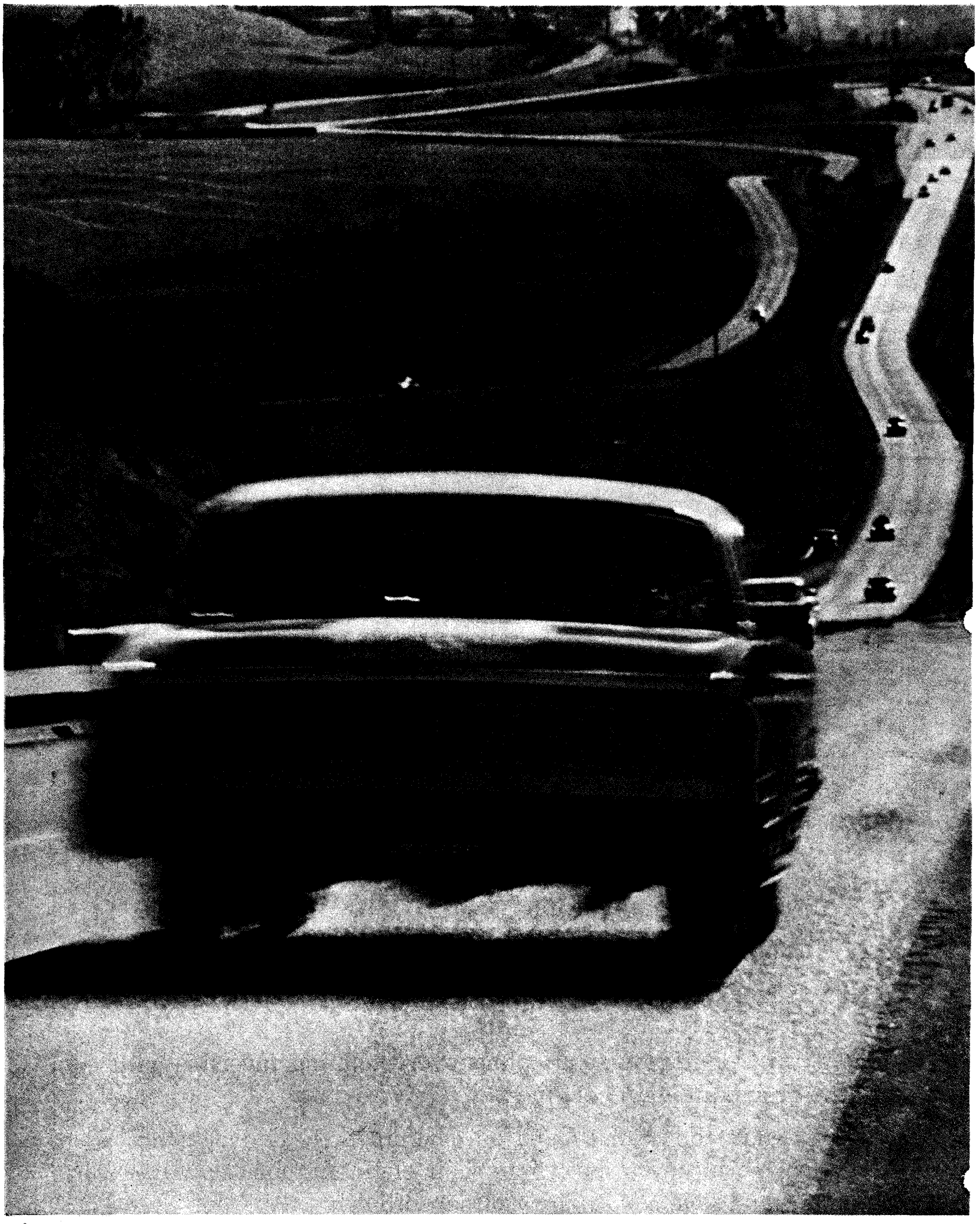
A. They know they can depend on Champions to deliver every bit of performance they've built into their engines. Your car will perform better (and save money on gasoline) with new Champions. Put in a set every 10,000 miles!

CHAMPION®



Worn spark plugs waste lots of gas—so check your plugs every 5,000 miles!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONTINUAL HIGH-SPEED TURNPIKE TESTS PROVE EXTRA SAFETY AND MILEAGE OF FIRESTONE TIRES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Expressway-tested and speedway-proved for your turnpike safety

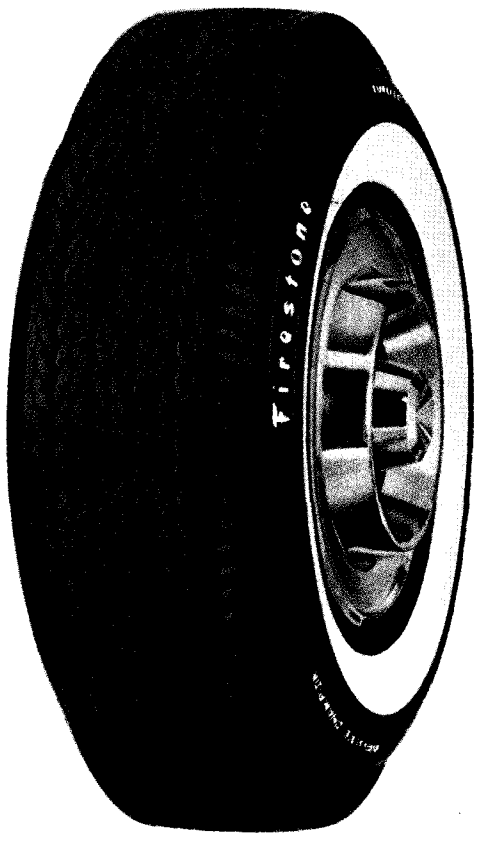
Firestone

CHAMPION IN EVERY TEST OF TIRE SAFETY

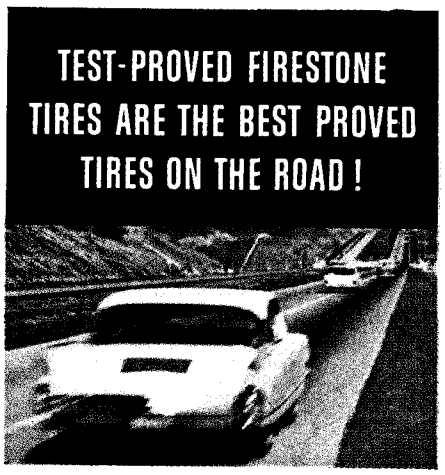
For positive proof that Firestones are *the* tires the turnpikes can't tire out, Firestones travel more than 50 million miles a year in the most punishing tests our turnpikes can dish out. It's a never-ending marathon at heat-generating sustained high speeds—and a convincing test of Firestones' safety, stamina, economy, and mileage. Firestones' proved superiority is also confirmed on the world's foremost speedways, where year after year they set new performance standards in virtually every speed and endurance run. Such grueling tests as these and all the other "torture tests" that Firestone tires undergo—totalling more than 425 million miles a year—pay off for *you* in ever greater advances in heat-defying rubber and cord in *all* Firestone tires. Examples: Firestone Rubber-X, longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires—and Firestone's exclusive Safety-Fortified cord. And now, another phenomenal Firestone first:

FIRESTONE RUBBER-X-101

An extraordinary new, softer-riding yet longer-wearing tread rubber, Firestone Rubber-X-101 all but eliminates tire whine and squeal, even on sharpest turns. You not only enjoy a new kind of quiet motoring but also, with Firestone Rubber-X-101, you get an additional 4,000 to 5,000 miles—all at regular tire prices! Why pay more and get less? Get test-proved, best-proved Firestone tires made with Firestone Rubber-X-101 at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



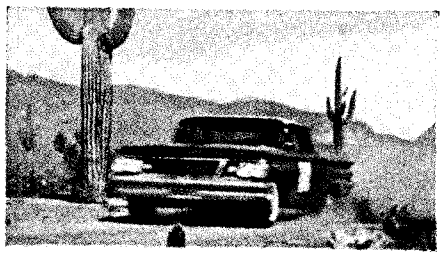
Copyright 1960, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company



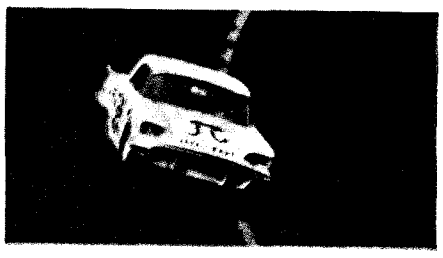
PROVED *in never-ending turnpike tests*

PROVED *on the steepest mountain turns*

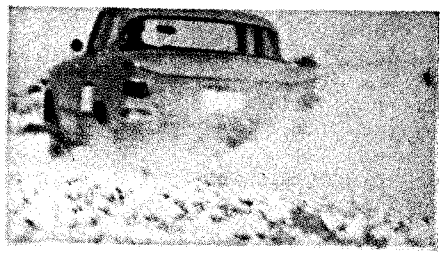
PROVED *on major city taxi fleets*



PROVED *on burning desert roads*



PROVED *on all major speedways*



PROVED *on abrasive stone and gravel*

PROVED *on world's fastest test track*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 50*) into the heart of the storm. Scientists have described thunderstorms as, in effect, large heat engines, having strong updrafts and downdrafts thermally driven by differences in air temperature. In such an "engine" it would not be unusual for a large body, such as an airplane or a human being, to be shot upward at the rate of 100 feet per second.

The first real shock from nature's heat engine came with incredible suddenness and fury—a massive blast of air that jarred me from head to toe. I went soaring up and up and up. Falling again, I saw that I was in an angry ocean of boiling clouds—blacks and grays and whites, spilling over one another, into one another, digesting one another.

I became a molecule trapped in the thermal pattern of the heat engine, buffeted in all directions—up, down, sideways, clockwise, counterclockwise, over and over. I zoomed straight up, straight down, feeling all the weird sensations of G forces—positive, negative and zero. I was stretched, slammed and pounded. I was a bag of flesh and bones crashing into a concrete floor, a lifeless form suspended in air. I know I vomited time after time. It was maddening; I felt as if I were fighting not only for my life but for sanity as well.

At one point, after I had been shot up like a shell leaving a cannon, I found myself looking down into a long, black tunnel, a nightmarish corridor in space. Sometimes, not wanting to see what was going on, I shut my eyes. This was nature's bedlam, a black cageful of screaming lunatics, beating me with big flat sticks, roaring at me, trying to crush me.

Several times I felt as though I had been looping around my parachute, like a pendulum. This was no gentle to-and-fro swing; I went up, out, around and down, feeling blood rushing to my feet, then my head. When I opened my eyes to see whether this cruel whirling was real, I was horrified to see that it was indeed.

At times my chute seemed to lose its precious billow, and I thought it a miracle that I did not go streaming toward earth with a long, narrow white tail—my collapsed chute.

I'll never survive, I thought. What irony, to live through "explosive" decompression only to be battered to death by a thunderstorm! *When they find my body, they'll never know how I died.*

I felt I might become a part of the storm's pattern, trapped in blasts of air shooting up, then down, drifting across hundreds of miles of land. I might end up in Pennsylvania or New Jersey—or over the ocean—wherever the storm eventually disgorged me.

Before long I found that the storm had savage allies—thunder, lightning, more hail, and rain. The first clap of thunder came as a deafening explosion, instantly followed by a blinding flash and a rolling, roaring sound which seemed to vibrate in my bones. If it had not been for my closely fitted helmet, the explosions of thunder might have shattered my eardrums.

I used to think of lightning as long, slender, jagged streaks of electricity—but no more. The real thing is different. I saw lightning all around me in every shape imaginable. When very close, it appeared mainly as a huge, bluish sheet several feet thick, sometimes stabbing close to me in pairs, like the blades of a scissor.

During the intense flashes of brilliant light, I could see the gray clouds boiling around me in huge cottony balls. I looked at my watch. When I saw that it was twenty minutes past six, I thought, *You should have been on the ground at least ten minutes ago! You are really trapped in the storm—a speck of human dust, and that's the way it's going to be. But how long?*

All this time it had been raining so torrentially that I thought I would drown in mid-air. It was as though I were at the bottom of a swimming pool; several times I had held my breath, fearing to inhale quarts of water.

Occasionally I'd look up to see what was happening to my parachute, fearing that it might collapse or lose some of its panels. During one such inspection a violent blast of air sent me careering up into the chute itself. I felt the cold, wet shrouds collapsing about me. By some miracle I fell back, and the chute recovered its billow. *If the chute can survive,* I thought, *so can I.*

Hailstones battered every part of my body. It seemed to be raining baseballs. I don't know how large the hailstones were because I was afraid to open my eyes. I thanked the Lord again for having my helmet. Without it I would have suffered concussion, even a fractured skull.

Finally I could sense the turbulence lessening; and coming out of the overcast at last, I caught the first joyous glimpse of green earth. I was coming in for a landing!

Now, I thought, *gather your wits. Watch your landing speed. Don't get killed, after all this, in a crash landing.*

Instantly forgetting my aches and pains and exhaustion, I looked over the landscape, about 300 feet below. It was still raining hard, and there was barely enough light to outline the wooded area below me. It appeared to be a dense evergreen forest. I looked for signs of civilization—a road, a farmhouse, any landmark by which I might guide myself out of the woods.

I could only see what appeared to be a field cleared for farming. Now I was over the tall, sharp treetops—sweeping past them, I estimated, at thirty-five to fifty miles per hour. Instinctively I gritted my teeth, closed my eyes, crossed my legs and cupped my groin. At the rate I was zooming into the trees, I was likely to be impaled.

I felt a tremendous jerk, swung out wide and then, like a recoiling spring, went shooting back, crashing hard against a tree trunk. I suddenly found myself lying on the ground, my helmet askew.

The left side of my head and face felt bruised. For about ten or fifteen seconds I lay stunned, feeling as if my entire body were paralyzed. As a test, I deliberately lifted a leg, then a hand. My entire body ached, especially my back, arms and head. Feeling myself, I discovered my eyes, nose and cheeks were swollen, my left side badly bruised and my entire face raw and sensitive to touch. There was no way to tell whether I was bleeding internally, but I thought it possible.

Don't lie here doing nothing. Maybe a rescue party is looking for you now; maybe not. They may find you—too late. Get going.

I looked at my watch. In the dim light, I could barely see the luminous hands—6:40 P.M. A descent that should have taken a little more than ten minutes had taken forty.

Stiff, shaky and shivering, I rose to my feet. It was still raining. The forest floor had become soaked, and I sank to my ankles in muddy water. After a few steps I stumbled to my knees. "Hey! Hey, HEY! Anybody out there? HEY! OUT THERE! ANYBODY!" My shouts drifted away among the dark trees.

Looking up, I saw that my chute had been snared in the trees. With numb, raw hands I struggled with the quick-release snaps on my torso harness, finally managing to get free of the chute.

Jungle knife in hand, I stumbled into a tangle of underbrush. An old logging road led me to the open field I had seen from the air. It was a cornfield with stalks four feet high. Looking over the tops of the stalks, I could see headlights of moving automobiles. A road! I half-ran, half-stumbled toward the road, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. It was a narrow black-top road. Several cars passed me, ignoring my shouts and frantic gestures. I was not aware that I was a frightening sight, standing there in purplish twilight in my tattered flight suit and Buck Rogers helmet, with a large knife in my hand, blood caked on my face and oozing from my mouth, nose and ears.

Several passing drivers stepped harder on the gas pedal. As another car approached I began waving my hands and running along the side of the road. I stumbled, rose, ran, stumbled. The car went by. I was on my knees when I saw its red brake lights go on about fifty yards down. The car turned and came back. The driver, a slender, neatly dressed man, cautiously rolled his window down just enough to talk.

I staggered to the window. "Help me," I said. "I'm a pilot. I've just ejected from an airplane. Take me to a hospital."

He motioned me into the front seat. There were four boys in the back and a handsome woman in front. The driver introduced himself and his family. He was Judson Dunning, a farmer. With him were his wife, three sons ranging in age from about ten to seventeen, and a teenage cousin.

Mr. Dunning said he would take me where he could call an ambulance. It seems that one of the boys, recognizing my flight suit and helmet, had called out, "Dad! That's a jet pilot. He's in trouble. Stop. Help him." Mr. Judson thought that the jet pilot was probably "some drunk in a crazy getup," but he decided to turn back for a second look.

I pulled off my helmet, tossed it into the back seat and said, "Here, boys. Thanks. I owe you my life. There's your souvenir."

Mrs. Dunning remarked that my face looked "as raw as a lobster." I could feel blood trickling from my nose and one ear, but to reassure Mrs. Dunning I told her that the only thing I was concerned about was my possibly broken finger.

As we rode, Mr. Dunning talked about the storm. It was one of the worst he had seen in this area, and he was afraid that it might have ruined his peanut crop. "It must have been tough, coming down in a parachute through it," he said.

I asked where we were. North Carolina, he said. We were going to a little town, Rich Square, where there was a private ambulance service which could get me to a hospital in Ahoskie.

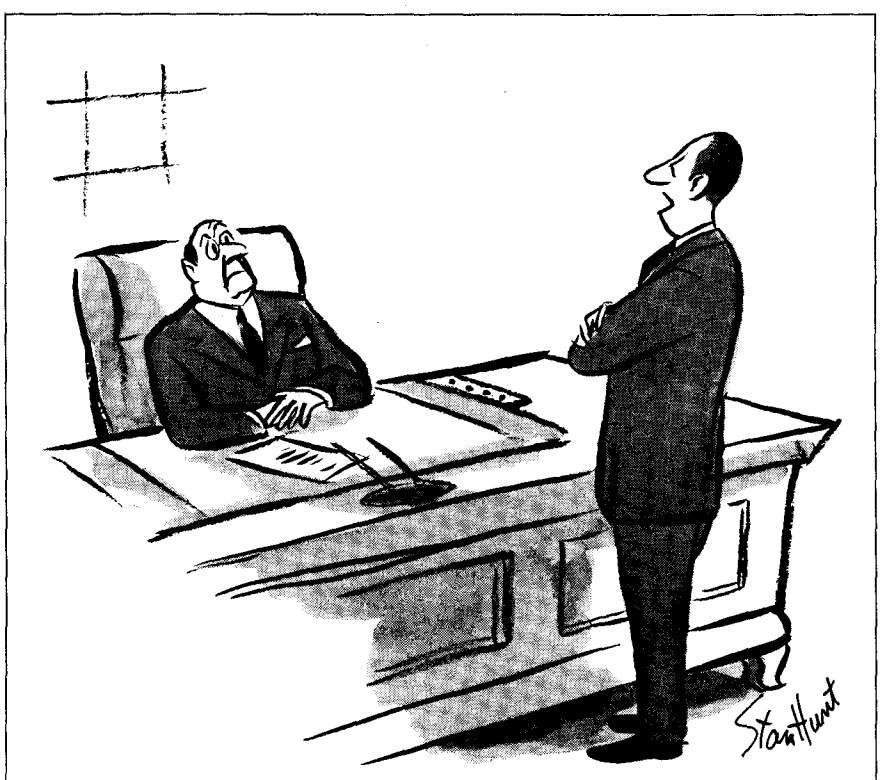
We pulled up before a general store with a wooden porch. Outside the store there were a few men, their shoes off, pants rolled up, sloshing through water. I went into the store, where I was told that the storm had knocked out phones in the area. Too exhausted to stand, I stretched out on the floor to wait for the ambulance.

At the hospital in Ahoskie, a doctor gave me a hypodermic sedative and stitched my cut finger. Examining my body, he expressed astonishment at "lines" in the skin. During the decompression my body had apparently swelled so much and pressed so tightly against the seams of my flight suit, that the seams were printed on my skin. It looked as though I had been stitched together with bluish-red thread.

Put to bed, I mumbled good night and was about to relax when I shot up suddenly. "The airplane!" I exclaimed "What happened? Where did it crash? Did anyone get hurt? I must know. Please."

Within a few minutes I had the consoling answer. A highway patrolman, knowing that I'd be anxious, had telephoned the hospital to say that nobody had been hurt. The plane had crashed in a wooded area near Scotland Neck, North Carolina. All that remained of it was a few metallic parts lying around the blackened rim of a huge crater, in which little fires were still burning.

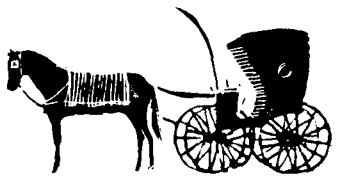
Greatly relieved, I hit the pillow for what I thought would be a sound sleep. But all through the night, at hourly intervals, a nurse wakened me to take my pulse and blood pressure. I knew what they were concerned about. Some months before, a jet pilot had survived an emergency no-pressure-suit ejection at 40,000 feet, only to die in the hospital. He had died in (*Continued on Page 56*)



"I've been thinking big like you said, Mr. Hamilton, and I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largess that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the population; for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky."

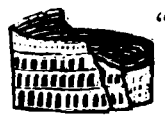
E. B. WHITE

"What matters is that a great many American men somehow met a final test here, and passed it, and left word that life is the real problem, not death; death happens to everybody, and the men who ran away to safety here at Shiloh and lived out long lives are under the ground now, no better off than the men who refused to run and took a lead slug in the brain, or a jagged hunk of shell fragment in the belly, and died of it under the broken trees. Death is nothing, perhaps, and Shiloh Park is the monument to it."

BRUCE CATTON

"Everyone knows how upsetting it is for two women to meet at a party wearing exactly the same dress. At a recent gathering I saw three elegant ladies glaring at each other: they were wearing the same nose. All three had gone to a famous plastic surgeon, and the model they had chosen was the same puglike, catlike, flat little thing with plenty of nostrils—it is particularly fashionable this year."

ROMAIN GARY



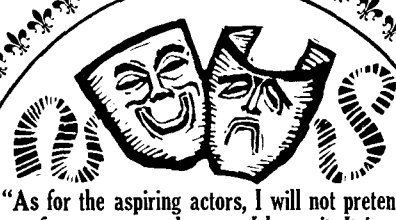
"To be at your ease in polite Roman society, you must have, like diplomats, an iron seat and, like royalty, an infinite capacity for not wanting to go to the bathroom."

AUBREY MENEN

"This earth of Africa is old, old in all senses and dimensions of the word; old in the conscious measure of man; older in the light of myth and symbol. So old indeed is this Africa that comparisons are not merely odious but pointless, and yet they must be made to bring the matter nearer to comprehension, if only because no other single factor has contributed as much to the unique character of Africa as this incredible oldness of African earth."

LAURENS VAN DER POST

QUOTES *from* HOLIDAY



"As for the aspiring actors, I will not pretend to hunt for an answer, because I know it. It is simply that there are always certain persons who are born without all their marbles. Even so, the full-blown actors are merely the completed types of the secret actors who are called producers, backers, directors, yes, and playwrights. The rest of us would have been actors had we had the talent, or a left and right foot instead of two left ones, or straight teeth, or self-assurance. The actor himself is the lunacy in full profusion—the lunacy which in the others is partially concealed."

ARTHUR MILLER

"You start at a café table because everything in Paris starts at a café table. You are waiting for the girl you love. She is young and American and perfect. She has straight legs and an enormous appetite and solid low-heeled shoes and she likes to walk and she has just arrived in the city for the first time in her life and she likes to listen to you talk and she is imaginary. She is late, of course, because you have been so conditioned by the women you have known that even the ones you invent can't meet you on time. You have invented her because you have been day-dreaming; you have been playing with the idea of pleasure and it has occurred to you that there could be few things more pleasurable in this sad world than to roam Paris for a day hand-in-hand with such a girl." IRWIN SHAW

"Years ago, in Lindy's, on Broadway, a customer asked a waiter standing nearby: "What time is it?" "I don't know," the waiter said. "This isn't my table."

ROBERT SYLVESTER

"You lie in your bunk, smoking a cigarette and listening to the radio—a symphony concert, maybe—and in the background is the sound of the wind in the rigging, the plunging roar of water being thrown back from the bows, the hiss of it along the outer skin of the boat, close beside your ear . . . sounds of travel, a concert of movement that fills you with that ineffable joy of going somewhere."

HAMMOND INNES

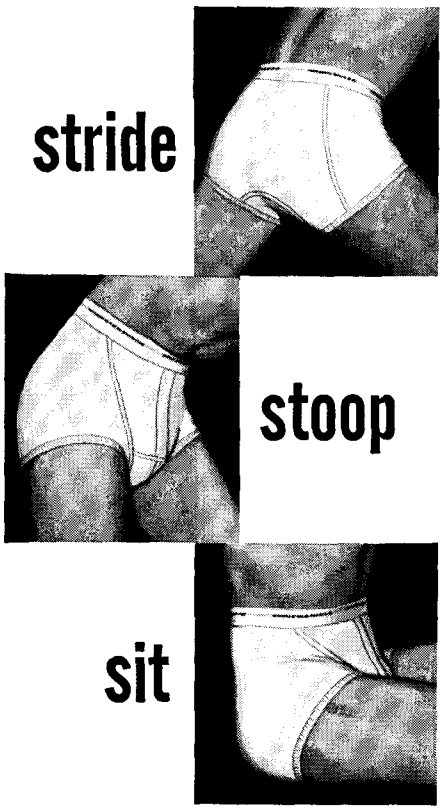
"McGraw, on the other hand, was already infamous when he came to the Giants as manager. He had been the loudest, rowdiest, most hated member of the rowdy, hated Baltimore Orioles—a little third baseman with a face like a fist, a foul tongue and a reputation for swinging at umpires. He would do anything to win, even if it meant hooking his fingers through the belt of a base runner who was breaking for home after a fly to the outfield. McGraw didn't change as a manager. He cursed, stormed, split umpires' lips and fought everyone—fans, managers, his front office, league presidents, rival players and his own players—with only one object in mind: winning."

ROGER ANGELL

Holiday is becoming increasingly well-known for the depth and breadth and sheer quality of the writing that appears in its pages. Here is a sampling, a mosaic of quotes that we hope will suggest why Holiday is a rewarding experience each month for some 900,000 exceptional families and for the advertisers who serve them so exceptionally well.

HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



make the Brief

COMFORT TEST

Make the Brief Comfort Test . . . stride . . . stoop . . . sit . . . and MUNSINGWEAR'S double fabric s-t-r-e-t-c-h-y seat and no-chafe comfort pouch move right with you . . . no binding, pulling or riding up! The nylon-reinforced leg openings never lose their shape. Made of premium combed cotton, guaranteed not to shrink out of fit.

for Men $1.25
for Boys ..... 95¢

Munsingwear®

Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

(*Continued from Page 54*) his sleep, apparently as a result of undetected ruptures of internal organs. I slept fitfully, waking often to take my own pulse; each time it was frighteningly rapid. Finally I thought, *The hell with it!* and went to sleep.

On Monday morning, the next day, an ambulance took me to the Naval hospital at Cherry Point. I was complaining of severe back pains. When I awoke on Tuesday morning at 6:30, I discovered in walking to the bathroom that my sense of equilibrium had been impaired. With eyes closed, I lost my balance entirely. With eyes open, I could not walk with stability unless I had a reference to some vertical line, such as a nearby wall.

I said nothing about it. Instead, I called a hospital corpsman and asked him to help me to the bathroom for a shave. He stood by, steadying me, as I began to lather up. As soon as the lather touched my skin, it felt as if my entire face were an open wound and I had just poured iodine into it. I howled in pain, forgot about trying to shave and went back to bed. Dismal thought: Suppose my abnormal equilibrium grounded me, perhaps forever?

Soon afterward, the doctors had me moved from the Cherry Point hospital to my old base, at Beaufort, North Carolina. Apparently they had discerned signs of personality changes, which they attributed to possible mental shock or nervous-system damage; also they had detected a form of forgetfulness, described as "mild retrograde amnesia." It affected my memory for events, places and persons known to me within the three months preceding the emergency ejection.

An early sign of trouble had come at Ahoskie, where I had difficulty recalling some of the details of the ejection, confusing dates and almost forgetting that Herb Nolan had been with me.

There were other clues. Shortly after I arrived at the Naval hospital in Beaufort, an old friend, Col. Jack Dalton, came to my room. As he entered the door, I addressed him by the wrong name, then quickly corrected myself. That night I telephoned my brother in Pittsburgh to tell him that if he had heard of my accident, he was not to worry; I was all right now.

"Are you sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Of course," I said. "Why do you ask like that?"

"Well, Bill, then why did you call me again to say the same things? You called last night."

I didn't know what to say. *Did I call him last night? Must have. He wouldn't kid me. Why am I so forgetful?* Now I had something else to worry about besides my faulty equilibrium. Had I suffered oxygen deficiency while coming down? Was my brain damaged? I never asked the doctors. I preferred to wait and see.

In the weeks to follow I was kept under constant observation by a small army of flight surgeons, cardiologists, orthopedists, general surgeons and eye-ear-nose-throat specialists. At first they seemed to be seriously concerned about a slightly abnormal reading on my first electrocardiogram. Another troublesome development was numbness in my thighs. A physician came every day to test for sensation with an electric charging device, getting no response. Finally, on the tenth day, I responded to the electric charge with a yelp. When he returned on the eleventh day, charging device in hand, I said "No, thanks," in a positive tone, and he departed.

After more than two weeks of intensive examinations, X rays and observations, the doctors were satisfied—and somewhat astounded—that I had suffered no serious damage, apart from severe bruises, lacerations, the badly cut finger tendon, generalized swelling (especially of the eyelids), slight subconjunctival hemorrhage in one eye, some early difficulty in focusing on small print, widespread discoloration of skin (mainly due to frostbite), and generalized sprains and strains of ligaments, joints and muscles, which accounted for my backaches. Gradually my equilibrium and memory returned to normal.

From the steady parade of doctors that came to see me, some just to talk, others to make extensive examination, I knew they considered me some sort of medical phenomenon. Accident investigators interviewed me with tape recorders, primarily to get information that might add to the future safety of military aviators.

When all the data had been analyzed, all the experts, including factory engineers, agreed that my engine indeed had "seized." They had proof. Although the airplane had exploded on impact, two vital parts had been found, with significant markings. The engine had "seized"—no mistake. I was pleased to know that a diagnosis I had been forced to make in seconds, under emergency conditions, had been confirmed by technical examination and analysis.

Around mid-August I was discharged from the hospital, but told to report periodically as an outpatient. They were not quite prepared to discharge me as fit for flying duty.

First there was a program of physical rehabilitation. I had to return for physiotherapy treatments, and on my own I engaged in a regimen of calisthenics and exercises to strengthen my muscles, particularly my back. Weeks later, when I felt physically fit again, the flight surgeon agreed that I could return to duty, if ——

I knew what that "if" was, and saved the flight surgeon the embarrassment of suggesting it by making the request myself: Psychiatric clearance. After a long session with the psychiatrist, I went to the flight surgeon's office. As soon as I entered, I knew that the worst was over. He was smiling. "Bill, you came through fine," he said. "As far as we're concerned, you may be returned to duty, if ——"

"I know," I interrupted. "I'll arrange for a pressure-chamber test immediately."

Wearing only a flight suit, helmet and oxygen mask—duplicates of the gear I had worn at ejection from my F8U—I entered the test chamber with the flight surgeon and a flight physiologist. They would observe my physical and emotional reactions and make themselves handy if I should "black out," or perhaps panic. They would also note whether I developed severe pains or bleeding from the eyes, ears or nose, or difficulty in breathing. Any one of these symptoms would prevent my return to flying duty.

The test pressure chamber is a steel cube with an airtight door and a thick window. We connected our hoses to the oxygen supply, and the flight physiologist asked if we were ready. The doctor and I gave a thumbs-up signal. The voice of the outside controller came over the intercom in our helmets.

"Gentlemen, this is a prearranged simulated flight test. We are going to take you up at the rate of about 4000 feet per minute until we get you to 20,000 feet; then we shall slow down to about 2000 feet per minute, until we hit 35,000 feet, maximum altitude, where we shall remain—and then give you a free fall.

"If anyone feels discomfort or pain, give me a level-off signal. Is that all right with you?"

We all signaled thumbs-up. In effect, he was going to subject us to a jet climb-out to high altitude.

Compared with the "explosive" decompression I had gone through, it was painless. When the test was over, the doctor and the flight physiologist shook hands with me. I could return to flying again.

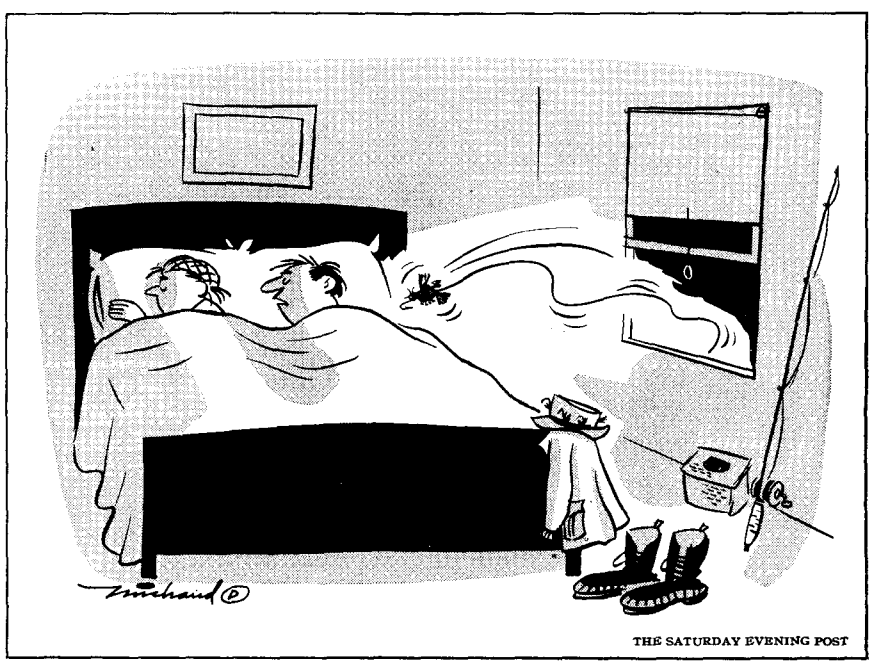
The following day, as a cautious start, I arranged for a headquarters pilot to go up with me in a two-seater jet trainer. I zoomed around for more than an hour, doing a few rolls, shooting some landings, and I knew I was ready again for the F8U.

Next day I went up in an F8U—my big moment. I made an afterburner take-off, and as soon as I felt the powerful slam at my back, I knew I had returned to where I belonged.

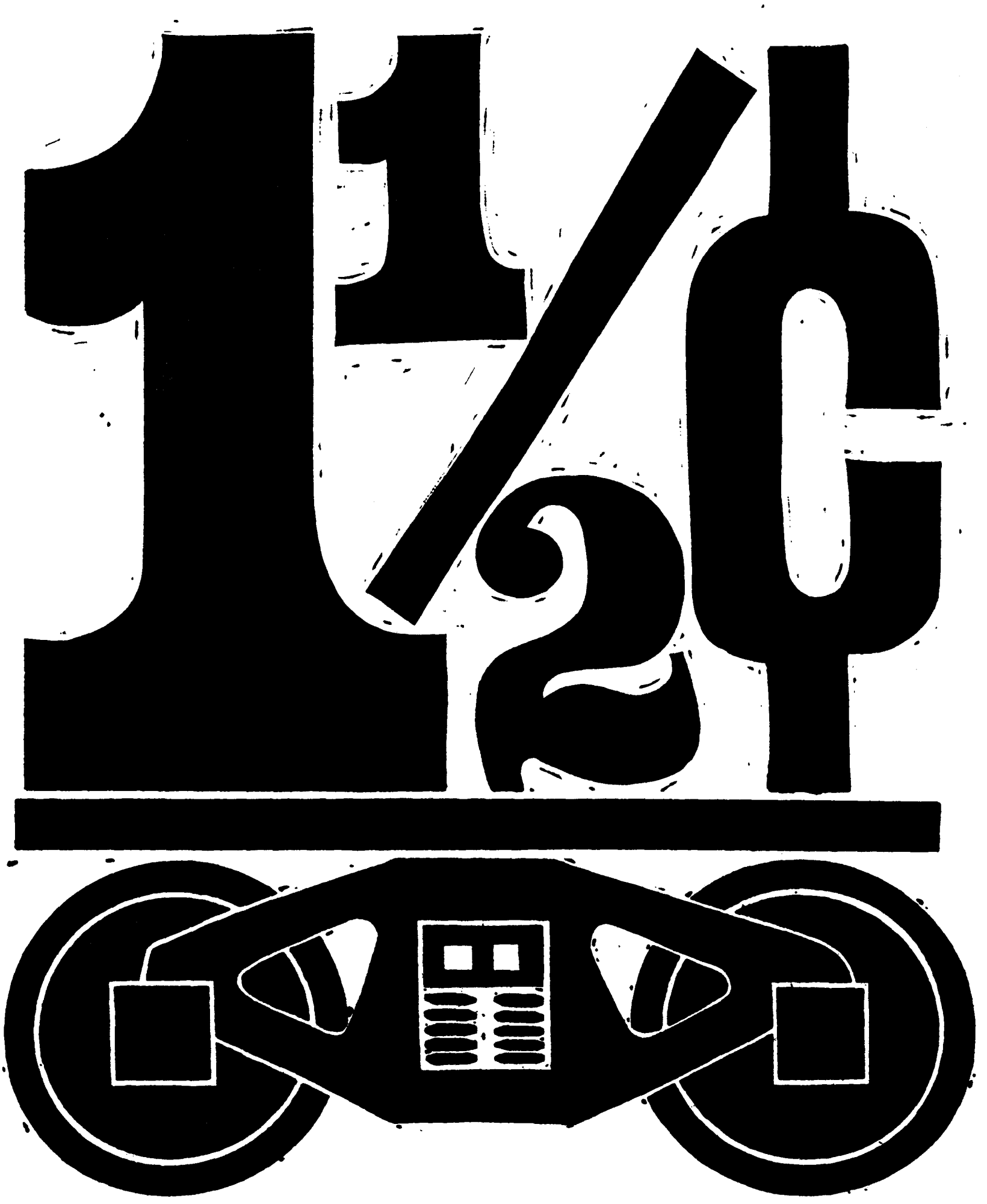
I have often been asked, "What will you do now? You are approaching the age of forty. Aren't your jet-flying days over?"

Ten years ago, I might have said yes. But in this era of rapidly changing technology, a jet pilot at age forty is only a freshman for what is to come. Experience in high-performance, high-altitude flying takes years of intense training, flying and discipline to acquire; yet this experience is indispensable for the next dimension in aviation—outer space.

What now? Someday soon I may be able to stand on the moon, look down through a quarter million miles of space and say, "There's certainly a beautiful earth out tonight." THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the average cost of moving a ton of freight one mile is six cents by truck...twenty-four cents by airplane...and less than a cent and a half by efficient, low-cost railroads.

In everyone's interest, public policy should give the railroads the opportunity to compete with other forms of transportation on a fair and equal basis.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Climb for Your Life (Continued from Page 30)

in the search for oil—Iran, the Philippines, South America, Somaliland, and now, for the past twelve months, here in this rugged, untamed Kimberleys district of northwest Australia. His eyes were a searcher's eyes. Not from their color, brown, but from the crow's-feet at their corners, their appearance of always conning the next hill, always reaching out to collect data and bring it back for the mind to examine, tabulate and file.

But now there was nothing in them but the bitterness. They roamed the valley with hostility, deriding its wide and almost treeless floor, its rugged hillside softly etched inside the sheets of rain, the crumpled foreground heap of metal that had been a plane. He had hoped the flight, a charter survey to check some geological formations, would have shown Norma some of the beauty of this untamed land. That, in doing so, it would perhaps have helped knit up the unraveling of their marriage. All it had done was subject her to the terror of a crash, the nerve-testing anxiety of caring for a badly injured man, and the physical discomfort of being lost and coldly weathered in.

"Scott," she said now. "They'll find us. Won't they?"

He brought his eyes back. "Sure," he said carefully. "We were flying to plan. They'll run a radio check on the cattle stations, the missions. Then soon as the rain stops they'll come out for us."

"But will they find us?" Her voice was not quite steady.

"Relax," he said. "We've talked this out before."

"I'm not worried for myself." She squared slim shoulders. "I'm worried for this poor boy, Eddie."

Scott waved a hand impatiently because he was worried too. "Worrying won't help him," he said flatly. "He'll be all right. These local boys are tough."

His brown eyes had a curious blankness, a veneer of defense about them as they looked at her. She was beautiful by any standards, he thought, gray-green eyes and tawny hair, and features that somehow managed to combine pride and shyness. A jagged scratch down her left cheek emphasized the pallor of her face. It was not an unhealthy pallor, but an indoor creaminess of texture, a softness that he suspected would remain no matter how much it was overlaid with painting by the sun.

The expensive blouse she wore with tailored slacks had a huge rent at the right shoulder, exposing smooth, soft flesh. Her lovely hands were grubby and one long scarlet fingernail was broken. The rest were chipped. But she still managed to look impeccable, which she achieved somehow by the delicate balance of her head, the way she moved her hands.

He glanced down involuntarily at his own big, roughened hands and thought in a fleeting moment of awkwardness to hide them. They had not lived enough together for him to be entirely at his ease. He loved her now as strongly and as vainly as he had throughout their separation, but there was too much constraint between them for him to tell her anything about it. And anyway, he knew it was not important. Somaliland and its aftermath had shown that.

She had gone out with him to Somaliland, fresh and glowing from their Boston wedding. He had warned her against the heat, the flies, the driving sand blasts of the summer, and she had been blithely certain of her ability to contend. But she was urban-reared in quiet, good home comfort. She had no conception of the malevolence he had attempted to describe. The country had beaten her in just under four weeks. She had gone defeated home to Boston and settled for a secretary's job, which should have been for the remainder of the summer, but which had extended indefinitely on one pretext or another.

And when Somaliland was finished, she didn't trust the Kimberleys despite his urgings, his enthusiastic letters. She wouldn't trust anything again, she said,

A Thing of Beauty

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

A name may be common as picnic ants,
As elegant as a kick in the pants,
As musical as a mouthful of twine.
But to its possessor's eyes it'll shine
Like a silver dollar fresh from the mint—
In print!

Built to standards even

YOU GET QUICK, SURE STARTS with Atlas Batteries, even in winter's bitterest cold, because... When cold weather strikes, metals contract, oil and grease congeal — all putting a severe strain on your battery and other car parts. It's then the extra stamina built into Atlas products proves its worth. For Atlas Automotive Specialists put Atlas products through the world's toughest tests — both in the lab and on the road. Atlas Tires and Batteries are actually built to standards even higher than products on brand new cars! So when replacing tires, battery or accessories, buy Atlas. You pay no more!

ATLAS MAKES CERTAIN Atlas Batteries give

SURE STOPS AND STARTS IN SNOW are assured with Atlas Weathergard* Snow Tires. The Atlas tread claws its way through deep snow and mud...rides quieter on the road.

RECOMMENDED AND SOLD AT 38,000 SERVICE STATIONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that hadn't got four walls, an elevator and air conditioning.

Then, four days ago she had climbed from a bush pilot's plane at the two-dog town of Ballam's Well, walked into his room in the sole hotel and announced she had come on a look-see visit. She had made much of the casualness of it all. But he had sensed the overacting, and the truth that this was not a visit but a last-throw test. He pulled his lips down now in a twist of irony. The test had failed almost before it had begun, shattered in a crash from which the two of them had emerged amazingly unscathed, washed up in a sea of mud that now had snared them both.

"Isn't there something we can do?" Norma was pounding a small fist with intense deliberation on one knee. "Do we just sit here and wait? Day after day? Hour after hour?"

"It'll clear some time," Scott said.

"And when it does?" Her voice was terse. "Will anything be able to land out there?"

Scott eyed her steadily, knowing now he had underrated her intelligence, and annoyed with himself for having done so. "I doubt it very much," he said. "A helicopter could. But there aren't any round about. This is what the Aussies call the never-never land."

She stood up abruptly, ducking her head only just in time to avoid bumping the low roof of the humpy. "Well, why are we waiting here—cooped up—doing nothing?"

Scott looked up, and the sight of her standing there, flushed with indignation, graceful in her rumpled, muddy clothes, triggered a quick, unreasoning anger.

"You could start walking," he said roughly. "Koongabba Mission is nearest. About one hundred and sixty miles of swamp and six flooded rivers due north."

"As a joke that smells," she snapped.

"I wasn't trying to be funny," Scott said harshly. He clambered stiffly to his feet, stiff in body, mind and temper. "I'm going to get more gas."

He took an empty can and sloshed down to the wreckage of the plane, cold in his working clothes of boots, long khaki pants, a thin khaki shirt and an old sweater. They hadn't needed warm clothes in the heated comfort of the little plane, wouldn't have needed them on the ground but for this cold rain front that had sneaked in from the Timor Sea.

He was almost glad of the discomfort. Eddie Smith's limp form and pallid face were with him like an accusation, a challenge to give help, and there was nothing to be done. They had given him the only blankets carried in the plane, which kept him warm and left them cold. But there was little more than a negative help in that. Eddie Smith was getting a dirty deal all round.

Back in the humpy Scott poured gasoline into a can of dry earth, lighted it and boiled water to heat beans and make black coffee for their evening meal. He handed Norma her food in the opened can, placed a mug of coffee on the ground.

"It'll make you warmer," he said, "if nothing else."

She was sitting with her arms crossed up and over her chest, hands clasped on the shoulders. "Scott," she said, "why don't we burn a fire all night? I know the gas is low—that it's leaked away. But use what's left. At least we can be warm until it's gone."

Scott's brown eyes shafted at her. But he held back the sharp rebuke when he saw her big-eyed misery. He shook his head. "And what if Eddie Smith wakes up and needs warm food—warm drinks?"

She colored, and he was glad he had swallowed the rebuke. "I'm sorry." Her voice was light. "I didn't think."

Several times in the night that followed, Scott wanted to take her in his arms. He could feel her shivering, lying against his back for warmth. But it had been too long since they had been in sympathy with each other for him to offer comfort. He lay in the long, cold night, cursing the forces that had drifted them apart, cursing the crash and the irony of this vagrant, late monsoon.

Next morning, early, the sun sprang into their world of mud and showed even more clearly that no plane could land. So when the search-plane motor throbbed down the valley a few hours later, Scott ran out and fired a gasoline flare without enthusiasm. The plane swept over the steep hillside behind them, stood on one wing as it circled the black smoke column. It was one of those little high-wing jobs, skipping around the sky like a beetle, and Scott could see the observer grinning down at them.

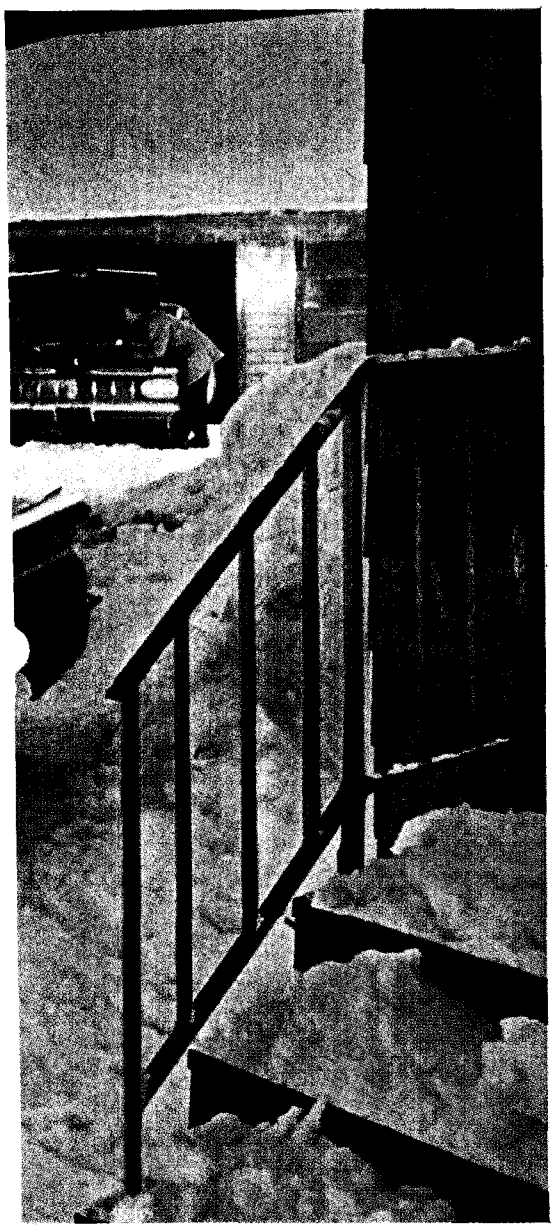
"They've found us," Norma called excitedly.

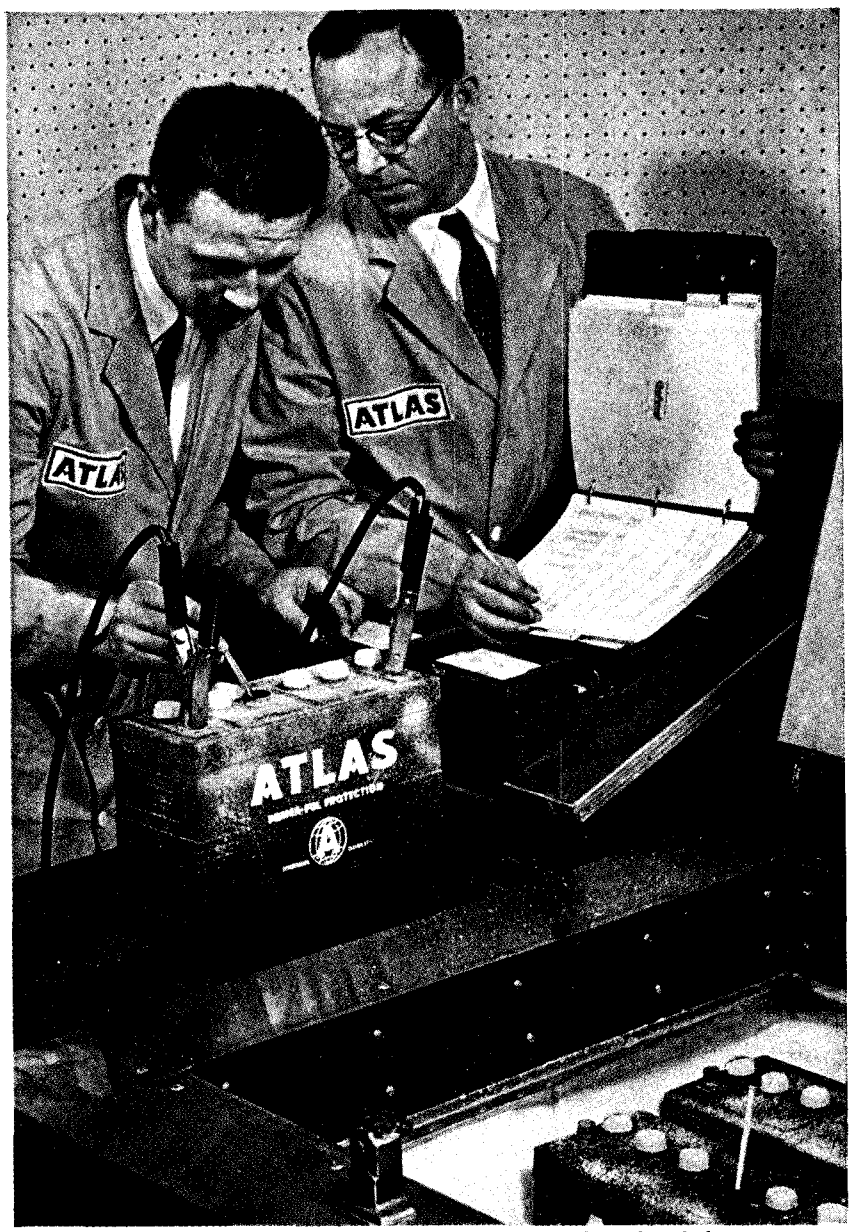
"Yeah," Scott grunted sourly. "So what?"

The words knocked her excitement cold. "Of course," she whispered bleakly. "So what?"

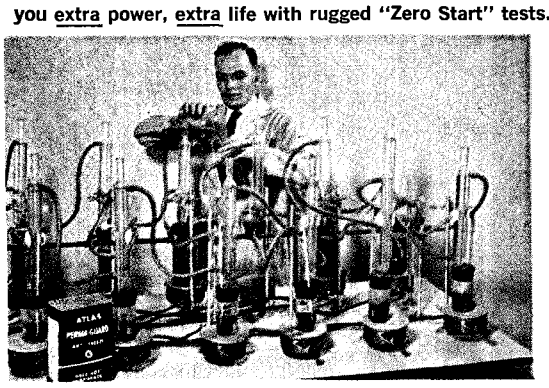
Then the plane came swooping low. A piece of colored cloth fell out, spread itself, and slanted to the ground some fifty yards away. Scott ran to it, stumbling and slipping in the mud. He had to play this game of eagerness for the sake of the searching crew. He didn't know the men. They'd be from some cattle station round about. Most of them had planes. He didn't know them and they couldn't (*Continued on Page 61*)

higher than batteries on new cars!

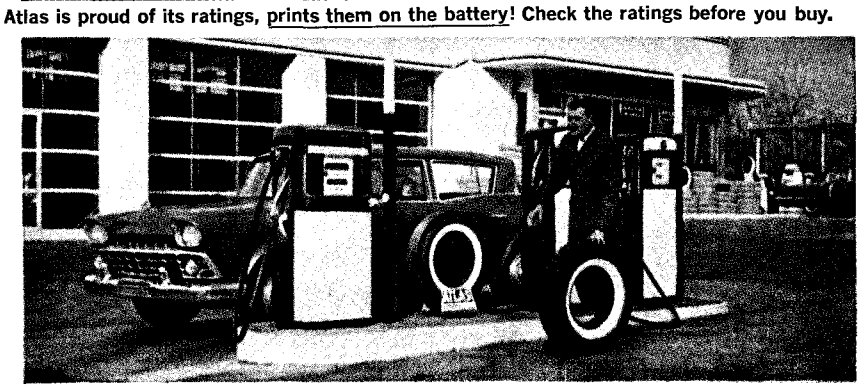




you extra power, extra life with rugged "Zero Start" tests. Atlas is proud of its ratings, prints them on the battery! Check the ratings before you buy.



EXTRA PROTECTION IS YOURS with Atlas Perma-Guard* Anti-Freeze. Prevents rust and corrosion of ALL cooling system metals. Won't boil over, does not evaporate.

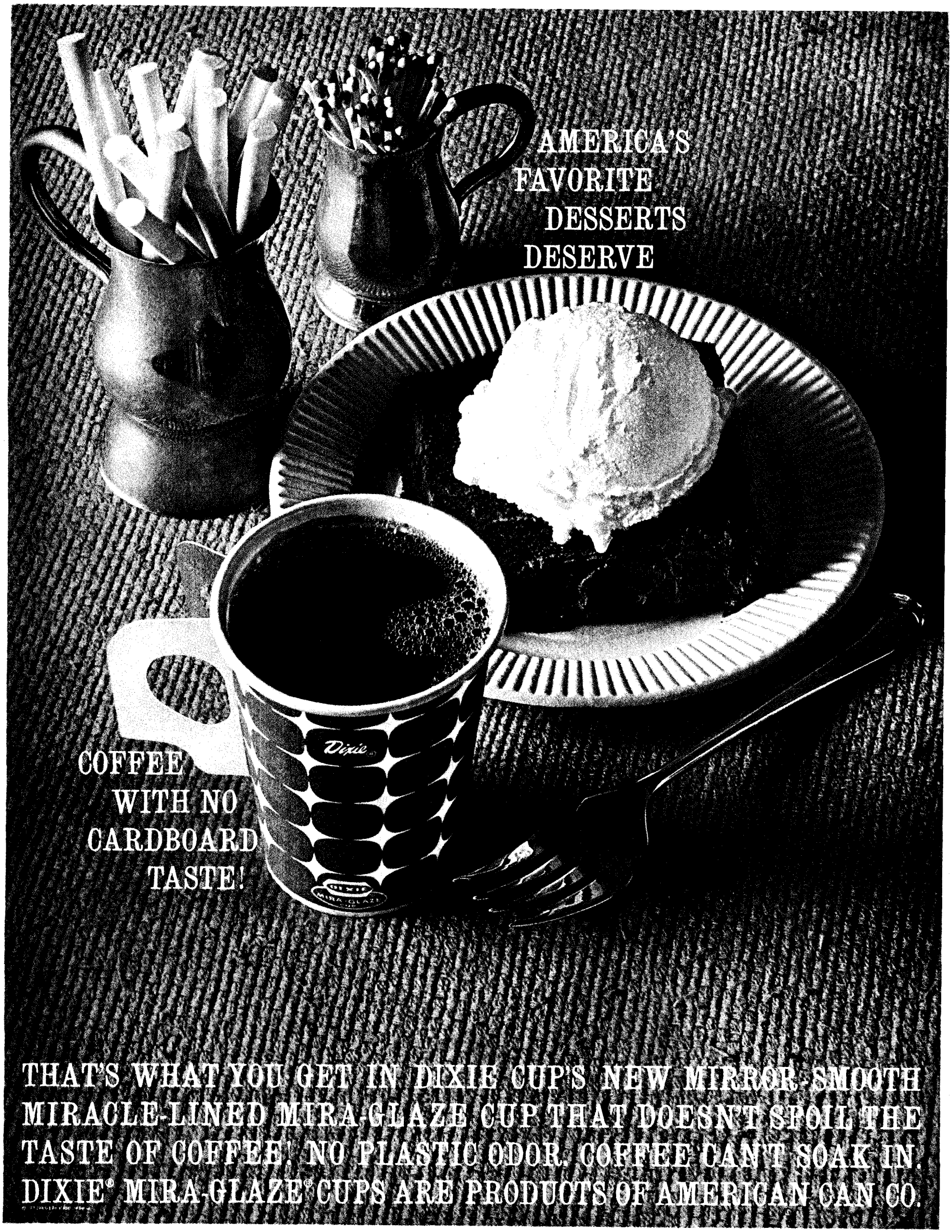


YOU'RE NEVER FAR FROM ATLAS SERVICE! Ask to see written guarantee on Atlas Tires and Batteries. It's honored on the spot at 38,000 service stations. Adjustments pro-rated from date of purchase over life of guarantee and based on retail price at time and place of adjustment.

THROUGHOUT U.S.A. AND CANADA... ATLAS*

*Trade-marks "Atlas", "Weathergard" and "Perma-Guard" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1960, Atlas Supply Company, Newark 2, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
DESSERTS
DESERVE
COFFEE
WITH NO
CARDBOARD
TASTE!
Dixie
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET IN DIXIE CUP'S NEW MIRROR-SMOOTH MIRACLE-LINED MIRA-GLAZE CUP THAT DOESN'T SPOIL THE TASTE OF COFFEE! NO PLASTIC ODOR. COFFEE CAN'T SOAK IN.
DIXIE® MIRA-GLAZE® CUPS ARE PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN CAN CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 59*) do any good for Eddie Smith, but decency demanded some sort of show.

In the old tradition of rescued men, he thought bitterly. *Waving a tattered shirt and crying brokenly with joy, "Is the war over yet, Mac? Is my wife all right?"*

He broke off the game in wryness then. The question was too close to the bone. Was his wife all right? Was she his wife any longer? Was she anything? He fumbled the message open and began reading its penciled scrawl.

Indicate situation regarding third member your party. Lie down if dead, sit if needs immediate medical aid, stand if OK to wait until valley dry. Signed JOE FARRELL.

Scott recognized the signature. Farrell was manager of the Hergott Springs cattle run. He had met him once in the bar at Ballam's Well. A wartime Aussie air-force man and a fine pilot. And again, so what? Then he heard the plane returning.

"Sit down!" he barked. "Quick! Where you are."

He dropped squelching into the mud beside Norma as the little plane roared over. It waggled its wings and when it rode down the valley again another message blossomed in a red bandanna.

If drugs needed spell out with stones. I estimate able land two days' time on gravel plateau sighted in next valley. Your route straight up from present camp through gap in rock wall at screes. Will drop blankets, clothing, brandy, water, food other side of gap to save you carrying. Tough climb en route. Easy on other side. Wave if making attempt.

Scott read the message twice, although he needed only once. There was nothing he could do with drugs. The plateau was the only way to give their sick man a chance for life. There was only one possible decision. He looked up slowly, eyes hard and lips pressed tight, looking at Norma, calculating her worth in terms of strength and courage.

The climb would be tough for two strong men; sheer hell for a woman reared in urban luxury. It was hard luck for him that she was all the help available. It was going to be hard luck for her too, he thought grimly. But it could be her farewell gesture to the Kimberleys and his way of life. Something to remember them by, shudderingly, amid the cocktail chatter of the coming years. He handed her the message. The plane was poised, like a pinned insect, on the far side of the valley.

"When the plane comes, wave," he told her. "Wave like crazy. Both of us wave, because in the next two days we're going to work together. You and me."

He made a carry stretcher of two straight saplings crisscrossed with short branches, all held together with electrical wire taken from the wreck, equipped with shoulder harness fashioned from the webbing safety belts. He tied on cans of food and a water canteen, in case they failed to reach the gap. Then he wrapped Eddie Smith tightly in his blankets and wired him down so he wouldn't fall off each time they slipped. The search plane, having watched their preparations, had flown off to make its drops across the hill and return to Ballam's Well.

They snatched a quick, cold meal, and climbed into the afternoon with half-hour stints, flopping on the oozy ground to spell, looking down through thin trees to the sunny, steam-bath valley. Scott carried the rear end of the stretcher because it was the heavier. Eight feet above and ahead of him he watched Norma struggling, round-shouldered with the weight and the angle of the climb, feet scrabbling like clawed hands to get purchase on small stones and roots—anything to make it easier for the legs and back and arms.

On the steeper sections higher up, where the rock formations thrust out from the earth in flights of steps, she had to slip from the shoulder harness and climb backward. Then he could see the strain in the white intensity of her face, the corded muscles of her soft neck. But she made no requests for halts, and he offered none. He wanted to make the gap before night fell.

By late afternoon they had pushed and clambered up beyond the tree line, and the sun burned down on them from a naked sky. They had been cold, and now they were too hot. The rocks were hot to the touch, and a cruel glare bounced off them to burn the eyes. It was punishing work, and Norma was swaying by the time they reached the first of Farrell's screes. Scott called an unscheduled halt; a deep breath before the assault. He untied the water canteen from the stretcher and offered it to her.

"Only a mouthful," he warned. "Hold it, swill it around your mouth before you swallow."

"I know," she said and gave him the glimmer of a smile. "I heard them warn a man in a desert picture once. Gary Cooper—maybe Harpo Marx—I can't remember."

Scott looked at her then, quickly and closely, hearing the suggestion of humor in her voice, amazed to find it there. Her clothes, the stylish blouse and tailored slacks, were plastered with red-brown mud and torn in a dozen places. Her hair, the splendid tawny hair, was matted with mud and sweat. Her face was streaked with both, and the gray-green eyes, with their long lashes and soft eloquence, were red with strain, dull with fatigue. But she looked more beautiful to him than she had ever appeared in the well-dressed and coiffured past. It hurt more than ever to think he was losing her. His wide, big-featured face settled into cutting planes. Sharp-edged. Raw.

He swung away from her and used his eyes, instead, to plot a course up the steep approaches to the great, rock ramparts that capped the hill. What he saw did nothing to relax the grimness of his face. The approaches, as steep as seventy degrees, were festooned with wide screes, the fragmented pieces of the parent rock, broken and spewed out over thousands of years, now forming a hazard that, on the muddy earth, would slide fearsomely beneath their feet.

Manhandling a heavy stretcher across them was going to be torture for the nerves and muscles. Negotiating them would be like swimming swift rivers. Rivers of stones. And the penalty for a stumble could be a terrifying roll, right down to the tree line a hundred yards below and, likely as not, a torrent of stones to batter and engulf. Scott silently cursed Joe Farrell, the pilot who had given them this course.

"Well, let's have some action," he said harshly. "No skirmishing. We'll get in there and fight."

Norma swallowed. "I can fight."

"Good," Scott said. "You're going to get your chance."

He took the canteen from her, drank briefly and then tied it back in place. "I'll take the lead." He rubbed his hands in the dirt to remove any slipperiness and shrugged into the shoulder straps. "I'm going to aim uphill and I'll be moving fast. Keep up. If you fall, keep scrambling for the other side. Anyway you can. Whatever you do, keep moving."

They took that scree without much trouble. And the next. On the third, Norma stumbled badly twice, scraping her knuckles painfully each time but keeping her hold on the stretcher. Scott didn't pause an instant when she fell the third time, but kept on for the other side, dragging her along on hands and knees by the shoulder straps, as she tried desperately to regain her feet. They reached a tongue of solid earth lower down than planned, panting, sweating; and as they flopped to rest Scott guessed she was near the breaking point. How near he didn't know.

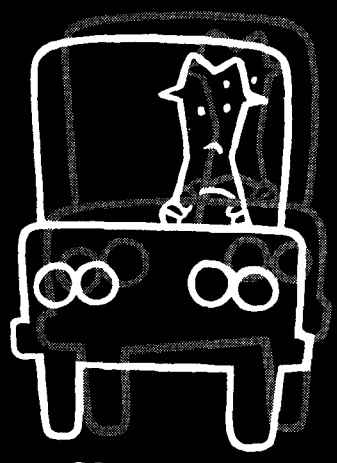
He watched her trying to tie a mud-stained handkerchief about the bleeding knuckles of one hand. The handkerchief was one of her (*Continued on Page 64*)

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

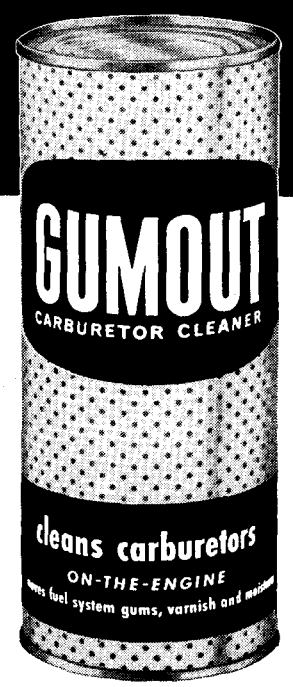
"Okay, everybody . . . all together, now . . .
'Old MacDonald had a farm. . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

All "shook up" by a rough running car?



Clean your carburetor with GUMOUT



Ever notice that your car doesn't idle smoothly any more? Maybe it stalls sometimes. Perhaps it's harder to start. Or lacks pep and power. All because your carburetor is dirty . . . clogged with gum and varnish!

GUMOUT CLEANS YOUR CARBURETOR WHILE YOU DRIVE

Just add GUMOUT to your gas tank. It dissolves gum and varnish *completely* . . . restores engine power, stops gasoline waste.

Every car needs GUMOUT! Ask for it at your service station or auto supply store.

GUMOUT DIVISION
PENNSYLVANIA REFINING COMPANY
CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

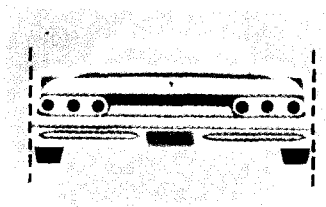
THE '61 PONTIAC IS HERE!

IT'S ALL PONTIAC! ON A NEW WIDE-TRACK!

New track-to-body proportion! The track is the width between the wheels. Pontiac '61 is the only Wide-Track car. And now that we've trimmed body width, more weight is balanced directly between the wheels. You ride with greater poise, maneuver with firmer control.

More room, more comfort inside! America's favorite road car is roomier for '61. Headroom, legroom and footroom have been increased. Seats are higher, yet there's more clearance under the steering wheel. Doors are wider, swing open farther with no jutting barriers to bump as you get in and out. It's all designed to let you enjoy more fully the untiring roadwork this car is built for.

Powered by the new, fuel-saving Trophy V-8 Engine! We've improved the engine the experts said was perfect. New fuel induction system gives this new free-breathing engine more air, makes gas go further. Eleven versions to select from. Horsepowers range from 215 to 348. For best economy, specify the Trophy Economy V-8. Its lower compression ratio lets you use regular gas. Add it all up . . . it's the new Wide-Track way to travel! Try it!



'61 PONTIAC—THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONNEVILLE VISTA FOR 1961

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 61*) own. But it was too small and too dirty to be of use. She was doing it all with a dull persistence, doggedly, and as he watched he realized she was further from the breaking point than he had thought. He hadn't reckoned on this strength that was showing in her now—this fighting spirit.

He pulled out the tail of his well-washed khaki shirt, tore two strips from it and gently took her hands. "You're doing fine," he said. "Just fine."

"Thanks." Her voice was a whisper in the thin, warm air.

Scott glanced up at her, and it was then that he saw the gap in the rock wall high above them, out beyond her left shoulder and opening from the next scree. His eyes narrowed, and the growing warmth left his face. The scree was huge and very steep. It was probably not much worse than those they had just traversed, but he didn't believe it. Not yet. There was still time for the double cross. He gave her back the bandaged hands.

"There's our gap," he said tautly. "Let's move." He levered to his feet, hating to drive her on now, but knowing it would be worse if they stayed and she had time to think. "We'll go up this tongue of land far as we can, then climb diagonally across the scree." He glanced down, and Norma was staring at Eddie Smith. He grasped her shoulder. "Get up. We're on our way."

She lifted her face, and he saw excitement sparkling in her weary eyes, parting the clenched lips. "He opened his eyes," she said urgently. "Scott, he looked straight at me."

Scott dropped to his knees beside the stretcher. There was a tinge of red in Eddie Smith's marble cheeks, and when Scott spoke his name the eyelids flickered. Scott looked up slowly at Norma and then past her to the last scree and the gap. "We're going to win," he said.

She nodded once. "We won't let him down."

They rushed the scree as he had planned, striking more upward than formerly because they could not afford to drift down with the tide of shifting stones. It was thigh- and shoulder-breaking work. Scott drove ahead, with shoulders hunched and great thighs straining, dragging Norma and the stretcher after him with desperate strength. They had to make the gap first time, he knew. Norma would not be able to find the energy for a second try.

They made it, too, right on the nose and stumbled out of the scree on to a narrow ledge in the cool, wind-funnel grayness of the gap. For the second time Scott cursed the easy optimism of cattleman Joe Farrell, whose quick birdman's view had taken no account of ground conditions. From the air maybe the floor of the gap appeared smooth like a stone sidewalk. From where Scott and Norma crouched with their injured man above the dizzy fall of the big scree, it was a jumble of man-high boulders. This was the double cross. It always came, Scott thought. But when he stood up he could see, above and beyond the boulders, a wedge of pale sunlit air, a misty view of hilltops on the far side of the next valley.

"When you're ready, we'll push on," he panted. "We'll be out of daylight soon."

Norma gave him a small grimace. Her eyes were big in the pallid oval of her face. "Climbing I can stand. I'm in practice. Don't ask me to run, that's all."

"No promises." Scott's mouth twitched briefly in a grin. He jerked his head toward the first big boulder. "Climb up and I'll push the stretcher to you. Then you hold it while I climb."

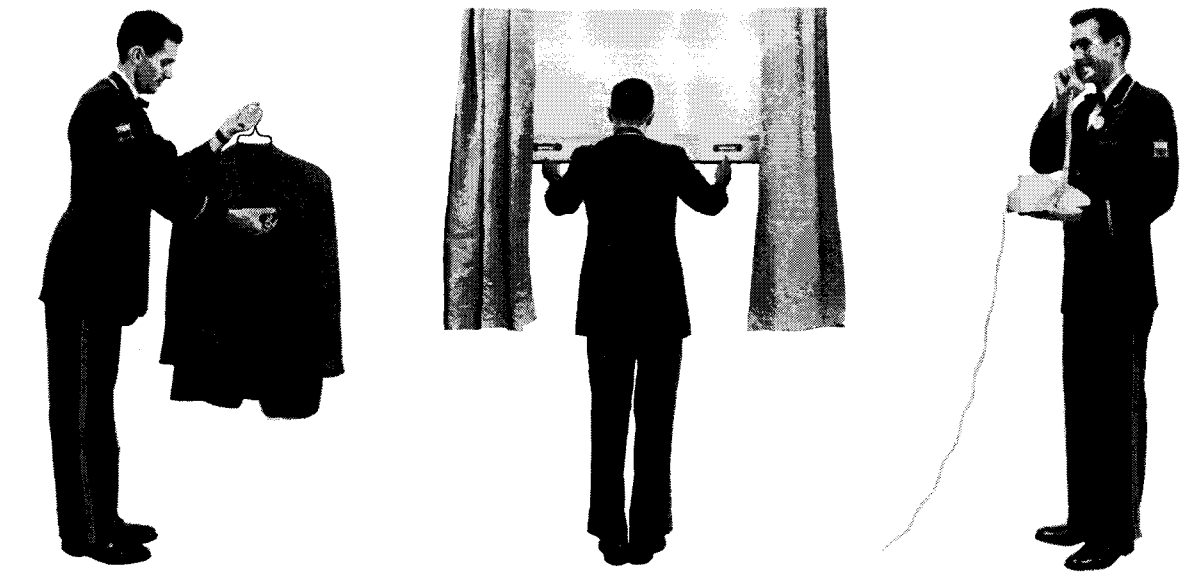
There were two routes up the boulder. A line of weathered footholds up the front, and a three-foot space between it and the gap wall. Norma used the footholds, but Scott, for his turn, crabbed up the space between the wall and boulder because he figured it would be quicker. It was a little harder too, and as he finished the climb he realized he was more tired than he had thought.

"O.K.," he said. "You shin down and I'll pass the stretcher to you. Prop it against the boulder. Then we'll tackle the next one the same way."

He stooped to take his grip on the stretcher and, even as his hands touched wood and Norma moved away, his right foot slipped on the smooth, curved surface of the boulder. He fell heavily and his hands flew open. The tiredness left him instantly as the shock flowed in. For what seemed minutes he hung there, flailing to save himself. But there was no handhold, nothing but air and shiny boulder.

He shot back down into the space up which he had climbed. He struck hard on his side, and the breath belched out of him. Six feet above him, like some crude toboggan, he saw the stretcher start to move, sliding its rough tree runners out over the boulder's curve. What breath there was left in him stuck in his throat. Fear writhed despairingly in his empty stomach.

Then he heard himself yelling, although what it was he didn't know. All his attention was fixed on what was about to happen. He saw it all, understood it with a strange, slow-motion clarity. The stretcher with its tethered burden was about to slither and strike this wall above him, then bounce over the edge of the gap and hurtle down the mountainside in a torrent of engulfing stones.



take the week off

and stay with us... If you're a Western Hotel guest, we take better care of you with VSP—Very Special Person—Service: 23 new and better ways of great living, warm hospitality for everyone at no extra cost. Enjoy one of the strategically located VSP Hotels soon:

PACIFIC DIVISION

VANCOUVER, B. C.: Georgia
The Bayshore Inn (Open 1961)
SEATTLE: Olympic, Benjamin Franklin, Roosevelt
TACOMA: Winthrop
PORTLAND: Multnomah, Benson
SAN FRANCISCO: St. Francis, Sir Francis Drake, Maurice
LOS ANGELES: Mayfair
PALM SPRINGS: Oasis
HONOLULU: Hawaiian Village Hotels
ALASKA: Anchorage-Westward

INLAND DIVISION

DENVER: Cosmopolitan
SPOKANE: Davenport
BILLINGS: Northern
BUTTE: Finlen Hotel and Motor Inn
GREAT FALLS: Rainbow
BOISE: Boise, Owyhee Motor Inn
POCATELLO: Bannock
SALT LAKE CITY: Newhouse (affiliated)
WALLA WALLA: Marcus Whitman
WENATCHEE: Cascadian
BELLINGHAM: Leopold Hotel and Motor Inn

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

MEXICO: Mexico City: Hotel Alameda (open 1961)
GUATEMALA: Guatemala City: Guatemala-Biltmore
JAPAN: Tokyo: Kokusai Kanko Hotel, *Chinzan-so Garden Restaurant*
Hakone: Hotel Kowakien—
Osaka: Taiko-en Garden Restaurant

Hoteletype reservations confirmed immediately

Western Hotels
INCORPORATED

Executive Offices: Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Washington • S. W. Thurston, Chairman of the Board

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He tried to scramble up, blindly, desperately, knowing even as he tried that anything he did would be too late. Then there was a noise and a flurry of movement right above him. He saw Norma jump in, wedge her back against the rock wall and brace her legs against the boulder to block the runaway. The stretcher crashed across her shins with a sickening thud. She screamed, but she didn't move her legs. The only movement was a quick dart forward of her hands to steady the stretcher and stop its sideways slide.

"Hold on," Scott yelled. "I'm coming."

He hauled himself out, and clawed up the boulder with fear-driven strength. He grabbed the stretcher with both hands and dragged it back to the top. And as he crouched there with it, he saw the pain on Norma's face and felt it like a sullen, hurting blow. Her eyes were burning, her soft mouth was twisted, and beneath the dirt the whiteness of her face was almost transparent.

"Norma," he said hoarsely. "Norma."

"I'm all right," she gasped.

He moistened his lips. "I daren't leave this stretcher."

"I'm all right." She moved her legs, as though to ease them. "Just waiting until I get my breath."

He wanted then to say the things that were boiling up in him, apologies for his secret thoughts, proud things, praise —— Not just for this one act, but for her long courage throughout the climb. But it was not yet the time, if, indeed, it could ever be. Instead, he spoke harshly because there was a hard lump in his throat. "Soon as you're ready, we'll push on. A few minutes and we're through."

She heaved herself away from the rock wall and scrambled, limping, up to him. Her body was weaving slightly, like a fighter's out on his feet. They didn't talk, but passed the stretcher across that boulder and two more. And then they were standing in the other doorway of the gap, with a graceful slope of timbered grassland sweeping away at their feet. They put the stretcher down. The stony plateau they were seeking was less than half a mile away.

It looked, Scott thought, as though it had slipped from the hillside in some remotely distant age and then been scoured down to the bones. It was more a huge, natural benchcut than a plateau. It appeared as though —— And then he stopped. He was talking geology to himself because he was suddenly afraid to think or talk about anything else—about what he had to talk about. He turned, stiffly and unwillingly.

"I'll go look for that stuff Farrell dropped," he said with careful detail. "You stay and rest. We'll camp here the night."

As he finished saying that, he knew it was insufficient and all wrong. Norma was lying on her side upon the ground, head on one outflung arm, eyes closed, and her face collapsed without a sign of tenderness, only the angularity of strain. As he spoke she rolled over and put her head down on crossed arms, and the tears started. They flowed in a great, rolling tide and nothing helped them. No convulsive shakings or heavings of the body. They poured out from floodgates taken down.

"Take it easy," Scott said awkwardly. "Easy." He dropped beside her and put a big hand on her back. "Two nights and another day. Then you'll be all right. Farrell will fly you out then—you and Eddie. There'll be room for two."

She sat up slowly, swiveled around and sat cross-legged to face out over the valley, dark green and purple now under the colding mists of night. "It's beautiful," she said. "Really beautiful."

"It gets you," Scott said, and his lips went stiff. His voice was bitter. It was beautiful as all the land was beautiful, and he hated it because she was going to leave him there.

She shook her head slowly. She didn't attempt to brush her eyes, her tangled hair, or mop the marks of tear-rain from her face. "You know something? This was the first time I've ever been faced with anything like this—something I *had* to do."

"It's like winning medals in a war," Scott said carefully. "Doing what you have to do." He paused. "You've won yourself a medal."

"Better than that," she said softly. "I've found out what I wanted. What I came out here to find." She stood up wearily. "I'm not flying out, or anywhere, until we can go together."

Scott stared at her for a long moment, feeling hammer beats of excitement, seeing a softness in her that was not from tears. It was in her eyes and on her face, shining luminously through the dirt and tiredness, the marks of battle. He moved toward her. All his awkwardness, his old uncertainties, were gone.

"Welcome," he said and reached for her. "Welcome to Ballam's Well. It's beautiful there too." THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208)

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business manager, None

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cary W. Bok, Camden, Maine

Mary Louise Curtis Bok Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. Curtis Bok, Cary W. Bok and Edith Evans Braun, Trustees of the Locust Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. Curtis Bok, Cary W. Bok and Edith Evans Braun, Trustees of the Swastika Trust, Philadelphia, Pa.

Trustees U/W of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Deceased, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friends of the Curtis Institute of Music, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

William G. Welsh, New Bedford, Mass.

Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bache and Company*, New York, N.Y.

Cuyler & Company*, Reading, Pa.

International Utilities Corporation, New York, N.Y.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane*, New York, N.Y.

*Held for account of customers.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: *6,226,642.

*7/4/59 to 6/25/60 Ben Hibbs, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August, 1960. WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMANN, [Seal] Notary Public

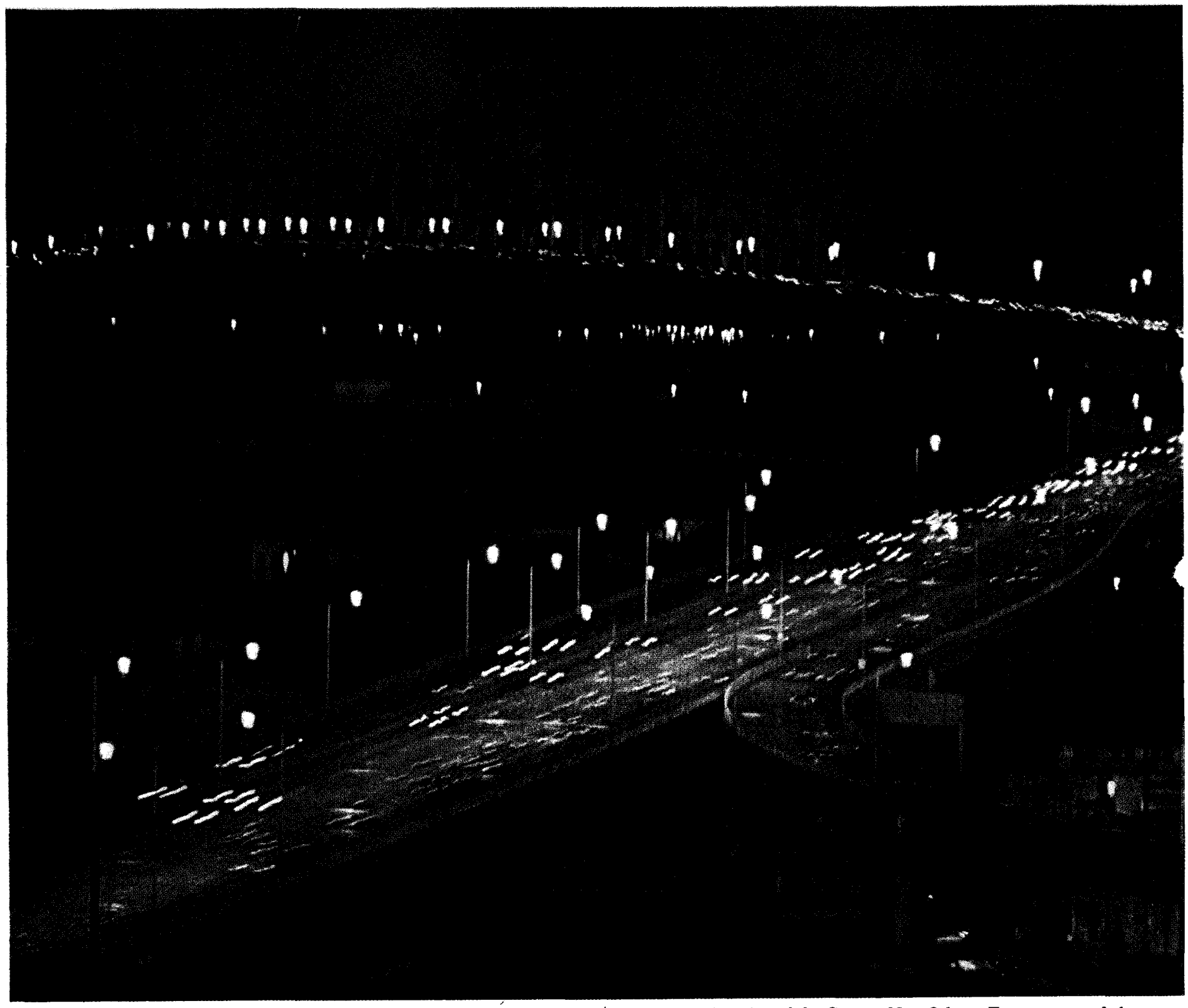
(My commission expires February 3, 1961.)

The understanding woman knows that men like old friends . . . pipes and favorite haunts and Bicycle Playing Cards. ♥ ♠ ♦ ♣ They shuffle, deal and handle easily. To please the man of the house, buy him Bicycle Playing Cards. ♥ ♠ ♦ ♣ This year Bicycle celebrates its 75th Anniversary. ♥ ♠ ♦ ♣ For the latest "Hoyle Official Rules" Book, send 25¢ in coin to Department 76, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. ♥ ♠ ♦ ♣

♦ The Card Players' Favorite ♦ for Seventy-Five Years ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World's First Tu



This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, freeways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. (Above, the junction of the Greater New Orleans Expressway and the Greater New Orleans Bridge over the Mississippi River.)

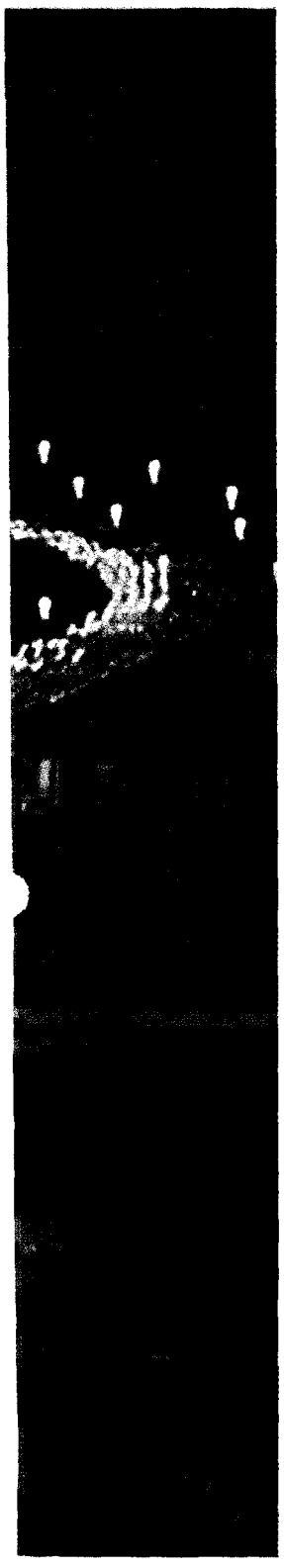
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOOD

Watch "Pete & Gladys" on Television every Monday evening.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'npike-Proved Tires



For today's higher-speed driving, it's good to know that your tires are fit to carry you anywhere ...and that's what Turnpike-Proved means

You can play it safe by replacing borderline tires now. And for not one penny more, you can get Turnpike-Proved tires by Goodyear —the precision-built tires with these three important extras:

1.

Up to 25% more safe mileage than before—anywhere.

2.

New whisper-quiet, cushion-soft ride.

3.

New 3-way sureness on the road . . . you get quicker starts—safer stops—better car control on turns.

Why not see your Goodyear dealer today, before another driving day slips by? Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

LOTS OF GOOD THINGS
COME FROM GOODYEAR

3-T NYLON CUSTOM
SUPER-CUSHION

YEAR

NOW PRECISION-BUILT WITH ELECTRONIC CONTROLS

Super-Cushion, 3-T, T.M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Governor's Wife (Continued from Page 23)

at Margaret in exaggerated horror. "Aren't you waiting to hear Mr. Halburton speak?" Her voice rose to a shriek on the last word and then receded. "That was the whole idea, you know."

"I'm so sorry," Margaret said. "I just got word that my wappus fribbed her hasnium."

"Oh, what a shame!" the woman shrieked.

Margaret walked the eight blocks home. She walked with angry briskness, a small, neatly made girl with eyes the color of burnt sugar and dark hair cut straight around and fringed straight across her forehead in no current style except her own. Whenever she saw Lance like this, she came away angry, bruised, wishing she hadn't gone and vowing never to see him again. It was all so impossible. There was no point in keeping on with it. No point at all, except that when he entered a room the picture came into focus for her, the fog lifted.

It had happened the first time she met him, the spring before. The day had been unseasonably hot, luring an unusual number of people into the air-conditioned art gallery. Their obvious lack of interest in art had depressed her, and when one of them had asked her the price of a still life—only, Margaret was sure, to justify being there—she had said it was not for sale.

She had glanced up then and seen Lance looking down at her with a kind of amused concentration.

"Why isn't it for sale?" he asked her.

She shrugged, giving herself time to adjust to the room's sudden brightness. "It is now," she said. "It wasn't at that moment."

"You sell according to mood?"

"Sometimes."

The amused look deepened. "You must either be very rich," he said, "or very interesting."

"I'm neither." She shook herself a little and asked briskly, "Were you interested in the painting?"

"I didn't come in to buy anything," he said, "or even, really, to look. I just thought it would be cool and restful. People don't talk much when they're around pictures. I've been in hot, talkative crowds all day." He smiled at her. "Are you filled with pity now, or shall I leave?"

"Of course you needn't leave," she said, and thought with an absurd panic that when he left, this man she had never seen before and probably would never see again, everything would settle back into the fog.

He walked over to the picture she had said was not for sale, studied it a moment, and returned to her. "You should have sold it when you had the chance," he said. "It's not much good."

She nodded. "I know."

"Why do you hang it then?"

"Well," she said, "I painted it." She had to laugh at his stricken face. "Oh, it's all right; I don't mind. It's an old one, and I know it's awful. I do much better now."

He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking embarrassed and, all at once, much younger than she had thought him at first. "For putting my foot in it like a clumsy ox," he said, "will you let me take you next door for a cocktail?" He looked at his watch. "It's almost closing time here, isn't it? Surely you can close a few minutes early."

It had seemed perfectly natural to go with him, to sit talking over one cocktail so long that the waiter began hovering with a menu, and to nod abstractedly then when Lance asked, "Dinner?"

It had seemed perfectly natural to tell him, though she ordinarily talked little about herself to anyone, that she came from a little college town, where her father had been a professor of English literature, and that he had often looked up from his books with a kind of puzzled astonishment at seeing her, as though he had forgotten she existed. When his wife died, he suddenly became a stern and watchful father, making Margaret account for all her movements, even censoring the subject matter of her paintings.

"The shift was too unsettling," she told Lance. "I had to get away."

"Any chance of getting a drink? . . . over . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Join the $1,000,000
WINNERS FROM EVERY STATE!
51 two-week jet trips to Europe for two!
Winners from every state and Washington, D.C. will enjoy an all-expense paid trip to Europe.
500 Revere "C-50" movie cameras!
10 for each state. For perfect movies every time, inside or out!
Diners CLUB CREDIT CARD
JOHN DOE
100 MAIN STREET
ANYWHERE, U.S.A.
#100-0000
Accommodations through the courtesy of The Diner's Club, the world's first, largest and most comprehensive credit card system . . . travel arrangements by The Fugazy Travel Bureau, travel leaders for 90 years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She had left for the city as soon as she was twenty-one, in the middle of her senior year in college, and tried a series of dreary office jobs. Her father had died several months later, and she had finally gone happily to work at the art gallery for an aging artist who let her run it pretty much as she saw fit, in exchange for instruction in painting. He had once had a great many pupils, but now people thought he was too old, and he had opened the gallery so that he could eat.

"His hands shake," Margaret said, "but he still knows how to teach, and my hands don't shake."

"How do *you* eat?" Lance asked her. "You can't live on painting."

"I can mostly," she told him. "But I have a tiny income my father left me."

They had seen each other for at least part of every day during the next few weeks. Lance told her he was in the state legislature, and that he was being talked about for something much bigger. He evidently thought she would guess what the something bigger was, but she had had no idea. She knew nothing at all about politics, took no interest beyond dutifully reading up on candidates and issues so she could vote with some intelligence. During those first weeks what Lance did had no meaning or importance to her. She was too enthralled by his charm, by the numerous facets of his personality.

He could order a dinner in French, making a judicious selection of wines, and later, walking along with Margaret, looking like a distinguished ambassador, retrieve a boy's ball from the street and toss it back with a sure and easy arm. He could rail with eloquence and fury against the slum tenements three blocks from Margaret's room, and then take her hand with wordless gentleness or laugh with gusto at something she said. Once he sent her an orchid, the first she had ever had, and another time he bent down in the street to pick her three violets growing through a crack in the sidewalk.

"These are like you," he had told her.

She had smiled up at him, the suggestion of a dimple flickering in one cheek. "You mean wild?"

"A little wild," he said, "and sweet and unexpected and dewy."

When he told her, shortly before it broke in the newspapers, that he probably was going to be nominated for governor, she felt as though he were telling her he was married, as though he had deceived her. What did she, a girl who lived in one room and loved to paint and liked to eat pizzas late at night and go to the zoo and feed the elephants and listen to jazz in little cellar places, have to do with a governor? It struck her that she had done none of those things since she had met him. She had done nothing but wait to see him, to hear his voice, to go where he suggested. But where he wanted her to go now, she couldn't.

"Well, all right. Good luck," she said to him. "It was nice while it lasted."

"What are you talking about?" He looked at her and laughed and said softly, "Don't you understand that if you're a good girl you may be asked to be the governor's lady one of these days?"

She shook her head. "Not me. You've got the wrong one."

When he realized she meant it, he was dumfounded, and almost totally uncomprehending. In his world any woman would have been thrilled to share in his achievement. In his world. This was the thing he couldn't or wouldn't see—that his world wasn't hers and never could be, and that she had to say good-by while she still had the sense to say it.

He wouldn't accept good-by. He kept calling her, wanting to see her, asking her to come places where he was going to speak. He seemed to think that if she were exposed to enough of it and saw how it was, she would get used to it, grow to like it. But the more she saw, the less she could imagine herself part of it.

Each time, coming away in fury at herself and at Lance, she swore to end it. She swore it now, walking home from the cocktail party against a driving autumn wind that turned to slashing rain. In the middle of her room she took off her clothes and let them lie in a wet pool on the floor. She put on knitted red pajamas with feet in them, a grown-up replica of a child's sleeper, and began brushing paint thickly and savagely on a canvas standing under the skylight.

There were paintings everywhere, on every wall, on the piano, stacked in corners, shoved under the studio couch which became Margaret's bed at night. Nothing else was in the room except two straight chairs and a portable record player on a card table. If she wanted to eat on the table, she put the record player on the floor.

"This is the way I like it," she had told Lance the first time he had come, talking stiffly to the expression on his face. "No nonessentials."

He had looked at her with the same amused concentration of that day in the art gallery. "Do you imagine you're a beatnik?"

She had retorted, "Of course not! Everyone who lives according to his own pattern instead of the standardized version isn't a beatnik."

That evening he had kissed her for the first time and said, "I think I'm falling in love with you, and I think I should warn you that I'm not a man who does anything halfway."

This was their story, she thought now, adding a blob of purple to the shadow of an improbable tree. He was amused at her life and she was appalled by his, and they should never have met or had anything to do with each other, but they had been pulled together in spite of themselves.

"Only now it has to end," she told him when he phoned. "It makes absolutely no sense. I had fun before I met you. I had a lovely, gay, untroubled time. Now I'm always getting upset and angry and miserable; and what's the point? There's absolutely no future in it. Good-by."

He must have phoned from the corner drugstore, because the next minute he was ringing her bell and calling through the door. "I have to talk to you," he said. "You can't dismiss me over the telephone, as you would an insurance salesman."

She opened the door a crack. "I can't let you in. I'm in my pajamas."

"I see you," he said, and laughed and came pushing on through. "You couldn't be more covered up unless you were wearing a veil over your face. Sit down there now and listen to me."

"What's the use?" she said, but she sat down.

He stood looking at her for a minute, and then he asked her softly what she was angry about. "I thought we were having a lovely, gay, untroubled time together," he said.

She began to tremble inside, and that made her angrier still. "Can't you see it wasn't real? Can't you see how absurd it is?" She made a sweeping gesture with her arm. "A governor, in this room! You're as out of place here as I'd be in the governor's mansion."

"I've been here many times," he said, still softly. "You never used to think I was out of place."

"I never saw it, that's all. I was too bemused." *(Continued on Page 71)*

Vicks CARE Crusade!

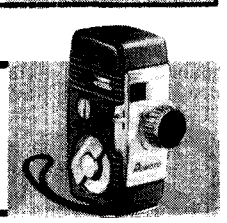
Grand prize winners from each state . . . You can be one of 102 Americans to visit Rome, Athens, Istanbul and Paris . . . see world-famous landmarks . . . see CARE in action!

Enter this exciting new kind of contest! You compete only against entrants from your own state. Winners will visit exotic lands, see world-famous landmarks: the Eiffel Tower, Acropolis, Colosseum. You'll see CARE in action, helping our neighbors help themselves.

Join the Vicks CARE Crusade. Nothing to buy . . . easy to enter. Just pick up an entry blank from a Vicks display and see how Americans will help raise $1,000,000 for CARE. See how you can win a once-in-a-lifetime trip to Europe for two . . . travel as your state's goodwill ambassador. And remember . . . you compete only against entrants from your own state. All expenses paid for by Vicks. — Contest expires November 26, 1960.

51 TWO-WEEK TRIPS TO EUROPE FOR TWO

500 REVERE "C-50" MOVIE CAMERAS



51 FIRST PRIZES:

Grand prize winners from every state visit Rome, Athens, Istanbul and Paris. Enjoy sightseeing tours to world-famous landmarks . . . take part in dramatic CARE ceremonies as your state's goodwill ambassador.

500 SECOND PRIZES:

The ultimate in 8mm movie economy. Simple to operate. Quick "drop-in" loading. Extra long-running motor. Built-in view finder. f2.8 coated lens.

NOTHING TO BUY, EASY TO ENTER!

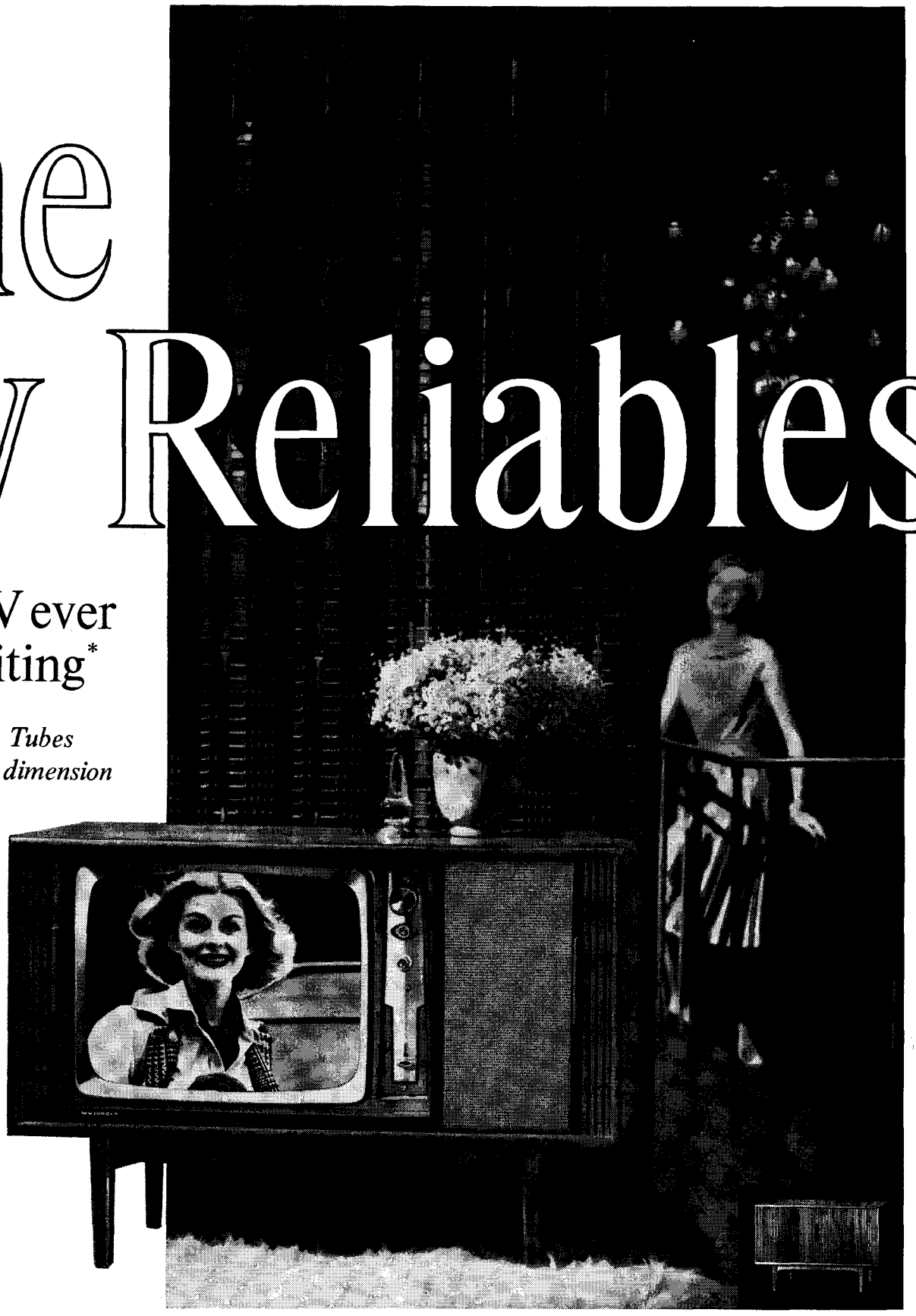
Get your official entry blank from Vicks cold products displays featuring this Vicks CARE Crusade medallion.

Vicks CARE Crusade arrangements by Scharer Assoc., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Motorola for 1961 . . .

The New Reliables



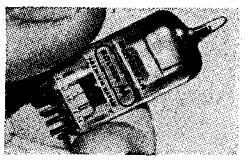
The most reliable TV ever —guaranteed in writing*

New 19″ and 23″ Picture Frame Tubes inspire new cabinet styles, add new dimension to your viewing pleasure

Big new 23-inch (over-all diagonal measure; 283 sq. in. viewing area) pictures are boldly real—clear and clean-cut. And stay that way too. New Harbinger Series with 19″ over-all diagonal measure screen (172 sq. in. viewing area) is ideally proportioned to fit the room arrangement instead of making the room fit it.

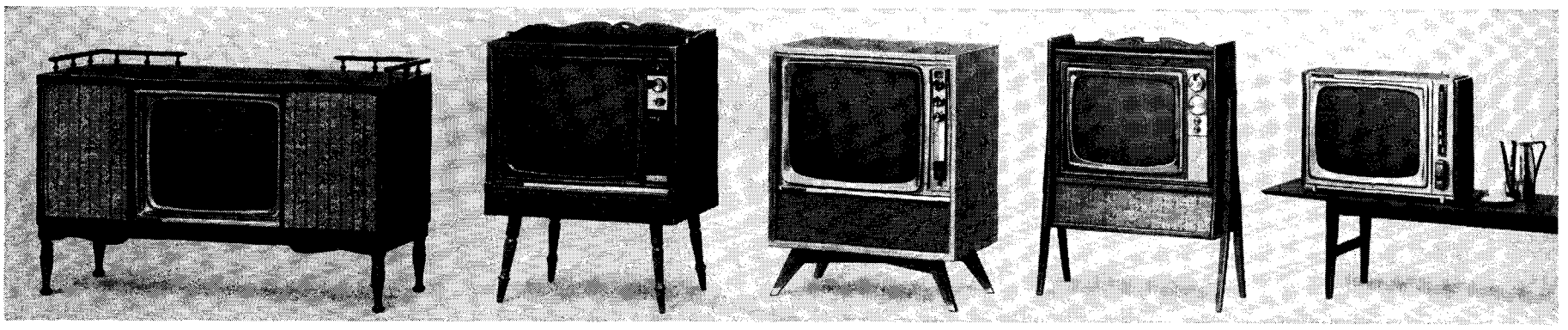
The New Reliables have Motorola's Full Year Guarantee*: free exchange or repair of any tube or part proven defective in normal use. (Arranged by selling dealer; labor extra).

For sheer enjoyment, year after year, choose one of Motorola's New Reliables.



Golden "M"® Premium-Rated Tubes are built and tested to standards that are 100% higher than published EIA ratings (standard of the industry).

Declaration by Drexel. Sliding tambour doors. Exposed solids and veneers of genuine Walnut.



Model 23SF4, combination TV-3-amplifier Stereo Hi-Fi. Early American with Cherrywood grained finish on hardwood veneers.

Model 23C7, handsome new Early American Consolette. 23,000 volts of picture power. In Cherrywood grained finish on hardboard.

Model 23K29, swivel-base Console for any-angle viewing. In Mahogany, Blond or Walnut grained finishes on hardboard.

Model 19K15, Harbinger Series. Beautiful slim-lined look in Early American. Front-mounted speaker. In genuine Cherrywood veneers.

Model A19T2. Remote Control. Paneled in Blond, Walnut or Cherrywood grained finishes on hardboard; top and front of Gold-color finish on metal.

MOTOROLA

*SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 69*) "And I no longer bemuse you?"

"That political cocktail party today," she said, ignoring his question, "was the absolute end. Your pretense of scarcely knowing me, making me feel like an illicit love. 'So nice to speak with you again, Miss Risdon.'"

"But that's your own fault, my dear. Stop fending me off, and I'll shout about us to anyone who wants to listen." He still stood looking down at her, and the light from the rickety wrought-iron lamp shone on the white streak in his hair. "As a bachelor I'm not altogether the ideal figure for the governor's mansion anyway. As the eager suitor of a less-than-eager girl, I'd appear either pitiable or ridiculous. People don't vote for pitiable or ridiculous candidates."

She pushed her fingers through her hair. "Please go away," she said. "Why don't you just go away? You can't even love a girl without one eye on your constituents. I want to love as I please and use any old fork that's handy and hang my paintings from the ceiling if I feel like it." She gave a little high-pitched laugh. "Can you imagine paintings hanging from the ceiling of the governor's mansion?"

He moved toward her a little, and she was afraid he was going to touch her. If he did, the anger with which she was sustaining herself would melt away, and this would be all to do over again.

But he didn't touch her. He said, watching her carefully, "I may lose the election, you know."

"Everybody says you'll win."

"You've seen only the ones who are going to vote for me. They're the ones who come to hear me talk. The others go to hear my opponent."

Margaret gave the high-pitched laugh again. "You mean you're just trying to convince people who are convinced to begin with? It makes even less sense than I thought it did." She stood up. "Well, all right. If you lose, give me a ring."

He stood too. When he spoke there was a curious softness in his voice that was not softness at all. "You'd like me to lose, wouldn't you?"

"There might be a chance for us if you did." She pushed the bangs back from her forehead and looked up at him. "Oh, Lance, why don't you go find some nice, dignified girl who would do fine at a fancy dinner table, simpering at people she can't stand? Don't you see I'd never make the right wife for a governor?"

The ice-blue eyes turned so cold they made her shiver. "I'll tell you what I see, what I should have seen before," he said. "You won't make the right wife for anyone." He started for the door, and then stopped at the pile of wet clothes she had left in the middle of the floor. Looking down at them, he said, "You don't know a thing about love, Margaret. Not anything."

She had told him to go, but when he was suddenly gone, she could scarcely believe it. At first she was furious. "What do you mean, I won't make the right wife for anyone?" she demanded aloud of the walls. She picked up the wet clothes and threw them across the room. "What do you mean, I don't know anything about love?"

Then she began to cry. She was not much of a weeper, and the tears came hard, hurting her throat. When there were no more, she washed her face, retrieved the wet clothes and hung them up to dry, and made herself a cup of hot, black coffee.

The phone rang while she was drinking it. She jumped up with such a lurching of her heart that the coffee sloshed over into the saucer, and when it was not Lance, but another man, asking her to have dinner with him, she was so rude to him that she was sure she would never hear from him again.

This, she told herself, would not do. She had sent Lance out of her life because she knew he didn't belong in it, and she was going to have to pull herself together and take up where she had left off when she met him. The lovely, gay, untroubled time was still waiting for her. There was a man somewhere, too, another man who could make the fog lift, and who was not going to be the governor and expect her to preside over a mansion and understand politics and hardly ever have time to paint. All she had to do was find him.

On election night Margaret was listening to a pianist, a bass violinist and a drummer improvising jazz. She was eating a pizza and drinking her sixth cup of coffee at a corner table near the musicians. Every once in a while some man would wander over and try to sit down at the table with her, but she would shake her head without even looking at him. If he was persistent, she would glance down at her steaming cup and lift it between her hands in a certain way that suggested she was itching to hurl it, and the man would move hastily away.

Once, during a break, the drummer came and sat on a corner of her table. He was a thin, nervous boy who didn't know what to do with his hands when they weren't holding sticks.

"If you drink any more coffee," he said, "you'll only stay awake all night thinking about him."

"It doesn't matter whether I drink coffee or not," Margaret said.

"Well, I'll tell you something," the drummer said. "Whoever he is, he was crazy to let you go. Girls like you don't come a dime a dozen."

"You don't know anything about me," she said gently. "Besides, it was I who let him go." She stood up. "It never would have worked out. I'd be even unhappier than I am now."

"I'm sorry," the drummer said. "You're no run-of-the-mill girl. I can tell that just looking at you." He slid off the table. "You'll come back some time, won't you?"

She smiled at him. "Why not?" she said.

Out in the street everything she had been hiding from tonight was there waiting for her. A torn poster on a telegraph pole, one end fluttering in the wind, warned against electioneering within a certain number of feet of the polling place. A car roared by, its rear bumper decorated with a sticker urging votes for Callahan. Margaret didn't know who Callahan was. As she walked toward the bus stop, three teen-age girls came along arm in arm, wearing on their coats huge buttons that said, LIKE THAT LANCE.

Margaret stopped at a newsstand and asked the news dealer whether the governor had been elected yet.

"Not yet," he said. "All the returns from upstate aren't in. Halburton's ahead, though."

"Oh," Margaret said.

The news dealer leaned toward her, his arms resting on his papers. "I feel the same way, miss," he said in a low voice. "I don't trust (*Continued on Page 74*)

You be the Judge

By GERALD I. RALYA

Fritz made a Santa-Clauslike descent into the chimney of Vernon's small clothing store, intent upon taking instead of giving. He stuck halfway down and created so much noise that Vernon, in his home attached to the store, heard him and called police. Fritz was tried for burglary.

"Poor Fritz might have intended to enter the store and steal clothes," the defense attorney wailed, "but all he actually did, at most, was to trespass in a chimney. As he didn't get into the store, he can't be accused of burglary."

"The fact that he entered the chimney obviously to get into the store and steal is sufficient to convict him of burglary," the prosecutor replied.

If you were the judge, would you convict Fritz of burglary?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Fritz was convicted. The court said that getting into the chimney constituted breaking and entering, even though he did not reach the store below.

Based upon an 1893 Alabama case.

HONEY
makes the big difference in
YELLO-BOLE
sweetened with real honey from the honeycomb
Yello-Bole's imported briar is honey lined to smoke sweet. And the Yello-Bole Duo-Lined Pipe, with a double honey lining, smokes doubly sweet. Try Duo-Lined. If it's not the sweetest you ever smoked, return it. We'll refund your money.
Bite Proof Nylon Bit
Duo-Lined
$3.95
money-back guarantee

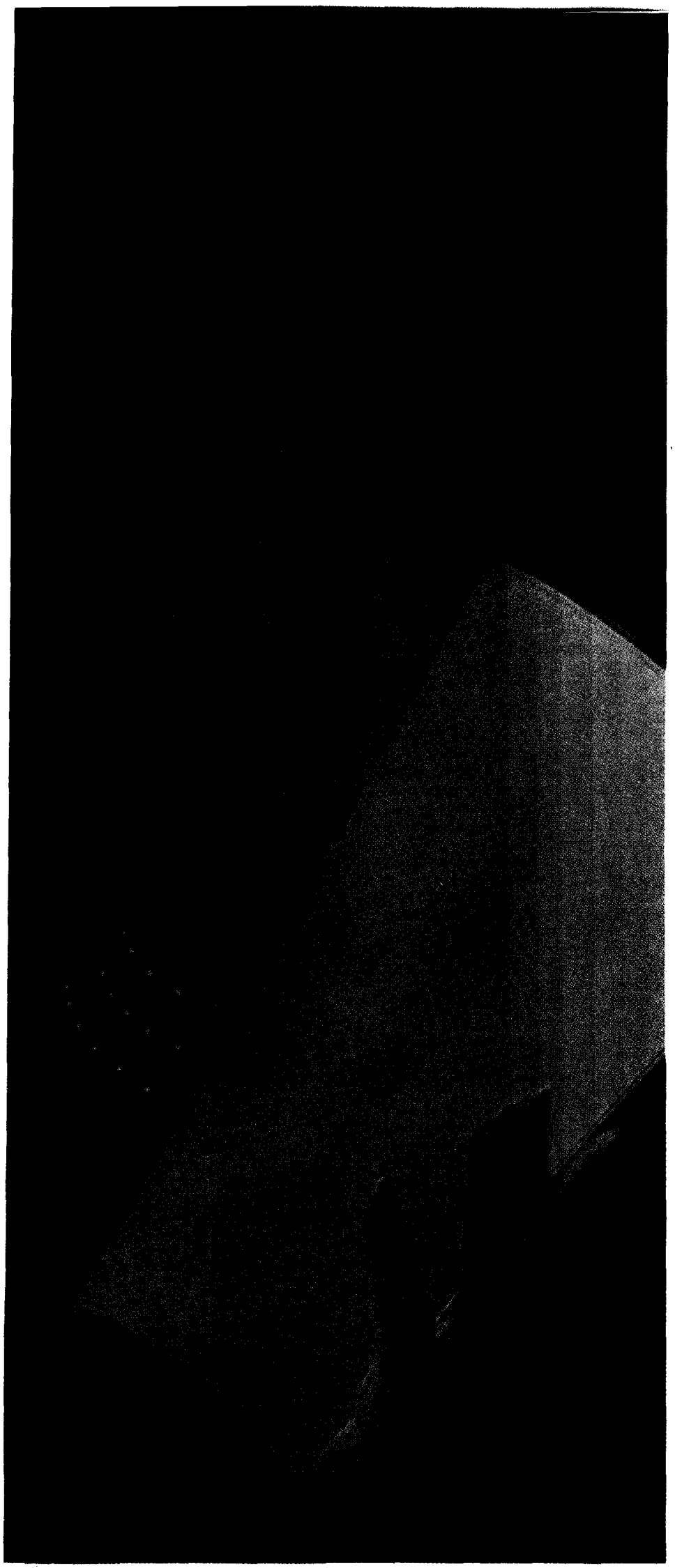
Other Yello-Bole imported briar pipes and sets from $1.95 to $5.95

NEW TWEED	$2.00	CHECKER	$2.95
STANDARD	1.95	AIR-O-GRATE	2.95
IMPERIAL	2.50	PREMIER	3.50
CENTURY	2.95	EJECTO-GRATE	4.95

Write Dept.Y88 for FREE BOOKLET

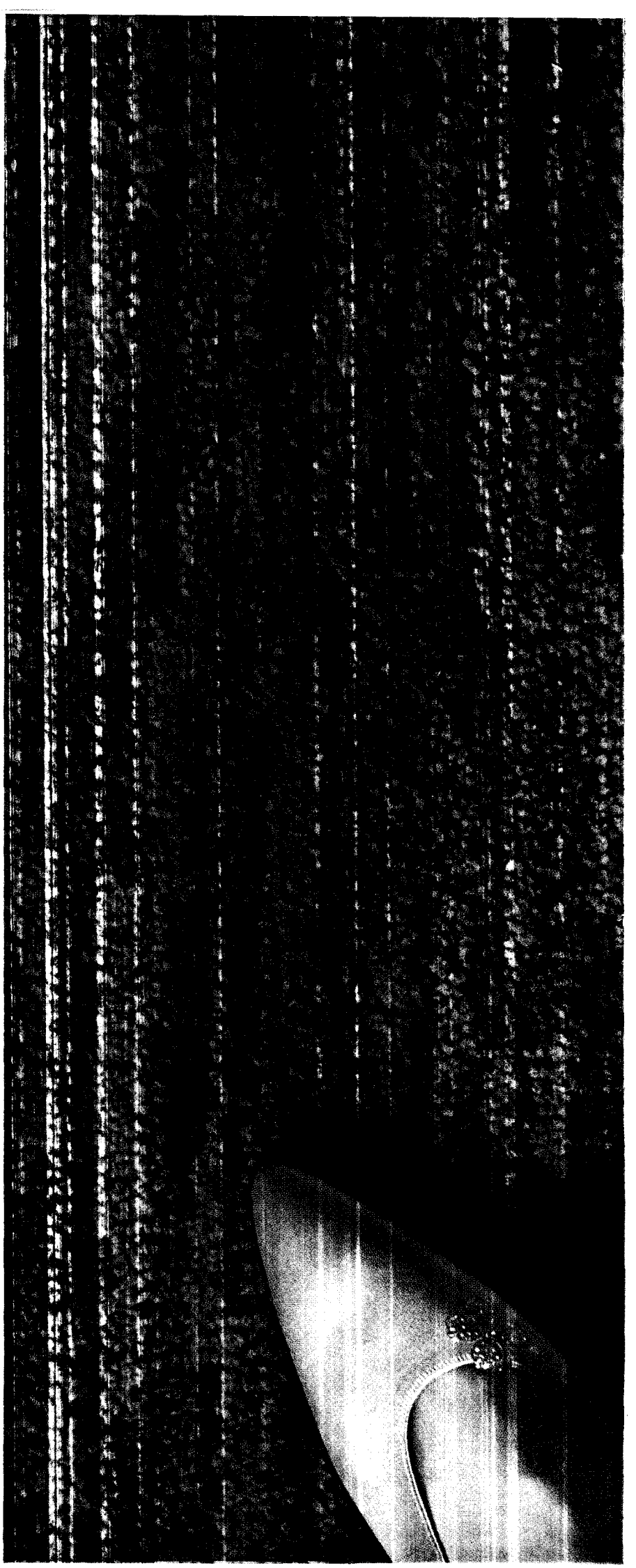
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CYANOCEL* chemically modified cellulose: Light without bulbs (electroluminescence) is now possible with this exciting Cyanamid product. A sheet of light in any shape and many colors for walls and ceilings of the future.

*Trademark



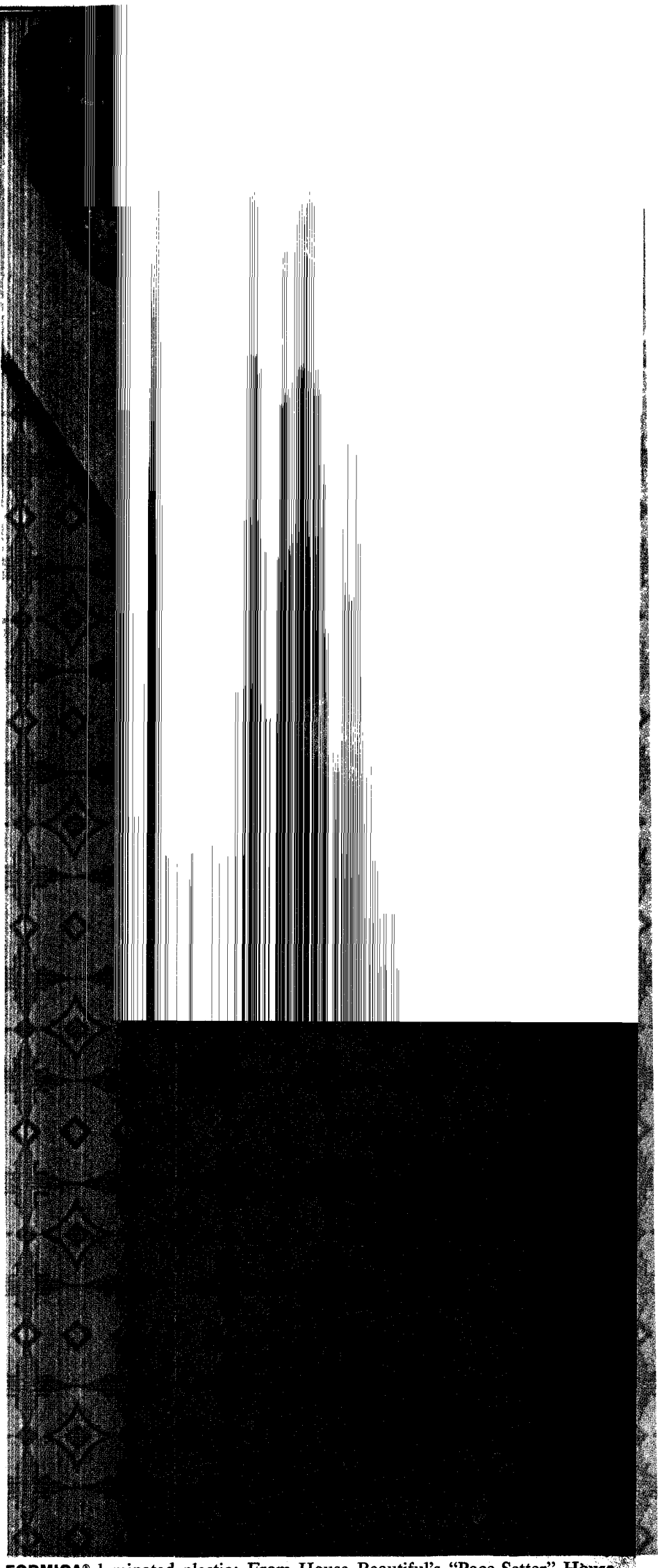
CRESLAN® acrylic fiber: New color effects come to carpets of Cyanamid's Creslan, now in 23 exclusive patterns by noted designer Edward Fields. See the Creslan difference—it wears beautifully, has superior resiliency.

For you . . . 4 famous products of

CYANAMID

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MELMAC® quality melamine dinnerware: No need for Mom to worry—it's break-resistant Melmac! Molded of Cyanamid's melamine material, Melmac is sold by leading manufacturers in many stunning patterns and shapes.



FORMICA® laminated plastic: From House Beautiful's "Pace-Setter" House—the Quadrille pattern, made by Cyanamid's Formica. It's one of many exclusive colors and patterns for durable counter tops, walls and furniture.

chemistry from CYANAMID-LAND

American Cyanamid Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 71*) these fancy fellers with all their talk about clearing up slums and seeing everybody gets a job and all. What do they care about it? You got to have somebody's been up against it himself and knows how the man in the street feels. All a feller like Halburton wants to do is sit pretty in that fancy governor's house and give fancy parties."

Margaret looked at him coldly. "If Mr. Halburton is elected," she said, "he'll be the best governor this state ever had."

She turned and walked away fast, almost running. She walked past two bus stops before she knew it, and then she recklessly hailed a taxi, although she had less than a dollar in her bag.

The taxi driver had the radio on. When Margaret told him to take her to the Halburton headquarters, he said, "It don't look as good for Halburton now as it did a while back."

"Really?"

The driver glanced at her in the rearview mirror. "Listen, lady, this state's been run by cheap politicians long enough," he said. "We need a guy like Halburton. He's got ideals. These other guys think ideals is something you say in a poker game."

Margaret started to reply, but the driver turned the radio up louder, drowning her out. She huddled in a corner of the seat, listening to the returns, wondering why she was torturing herself like this. Even if Lance lost, he wasn't going to be waiting for her. He thought she wouldn't make any better wife for a defeated candidate than she would for a governor; he thought she wouldn't make a good wife for anyone, that she didn't know anything about love. She should have told the driver to turn around and take her home. Instead she asked him to let her out a few blocks from the headquarters, and even then she didn't have enough money to give him a proper tip.

He looked down at the coin and shook his head. "It figures," he muttered.

When Margaret was still a block away, she could see Lance's picture on the window of the empty store that served as his headquarters. She could see the eyes and remember only their iciness; she could see the hard mouth and not recall its gentleness. Still, she went on.

As she reached the door, someone opened it and a roar came out at her like a fist. A man grabbed her around the waist and whirled her dizzily. "They've conceded!" he shouted in her ear. "We're in!" He let go of her and plunged back into the yelling crowd inside the store.

"Mr. Governor!" a woman screamed.

Margaret turned and walked away. She walked with her head down and her shoulders hunched against the cold. It was almost three miles back to her room.

She had gone two blocks when she heard Lance's voice behind her. He had no coat on, and he was out of breath from running. When he reached her, he grabbed her arm and pulled her into the shadowed doorway of a store.

"You can't do this," she said. "You can't run around the streets after a girl. You're the governor."

He spoke in a harsh, unfamiliar voice, standing close to her in the dark entrance, his face indistinguishable. "I want to know why you came," he said. "Was it because you thought I'd lost? Just tell me that. Tell me why you came."

She shook her head. "I didn't know whether you'd won or lost. I only wanted to see you once more."

"What for?"

"I don't know," she said miserably. "I knew it wouldn't be any use." She looked up at him, trying to see his face. "You think I don't know anything about love."

"Well, you don't," he said. "If a woman loves a man, she doesn't worry about her painting, or having to use the right fork when she'd rather eat a pizza with her fingers. She just wants to be with him and help him, whether it means waiting cheerfully for him to return at all hours from sick calls, or having a big meal ready whenever he comes in from the fields, or being gracious to dull people at dull functions."

"I haven't had a minute's joy since you left," she said. "I can't paint. I can't do anything but think about you. Without you the whole world's in a gray fog, and as soon as I see you it lifts." She looked up at him, straining again to see his face. "Isn't that love?"

His voice turned a little gentler. "Part of it," he said.

"Lance," she said. "The governor's lady." She shivered. "It scares me. I've been telling myself I didn't want to stop living my own life, but it isn't that at all. I've got no life without you in it. The thing is that it scares me silly."

Somewhere a man's voice was calling querulously, "Mr. Governor?" Lance pulled Margaret deeper into the shadow of the doorway.

"Do you hear that?" he asked her. "Mr. Governor? I'll tell you something. It scares me too." He bent down toward her. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll hold your hand," she said and slipped her fingers into his palm.

His hand closed around hers. "Now who's holding whose hand?" he asked her.

"There's no way of telling." She lifted her face to him. "That's love, isn't it?"

"All of it," he said. THE END

BORDEN'S VERY big on FLAVOR

BEAUREGARD: Hey Mom, what's all the cheering for, I haven't started to run with the football, yet!

ELSIE: *Oh, they're not cheering for you, dear, they're rooting for the new Borden's* ***Banana Bowl Ice Cream,*** *that creamy, rich banana ice cream, with...*

BEAUREGARD: But, but...

ELSIE: *With lacings of rich, red strawberry and...*

BEAUREGARD: But, but, but...

ELSIE: *And sprinklings of crunch and chocolate chip. It tastes like a banana split.*

BEAUREGARD: But, but, no wonder they're screaming so loud. What do you say we call this game right now and get some of that new Borden's *Banana Bowl Ice Cream*. Hey team, let's go, my treat!

Available in Canada in Quebec and Ontario Provinces

Borden's BANANA BOWL ICE CREAM

tastes like a banana split!

©1960, The Borden Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Compacts" Are Here to Stay

(Continued from Page 38)

become less expensive, less lush products. Some will begin to change character. A notable example of shift in character is the 1961 Lincoln. It is no longer the bulky car it was. It is now a personalized automobile, part Lincoln, part Continental and with adaptations of the successful Thunderbird style lines.

Dodge has already accomplished a significant change. When the less expensive Dodge Dart was added to the line in the season just past, it very nearly swallowed its parents. The Dart has become the overwhelming volume car under the Dodge name, at some sacrifice in price and luxury, but with great sales success. Total Dodge sales, largely Darts, more than doubled the previous year's totals through August. It is distinctly possible that some other medium-priced brands may be squeezed into the Dodge-Dart pattern of change. Meanwhile the industry as a whole is definitely thickening its volume in the lower half of the price scale, both by new automobiles and by changes in established brands.

Not everyone fears that the smaller cars will engulf most of the industry. Ed Cole does not. Cole is a G.M. vice president and general manager of the Chevrolet Division. A genial man, Cole cheerfully predicts that those manufacturers who let themselves become intimidated by the current success of small cars and plunge downward with all their products will "get their tail feathers clipped." But Cole is a special case. He can afford to be cheerful. This year he has sold more standard-size Chevrolets than last year.

However, the Corvair compact is also his child; and on September first this interesting rear-motored car was in last place among the big three's compacts introduced a year ago. It was handicapped by three introduction troubles—a fan belt, a carburetor and a gasoline heater with an unhealthy appetite. The first two of these have been corrected long since. The heater has been changed to an orthodox system in the 1961 Corvair. This year the line will contain a station wagon, which was missing last year, as well as a small-truck line and a semi-bus model which will compete with Volkswagen's Kombos and Microbuses, an innovation in American cars.

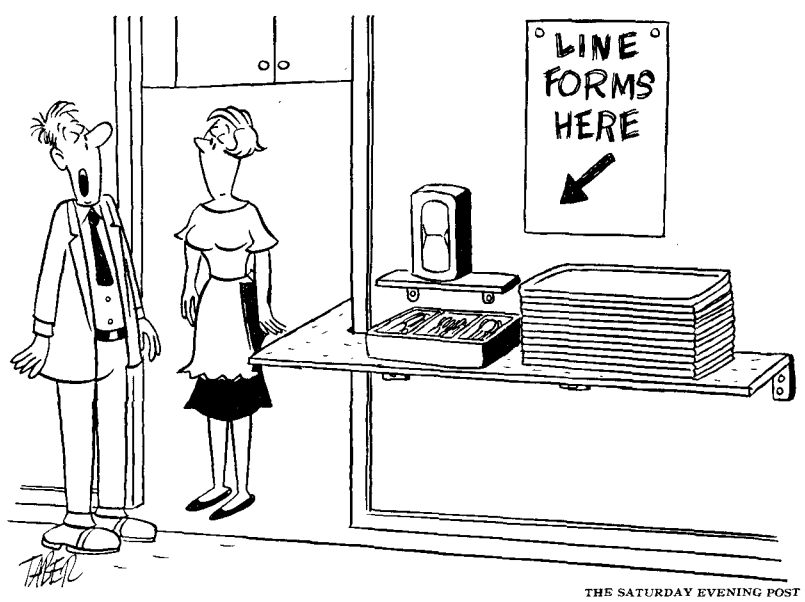
The most impressive thing about the slow-starting record of the Corvair this past year is that it made its sales without affecting the standard Chevrolet. The other two of the big three compacts chewed into their brothers. Ford jumped ahead with the Falcon to score the best volume among the newcomers. And by adding the Comet, a close kin but a trifle larger and a few dollars more expensive, Ford built a very large compact volume. The total was more than Robert McNamara, Ford executive vice president, had predicted, and he was more hopeful of the compacts than most other prophets.

But the Falcon and Comet successes were not clear gain. Their rise paralleled an almost equal decline in the regular Ford models. When he was asked how he felt about the way the company's compacts had nipped into standard-Ford business, Henry Ford II replied with a short, frank answer—"It hurts." Then he added, "But it is not a clear-cut case. Replacement demand for our Ford line was light in 1960 because we had had a quiet Ford year in 1958, and a good many owners trade in every two years. Also, our 1960 Ford styling was not as effective as we had hoped. Then there is the undeniable fact that in building better Fords we had pushed our cars too far toward the medium-price field."

Chrysler shared the Ford experience. Getting under way appreciably later than the Falcon and Corvair, Chrysler's Valiant has come on with such a rush that it has been outselling the Plymouth, although this Valiant success has not necessarily been entirely at the expense of Plymouth. Undoubtedly the Dodge Dart, with its tremendous spurt, has also taken sales from Plymouth. Chrysler over all is in the position of having sold many more cars than last year, but at an average lower price. This, in essence, is the complete story of the whole industry for this remarkable season—more sales, less money.

The industry's shift of emphasis will be considerably accelerated by the 1961-product lines. And there will be impacts from the shift—some good, some bad, some unexpected, some seemingly remote from the industry itself.

In hindsight, it is easy to see that the new wave of smaller American cars is a perfectly logical development. The reason can be seen on the charts of any of the manufacturers. It is clear, for example, on the dog-eared, beat-up, stuck-together roll of annual charts on the desk of Bill Flaherty, Chrysler economist. Flaherty is quite tall, but he is not tall enough to unroll all the years the string of charts depicts from top to bottom. He can just about manage (*Continued on Page 78*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How long do you expect your relatives to stay?"

A NEW ZENITH HEARING AID...

Inconspicuous Beyond Belief

ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT NEW

HEARING AIDS

It looks as slim as regular eyeglasses — and it's more attractive than most. The exquisitely styled new Zenith Medallion truly brings new assurance, new poise, new confidence to the hard of hearing!

Fully one-third smaller than the previous Zenith eyeglass model, the Medallion is so inconspicuous others will compliment your selection. Yet it offers all the world famous quality of "Living Sound" performance you expect from Zenith.

Custom-contoured temple bars are adjustable to fit your head snugly, comfortably. Conveniently located volume control and separate on-off switch; powerful four-transistor circuit; adaptable to most frame styles;* choice of colors. See this and other Zenith Hearing Aids at your Zenith Dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under Hearing Aids.

**Lenses, frame fronts and related professional services in connection with the Zenith Eyeglass Hearing Aids are extra and available only through your ophthalmologist, optometrist or optician.*

Zenith—the World's Finest Line of Quality Hearing Aids. Priced from $50 to $550, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. All Sold with 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee.

Zenith®
"LIVING SOUND"
HEARING AIDS

Zenith Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 1XC
6501 W. Grand Avenue, Chicago 35, Ill.

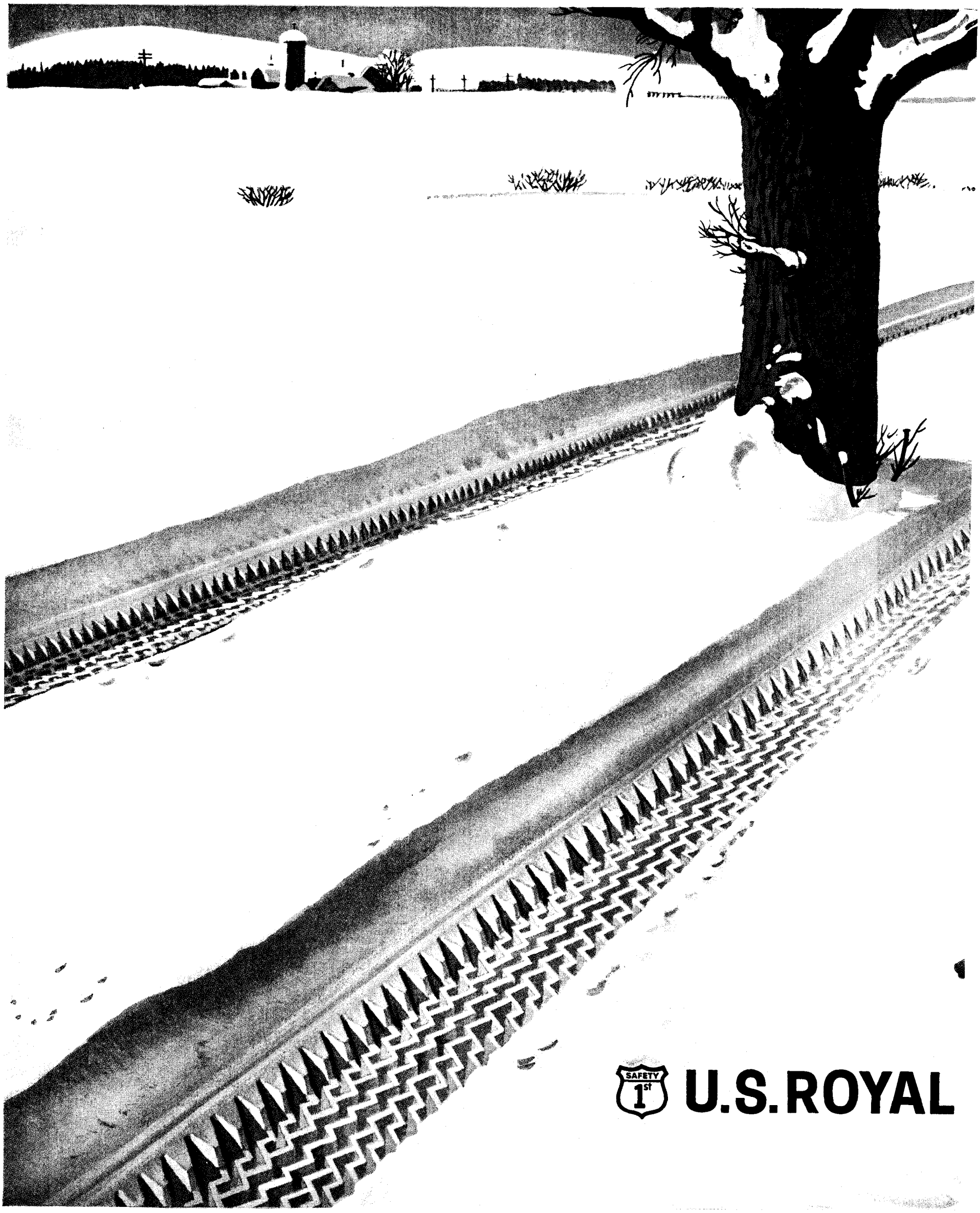
Please send me a free "cut-out" of the new Zenith Medallion, plus a list of the Zenith Hearing Aid Dealers in my area.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man, what traction!

Oh, the tires won't perform *miracles*. They won't actually take you through trees. But the picture does suggest that new U. S. Royal Winterides are remarkable tires.

These are "*Low Profile*"* snow tires:

LOWER AND WIDER

The deep, wide tread digs right in and bites the snow.

REMARKABLY QUIET

No matter what the surface, where others hum these are mum.

U.S. Royal Winterides are available in all sizes, including compacts. At your U.S. Royal Dealer. *Right now!*

LOW PROFILE*TIRES

*"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.

United States Rubber

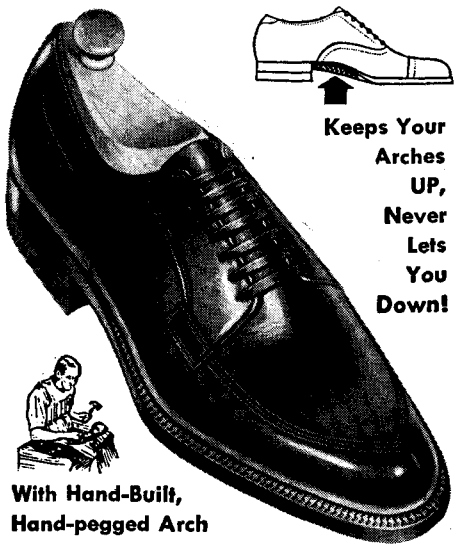
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Co., Ltd.

McGill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Scholl's COPEG®

The Shoe With The Hidden ARCH LIFT!



With Hand-Built, Hand-pegged Arch

The ONLY Shoe of its kind in the World!

Dr. Scholl's Copeg Shoes are fashion-smart—yet are unlike any other shoe in scientific design . . . in fit . . . in quality craftsmanship . . . in "made-to-order" feel and comforting support. The grateful "lift" they give your arches helps relieve and prevents tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains and painful callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Copeg Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin, in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog. Dept. 22S4, **Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois**

Whenever Particular People **MOVE**

they call the man from

BURNHAM VAN

Calling the man from Burnham Van makes sense. Burnham custom-plans your move right down to the smallest detail. Using only the newest approved methods and equipment, Burnham professionals take a personal interest in *your* move. This extra care is your assurance of complete satisfaction. *It's your privilege: . . be particular. . .* call the man from Burnham Van.

Customer-designed service to all states ®

BURNHAM VAN SERVICE, INC.

Columbus, Georgia

(*Continued from Page 75*) the postwar years, which are, after all, the heart of the scene.

The chart of each year shows the industry's volume of sales by price categories, and in each year there is a tall finger indicating at which price level the largest number of automobiles was bought. As the charts unroll, the tall finger moves from left to right, year after year, in the direction of a higher and higher price class at which the biggest volume occurred. One year, for example, the finger might indicate that most cars sold were about $1900, the next year $2100 and so on. As this tall volume indicator moves to the right, it leaves behind it a deserted area of lower prices where few cars were sold, simply because there were no cars that cheap.

Into this deserted area in 1956, imported automobiles—lower priced than any standard American products—began to be sold in sufficient volume to make a small hump in the price ranges which American cars had abandoned. This meant that there was a market at those lower prices if there were cars available. Then, in 1957, not only did the hump of foreign sales enlarge, but the American Motors compact-size Rambler caught fire and started catapulting a wobbly company right back into competition with the giants.

The domestic industry, outside of American and Studebaker, which followed with another small car, had obviously lifted itself by its own bootstraps to an unrealistic height. It was not alone the industry's fault. The customers were fickle. In 1955 they demanded fast and fancy cars, and price was little object. That demand has changed.

There have been corollary and sometimes painful impacts of the recent shift down to smaller cars. There are steelworkers somewhere who are not making steel because smaller cars use a half ton less of their product. Automobiles are the market for about two fifths of all steel sheet, and lighter cars have cut demand perhaps as much as 1,000,000 tons. There are chemical and rubber workers who have felt some small effect from smaller tires. State motor-vehicle departments have already been grumbling because smaller cars are upsetting their projected revenue increases. The little ones burn less gas—less gas-tax income. They weigh less—smaller license fees in those states which collect by weight.

The gas economy of compacts has not, curiously, had any great effect on the firing line—at the service station. The gas jockey at the pump on Dallas's Loop 12 was quite philosophical about it. "You get a little shook when the pump shuts off at three dollars instead of five dollars; but, pardner, when the end of the month gets here, there ain't a whole lot of difference. And believe me, the windshields are just plumb easy to clean on these littler cars." On Route 120 at the edge of Toledo the gas hustler said, "Sure, they use a little less, but people drive them more; so it works out in the end." In residential Evanston, Illinois, the service man said much the same thing. "They just come in more often."

One of the surprise impacts of the new American small cars is the degree in which they have affected imported cars. Not only has the total flow of imports been checked, but declines in comparison with the previous year started last May and have continued. It is confidently predicted that imports for full 1960 will be down 50,000, perhaps much more, and in 1961 will be as much as 150,000 under the 1959 peak of 610,000. At this rate, provided the enlarged list of American compacts meets a reasonable demand, small American cars will be outselling all imports, large and small, by at least four to one and possibly as much as six to one.

Moreover, the presence of this American competition should have a cumulatively strong effect later, because surveys indicate that buyers of American cars more often replace with American cars than buyers of foreign cars replace with foreign cars. A quick example of the potentialities of having many cars of a given brand on the road is American Motors' Rambler. In 1957 there were only 400,000 Ramblers in use. In 1960 there are 1,200,000 on the road, which triples the size of the target for salesmen with replacement offers.

The gains scored against imports are not quite as simple as may appear. Beneath the figures on finished automobiles, there is more American buying of foreign-made parts which go into American cars. Also the principal import, Volkswagen, has by no means been stopped. It is at this moment still rising, but even Volkswagen is now putting more effort into maintaining a sales increase here. The second rank of imports, the dozens of brands which have thin distribution in this country, or offer little cost savings under American compacts or are too austere, will be dropping off rather rapidly.

In discussing one of these, a car imported and distributed by a major manufacturer, the manufacturer stated flatly, "We have brought over our last one. When we finish selling off the stocks we have here, the thing is ended." His opposite number in another major company put it this way: "I think the real tiny imports have failed in the American market and I'm not at all sure that we can maintain, or want to maintain, much volume in the larger model we have been bringing in. With compacts available, dealers have suddenly lost interest in imports."

Casualties from the American compact-car success have not been limited to imports. As already noted, the compacts have bitten into standard-size Ford and Plymouth, and Chevrolet cannot, on the strength of only a single season's showing, expect immunity forever. There has also been a downgrading of the used-car market. The effect is only a few dollars per car, perhaps; but in units sold, the used-car market is more than three times the size of the new-car market.

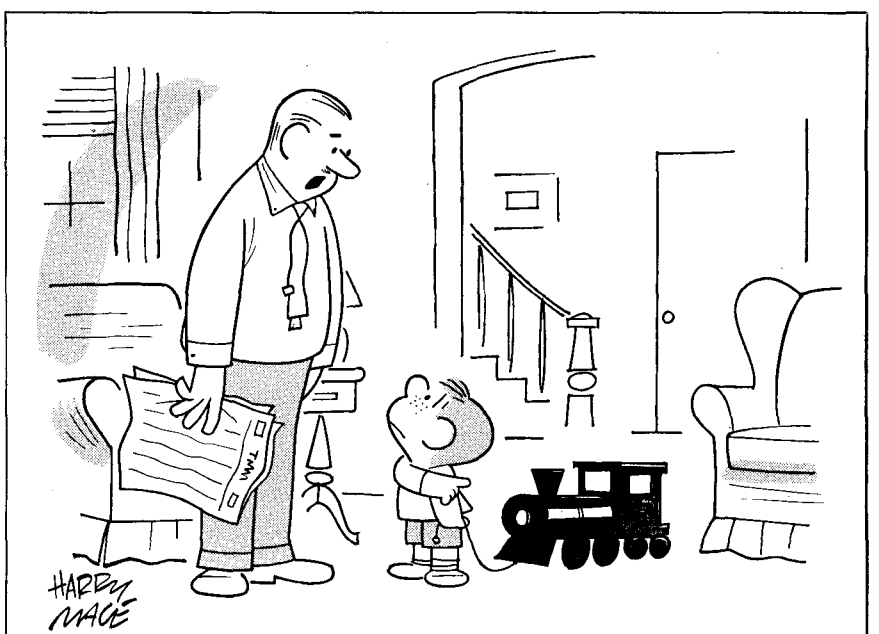
The hardest lumps in the whole automobile scene have been taken by the medium-priced cars as a general class. Buick, De Soto and Mercury, for example, command only about half as great a percentage of the market as each respectively recorded at its best in the last ten years. This decline has been going on for several seasons. And in the closing weeks of the season just ended, when stocks of 1960 cars to be cleared out were unusually heavy, several medium-priced brands were the slowest-moving. Compacts, on the other hand, were neither piled up nor hard to sell. It is also worth noting that, at midyear, the stocks of unsold foreign cars here comprised almost a three-month supply, considerably larger than the parallel supply of domestic cars.

All the price classes, brands and models that have been under pressure in recent years must now face new competition—the additional string of less-than-standard-size cars in 1961, plus the continuing competition of the compacts already on the market for a year or more. The latter will generally go into 1961 with little change—a very small amount of face lifting and a little more power or optional additional power.

The coming year's excitement lies in the new ones, which are slightly larger automobiles; and this enlargement, though small, raises an ominous question which one official hastened to answer. "No," he said, "this is definitely not a first step in the same sequence of making cars bigger that got our standard-low-priced cars into trouble. We have no intention of taking that route again." It is to be hoped that history will support him. But the automobile industry does not have a very good record for putting temptation behind it.

Of the 1961 introductions in the compact field, the Dodge Lancer most closely resembles the compacts introduced last year. It is quite close to its prototype, the Plymouth Valiant—which in turn was, by a modest margin, the heaviest and highest in power of the new compacts of last year. The three other 1961 new ones, however, are inches longer and larger. They are the Olds F-85, the Pontiac Tempest and the Buick Special. As a group they might warrant the label of "big compacts."

The Tempest is outstandingly unusual. It has a four-cylinder engine, a good old economical power plant that hasn't been offered in a volume American car in three decades. The Tempest Four is actually the starboard half of the Pontiac V-8 engine and is mounted in the car at the same angle as if the missing half were present. This power plant may (*Continued on Page 82*)



"It doesn't go choo-choo and ding-ding any more because I removed the choo-choo and ding-ding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

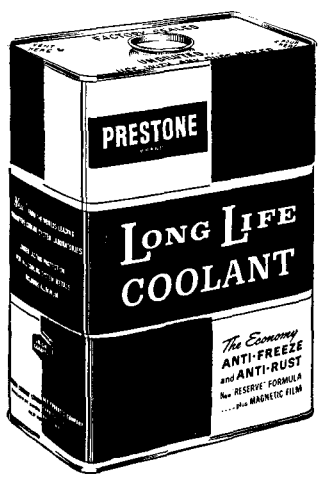
October 15, 1960

ANNOUNCING

"PRESTONE" LONG LIFE COOLANT

THE NEW ECONOMY ANTI-FREEZE AND ANTI-RUST WITH EXTRA-LONG PROTECTION FOR YOUR CAR'S COOLING SYSTEM...

from the makers of today's best-seller: "PRESTONE" BRAND ANTI-FREEZE!



*PRICE: $5.00 a gallon.

New *"PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant* is a premium priced product* designed especially for motorists who want long-run economy.

Tests in the world's leading cooling system laboratories indicate that *"PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant* will protect against freeze-ups and rust as long as — or longer than any anti-freeze or coolant on the market.

The new product carries the famous "PRESTONE" guarantee for a full winter's use, but can give extra-long protection beyond the guarantee period. After the first winter's use, the solution should be checked periodically by your service dealer for anti-freeze and anti-rust protection in your car's cooling system.

"PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant is sold undiluted and may be mixed with any water. Its base is ethylene glycol, *long recognized as the world's most effective base for an anti-freeze.* The new product also contains Magnetic Film plus a fortified "reserve" inhibitor formula for extra-long protection. It gives superior rust and corrosion protection to *all* metals, including the latest aluminum car engine alloys.

Ask your dealer about the new economy anti-freeze and anti-rust: *"PRESTONE" Long Life Coolant.* It's a companion product to "PRESTONE" Anti-Freeze, the world's most *tested,* most *trusted* anti-freeze.

LET'S TAKE THE "MYSTERY" OUT OF ANTI-FREEZE

There has been no "breakthrough"... no earth shaking discoveries in the field of anti-freeze protection. All of the "new" products — whether called a "fluid" or a "coolant" or "anti-freeze" — are ethylene glycol plus rust inhibitors. (All except one, that is, and that one is a packaged solution of glycol and inhibitor plus water.) Ethylene glycol was introduced to the anti-freeze market 33 years ago when "Prestone" Anti-Freeze was first marketed. *And ethylene glycol is still the best anti-freeze base.*

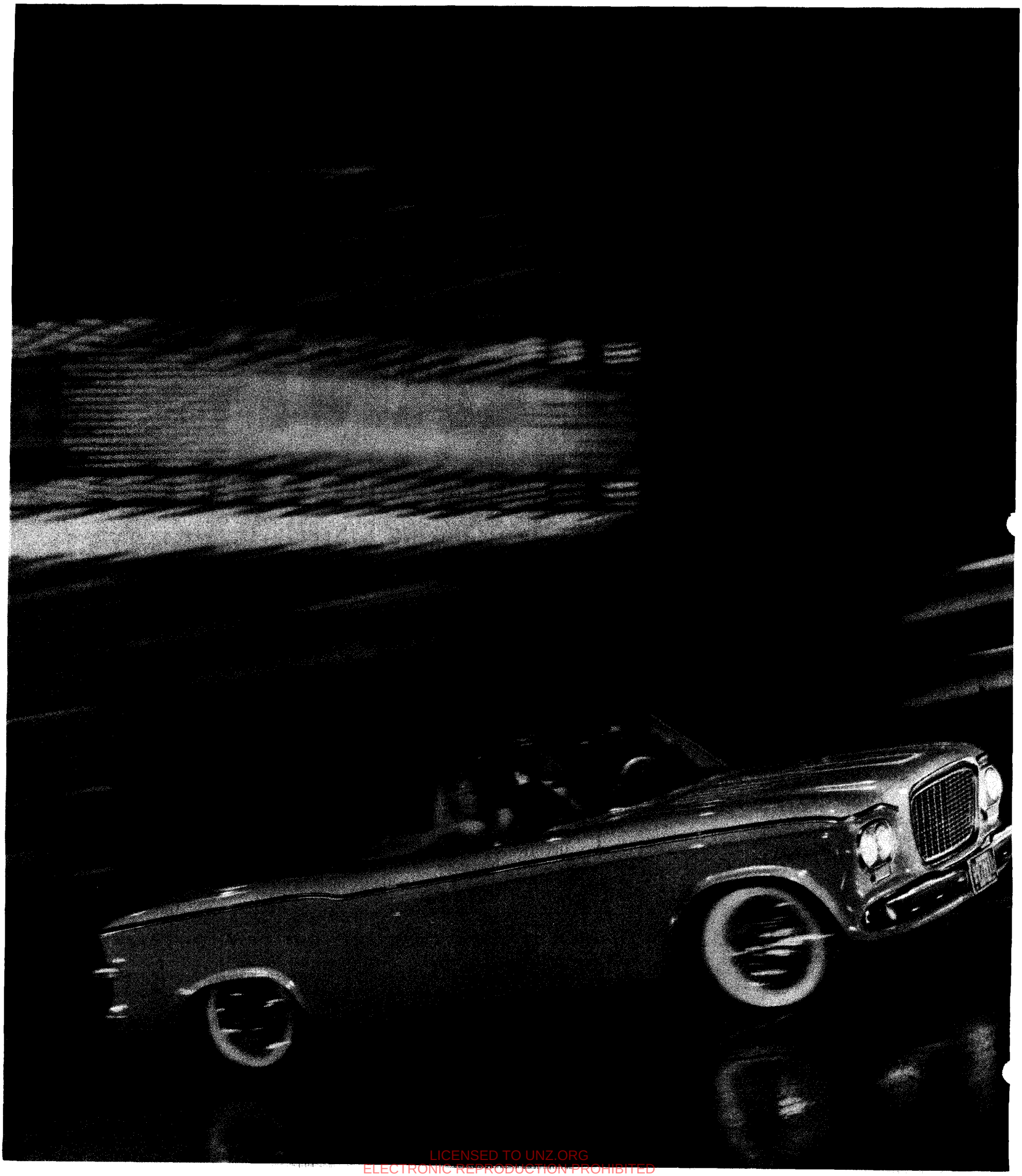
"Prestone" and "Union Carbide" are registered trade-marks for products of

UNION CARBIDE

UNION CARBIDE CONSUMER PRODUCTS COMPANY • **Division of Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Studebaker Announces the '61 LARK



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with

© 1960, Studebaker-Packard Corporation

(a new kind of performance so exciting you have to drive it to believe it...!)

New Studebaker system of coordinated engineering advances makes possible all-around performance unknown in compact motoring before. It's called "Performability"; it's exclusive to the '61 Lark; and it means—

A new kind of power. *All-new Lark ram-induction six, a 112 hp engine with huge overhead valves and 8.5 compression ratio, delivers tremendous thrust with each piston stroke. Result—phenomenally rapid getaway, steady cruising, instant acceleration in the emergency zone at higher speeds where it's needed most. You have to drive The Lark to believe it.*

A new kind of response. *New Lark automatic transmission delivers an immediate flow of power from the engine without loss or lag—so smooth there's never a jump from gear to gear, always instant power surge at any speed. You have to drive The Lark to believe it.*

A new kind of driving security. *New Lark steering complex, combined with new suspension system that features coil springs and a stabilizer bar, provides exceptional control and stability. You go into full circle with perfect control, corner sharply with ground-level balance—and the wheel returns to straight-ahead by itself... quickly, smoothly, safely. You have to drive The Lark to believe it.*

And so much else that's new and welcome. *New Lark oval steering wheel—to give you the comfort and safety of greater clearance between leg and wheel; and it's adjustable to your best driving position. New larger Lark brakes, with new bonded linings for extra long life. New full circle visibility and lowered hood for maximum safety vision. With all this there's also graceful, new low-line styling in The Lark; new luxury, new elegance, new roominess—more than sixty advances in all. But the big emphasis in the '61 Lark is on performability, because a car is to drive. And the '61 Lark drives like no other car you've ever had on the road! Try it at your Studebaker Dealer's today! You have to drive The Lark to believe it!*

Addenda: *Seven body styles—2 & 4-door Sedans, 2-door Hardtop, 2 & 4-door Wagons, Convertible and the expansive new 4-door Cruiser with longer 113" wheelbase (luxury car of the compact class). All models also available with powerful Lark V-8 engine. A compact for every need, every taste, every pocketbook.*

You have to drive it to believe it! The LARK by Studebaker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 78*) have some effect on prices, since its manufacture is by an ingenious method that represents a large cost saving. In production, the engine rides the same machining lines as the Pontiac V-8. The difference is a small tab which, as the block goes down the line, notifies the automatic reaming and drilling machines that only half a motor is coming. Thereupon the drills on one side of the line obligingly lift themselves out of the way while those on the opposite side get on with the work.

The Tempest has also shifted its transmission to the rear axle and uses a drive shaft that is not much thicker than a buggy whip. The drive shaft, carried in a separate housing under the car, is held in a slight arc by rollers. This innovation relieves the car floor of the tunnel hump that has been so annoying in many cars in recent years.

The Tempest innovations are a part of the bonus which the industry shift toward smaller cars has inspired or accelerated. They all might have arrived anyway, but at least they are here sooner than might otherwise have been the case. They include the Corvair rear motor. Other examples of progress include the spread of one-piece frame-and-body construction, the growing use of weight-saving aluminum in power plants and Chrysler's alternator, which may ultimately change all automotive electrical systems. The alternator is a direct-current generator which keeps a battery on charge even while the engine is idling and greatly prolongs battery life.

Another important general advance is the industry's avowed intention of easing up on the sometimes drastic annual style changes. Where these annual changes are merely tinkering with sheet metal and chrome, they are welcome to depart. But it may be hoped that the new fervor for the *status quo* goes no deeper than a desire to eliminate useless annual changes. And it probably will turn out that way. For most auto makers can never forget the 1912 Reo, the "farewell car" of R.E. Olds. Olds then not only rejected annual changes, but any further changes in the Reo, for the simple reason that it was the perfect car. He said, "I do not believe that a car materially better will ever be built."

Firmest rejection of annual style changes has been expressed by George Romney. He is bringing out an entirely new Rambler American for 1961, and now that this is accomplished he promises to make little further change in this car for the next ten years. Coincidentally, the Rambler American was practically unchanged for the ten years preceding 1961, even though it reached the point where it needed a little beauty work. Now that it has been changed sharply, the little Rambler American may have some pertinent bearing on the competitive position of some other cars.

One of the predictions on the advent of the Big Three compacts was that now the big companies would give Rambler a really hard time. This has not occurred. On the contrary, Rambler volume continued to rise in the face of the success of the very cars that were supposed to hurt it. The principal vehicle for this rise was the middle Rambler, a six-cylinder, 108-inch-wheel-base car. The small Rambler, or American, is a car of only 100-inch wheel base, smaller than the Falcon-Corvair-Valiant size, and it has been a minor factor in the American Motors record.

In 1961, however, the American has become a clean-lined, higher-powered automobile without losing its basic smallness. It should certainly rise in its percentage of American Motors sales. No one knows in what pastures it will browse for its probably increased sales. It may dig into the larger Ramblers, into larger domestic compacts or even into the market for imports. If it does any of these things, it will help settle the question which has been only partly answered during the surprising season just passed.

That question is whether the American public's automotive wishes have really changed. There is evidence that this is true, but a conclusion is not soundly based on just a year or two. For the last couple of years automobile buyers have been "trading down," which incidentally costs them money in decline in the size of their automobile equities. They also appear to be demanding fewer extras on their new cars. If they now plunk strongly for smaller American cars, further questions will have to be answered.

One immediate question is just how small they do want their vehicles, a question that can be answered in reasonably short order and with accuracy. But there will still remain the automotive intangibles. Is it really true that swimming pools and boats and summer cabins and hi-fi sets have built enough competition for the automobile dollar to affect seriously and permanently the size of the auto package? And even more intangible is the matter of keeping up with the Joneses. Has ownership of a standard-size domestic automobile become so common that the car no longer carries social or financial prestige? Have car buyers reached the point where they select cars merely for service, as they would choose an oil burner or a steam iron?

There is plenty of room for more evidence. The coming year will add very important knowledge about the relative merchandising merits of beans versus caviar. THE END

FAST SERVICE FROM FARMERS

"It was my first accident—and no one's fault, really. I had swerved to avoid hitting a dog on the highway and ran into a telephone pole. Now I was in trouble. I didn't have Farmers Auto Insurance at the time, but I do now. The reason is Farmers service. You really do get fast service from Farmers.

FAIR SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS

"About five minutes after my accident a car stopped and the man asked if he could help. I told him that I'm a county nurse and had to get to the next town as quickly as possible. He said that he was a Farmers representative. He got all the information he knew my insurance company would want. Then he drove me to my destination.

FRIENDLY PEOPLE AT YOUR SIDE

"He told me that Farmers insures more trucks than any other company, and maintains a fleet of cars like his to patrol the nation's highways. They check truck speeds, reroute trucks in unsafe areas and generally make driving safer for all of us. He was so friendly and so very helpful that I switched to Farmers. And, you know, my rates are lower with Farmers, too!"

YOU SAVE MONEY WITH FARMERS!

Farmers rates are generally 20%* lower than most other companies because Farmers insures only careful drivers. Farmers gives a 10% discount for one year of accident-free driving. Farmers allows an additional 25% discount on your second car, if you qualify. Your Farmers auto liability policy automatically covers you if, through no fault of your own, you are injured by an uninsured or hit-and-run driver.*****

Now is the time to get all the facts about Farmers low rates, broad coverage, extra protection. Call the Farmers Agent in your neighborhood. He'll convince you that Farmers is the best auto insurance buy in America today!*In Texas you save by dividend payments. **20% in Nebraska. Discounts not available in Texas and Washington. ***Personal injury protection is optional in Texas.

FARMERS INSURANCE GROUP
Symbol of Superior Service
AUTO • LIFE • FIRE • TRUCK

Farmers Auto Insurance

CALL FARMERS INSURANCE GROUP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Chicago, With Love (Continued from Page 21)

change is in me, not in the city, and I have no doubt that only yesterday some other young man got off a train from Indiana, longing for excitement and opportunity, and found it here.

Some Chicagoans take out-of-town visitors on a tour of the city that includes the Museum of Natural History, the Museum of Science and Industry, lovely upper Michigan Avenue, fine restaurants, the yacht harbors, the Art Institute with its outstanding collection of French impressionism, the Brookfield Zoo, where uncaged tigers seem about to lie down beside you, and the Outer Drive in the evening, lights shimmering along the lake shore like a curving necklace. But these are places where Chicago spends holidays. I take visitors on a different tour, to places where millions live, and where I have done my work.

My tour starts down clangorous Western Avenue, a wide, rough street that cleaves the West Side, mile after mile of grimy apartment buildings and two-flats and little houses, the homes of workingmen. Farther south lies the Twenty-fourth Ward, birthplace of the powerful Democratic machine; here one election day I inspected the ward in a big red convertible with Arthur X. Elrod, ward committeeman, checking on his precinct captains. (They lived here, but Elrod had long since moved to Lake Shore Drive.) And I give my visitors a glimpse of factories on the southwest side, for Chicago's postwar industrial growth is probably the greatest in America, all but unnoticed because Chicago is so huge. One thing above all Chicago has always created: Jobs.

My tour cuts northeast on Blue Island Avenue, clogged with trucks and ragpickers' wagons, past a gypsy settlement and on to the Greek settlement at Blue Island and Halsted. The sign on the window of the candle factory is lettered in Greek, and old men wearing hats sit drinking coffee in the coffeehouse. Nearby is Hull House, Jane Addams's pioneer effort to help the slum dwellers. This once was a Jewish ghetto; it once was little Italy, where Capone won elections with shotguns; and successive waves of immigrants have flowed over it—Irish, Germans, Jews, Italians, Negroes, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans—and the children of each in turn went wrong here, then straightened up when, prospering, the parents moved farther out toward the city's edge, a ceaseless flow that has left visible watermarks: Penniless Mexicans huddled in an empty building that we can see was once a synagogue, for over its stone doorway is chiseled the Star of David.

Up teeming Halsted Street from Hull House I show my visitors a little Mexican restaurant where one night a drunken cop, Mike Moretti, got into a fight with some Mexicans, and later shot dead a Mexican lad—the wrong one—in a vacant lot. Before trial the prosecutor kept his star witness hidden out in a cheap hotel on Blue Island Avenue, fearing Moretti's friends might kill him. One day I interviewed the witness in my car, parked, I realized with some misgivings, across the street of tangled traffic from the protection of his police bodyguards. A little farther south is the Twenty-first Ward Republican headquarters. One fine spring night in 1953 I had an appointment with the ward boss, State Rep. Clem Graver, to watch him dispense favors to his constituents, but other business diverted me, and I canceled out, and that night when Clem went home

"Female."

FLORSHEIM

Introduces the Laceless MAGIC TOP!

Fit that will Last the Life of the Shoe!

The BEVERLY, *20014; mocc-front in smooth black calf.*

The BEVERLY, *20016; wing-tip in smooth black calf.*

Simple concept: Florsheim adds two give-and-take panels to the sides of a laceless shoe.

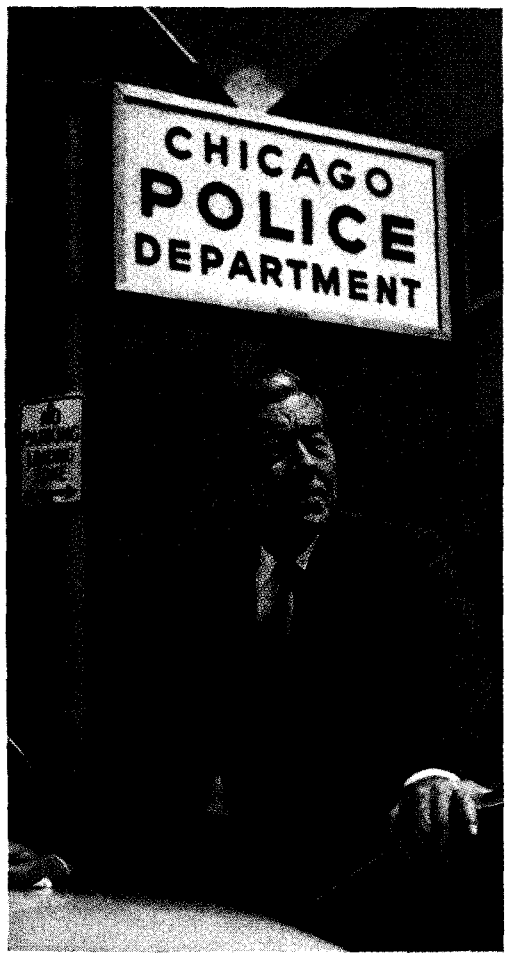
Amazing results: Magic Tops flex with the foot in action. Slip is gone! Gap is gone! Instead you'll feel a newer, firmer, foot-hugging fit!

They're new—they're sensational—
They're Magic Top by Florsheim!

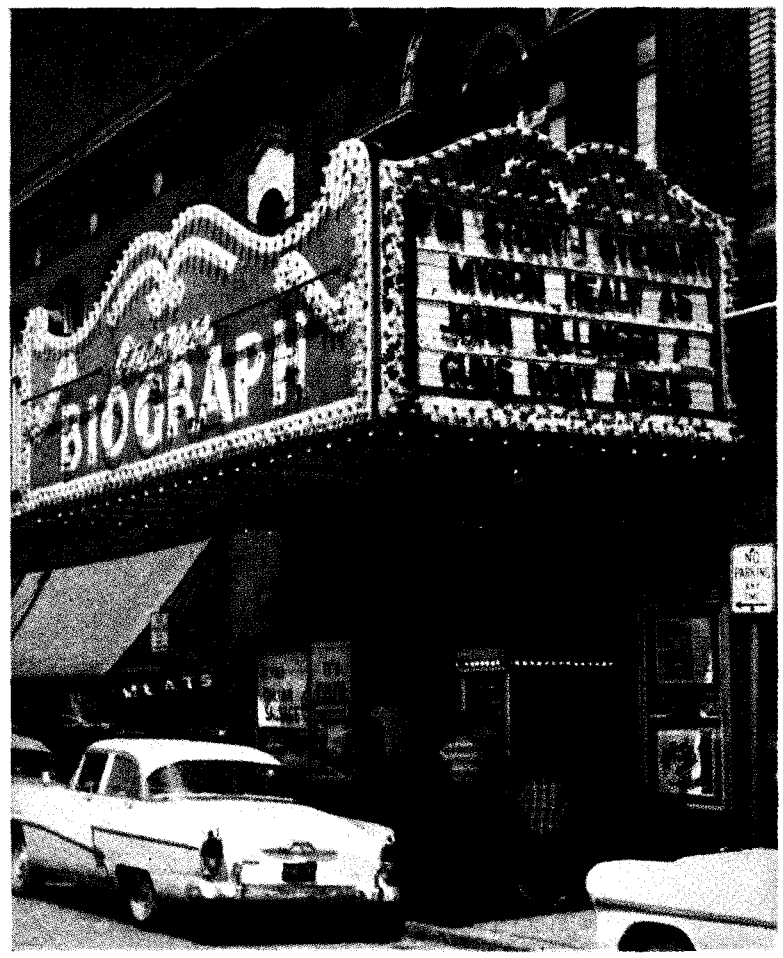
Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95 *Styles illustrated slightly higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Orlando Wilson, California criminologist, was appointed police superintendent last winter after police-department scandals were revealed.



The movie version of John Dillinger returns to the theater (The Biograph) where the notorious desperado was shot by FBI agents in 1934. Dillinger, bank robber and killer, added to Chicago's reputation as a crime-ridden city.

Store-front churches line the streets of the South Side's Black Ghetto, and the gutters are littered with discarded policy slips.

Henrici's, near City Hall, is known for its rich food, ornate furnishings and as the regular meeting place of local politicians.

three men followed him, grabbed him in his garage and took him away, and he has been seen no more. A detective friend of mine, Emil Smicklas, was born near here, son of Croatian immigrants, and he has arrested many a man he grew up with.

My tour proceeds to the South Side, the old heart of the Black Ghetto. Here half a million people live in a jungle, many of them field hands pouring up from Mississippi, and since they threw the garbage out the door of a sharecropper's shack back home it is not surprising they throw it in a hallway here. The foul smoke from burning trash hangs like a pall, and so do the effluvia of disease, poverty and crime. Everybody plays policy, the numbers racket, venturing a quarter on the improbable hope that a winner will exorcise all this misery. A few years ago a Negro ward committeeman I knew received in the mail a little black wooden coffin, a warning that the Syndicate was taking over policy; he resigned. Congressman William Dawson controls five wards here, 100,000 votes deliverable to any cause or candidate. All the faces on the streets are black, and the streets are lined with store-front churches, with little groceries selling neck bones and chitterlings, and everywhere vacant lots are piled with the rubble of buildings that have fallen down or have been torn down.

In recent years civic boosters have declared the slums are being wiped out. They are, daily; but daily, too, new slums are being created, and though the South Side is being rebuilt, the West Side and North Side are probably rotting faster. And Negroes have spilled out of the crumbling ghetto into white neighborhoods, amid mounting tension and threats of race riot. And thousands of white people have fled to the suburbs. Responsible people have said that in not many years Chicago, except for a fringe along the Gold Coast, will be inhabited only by Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and derelicts, ringed in by suburbs where pro-segregation citizens' councils dominate. In the past Chicago drew its strength from the successive waves of European immigrants which flowed over it, starting at the bottom to dig the city's sewers and rising to the top of business and profession; but this new immigrant wave, the Negro wave forced up from the troubled Deep South, is different, it is black, and whether Chicago—or other big Northern cities—can accommodate it and be enriched by it only the future can tell.

So ends my tour. I like it because it shows my visitors things they would not otherwise see. It is not all of Chicago, of course—not its great West Side medical center, its art treasures, its beauties. But it is my Chicago—the part I have written about, the spawning ground of political power and crime, and the place where dwell the millions who have built the city. What's more, it is the Chicago visitors want to see. For visitors yearn to believe Chicago wicked, if only because it makes them feel virtuous. Chicago is everybody's whipping boy.

Chicago's boosters would say, with some justice, no doubt, that I do the city's reputation no good by my tour. Chicago's defenders have always been numerous, sensitive and vociferous. Many years ago Rudyard Kipling visited Chicago and said, "This place is the first American city I have encountered. Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages." Chicago was outraged. A few years ago when A. J. Liebling wrote a series of magazine articles making the point, among others, that Chicago is a "second city" to New York, Chicagoans all but hanged him from the nearest handbook steeple, and a society columnist reported, "Mrs. Bryan S. Reid was so put out at a weekly magazine's scurrilous portrait of Chicago she is considering cancellation of her subscription as a protest."

Only recently when Billy Graham, the evangelist, said that Chicago's reputation was "the worst in the world," Mayor Dick Daley was deeply wounded. The mayor invited the Rev. Dr. Graham to accompany him on a tour of the city to view its glories, and the Rev. Dr. Graham indicated he might accept, for he hoped, if God so willed, to come to Chicago soon: "Chicago is in need of a revival." His advent would be nothing new: More than half a century ago a man wrote a book titled *If Christ Came to Chicago!*, and ministers and other reformers periodically led crusades and parades through the tenderloin district, and in one parade a float was emblazoned, somewhat enigmatically, "THE CUBS MUST CUT OUT CIGARETTES," SAYS MURPHY.

Chicago's defenders usually make two points: That Chicago's reputation for wickedness was born during Prohibition, and that it is a reputation undeserved today. They are mistaken on both counts.

As to the history of Chicago's reputation, when Father Marquette arrived on the site of Chicago, he found a nearby bootlegger selling liquor to the Indians. The writer Lloyd Lewis tells us that the census which admitted Illinois to the Union was crooked. In 1857 the *Tribune* cried, "The city is at the mercy of the criminal classes." The Great Fire that leveled the heart of Chicago in 1871 was widely viewed as divine retribution for wickedness. In 1907 a muckraker wrote in *McClure's* magazine: "The reputation of Chicago for crime has fastened upon the imagination of the United States as that of no other city has done. . . . Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime? Because of the tremendous and elaborate organizations, financial and political, for creating and attracting and protecting the criminal in Chicago." Matters reached a climax on St. Valentine's Day, 1929, when six gangsters and a "doctor of optometry" were machine-gunned by other gangsters in a garage.

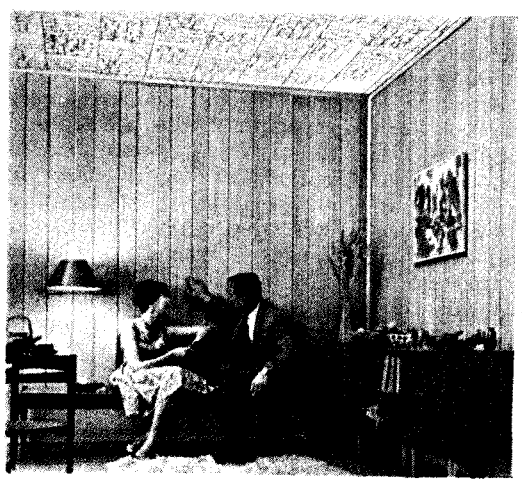
From the beginning the reformers were as busy as the criminals. In 1857 police tore down shanties in the Sands, a vice district by the river. In the 1890's Marshall Field, Cyrus McCormick Jr., Jane Addams and Mrs. Potter Palmer set up the Civic Federation. But the Vice Commission reported in 1911 that despite all uplift the city housed 5000 prostitutes, "practically no attempt" had been made to enforce the laws and the public seemed indifferent. In 1926, when an assistant state's attorney was machine-gunned in front of a Cicero speak-easy, "Who Killed McSwiggin?" became a battle cry that seemed about to drive the gangsters from the city. But all the uproar came to naught. (Al Capone granted an interview: "Of course, I didn't kill him. Why should I? I (*Continued on Page 86*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Build a better way of life with wood products . . . Rely on **Simpson®**

Wall and Partition: Easy-Wall Cherry Mist.
Ceiling: Forestone Driftwood texture.*

As easy as 1, 2, 3... SUDDENLY, IT'S A NEW ROOM!



Now you can transform a cluttered basement, attic or garage into a place of beauty and comfort. Simpson's new "room maker" products are so easy to apply, the job can be done easily in just hours. And with so little cost, too! All you need to do to accomplish this Saturday miracle is: (1) Install a famous Forestone ceiling . . . to keep the room beautifully quiet. (2) Install Easy-Wall Paneling over existing walls. (3) Install wall-thick Easy-Wall Partitions where desired.

Easy-Wall products are prefinished with a tough vinyl plastic coating that will not stain, fade or discolor. Both Partitions and Paneling combine the sound proofing and structural qualities of insulating board with the luxury of beautiful Cherry grained hardboard paneling. All of this protected by the most carefree finish imaginable.

SEE YOUR LUMBER DEALER, OR WRITE:
Simpson, Room 2020K
Washington Bldg., Seattle 1, Wash.

Rely on Simpson for the finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products; Plywood and Doors; Engineered Wood Products. — Quality Since 1895

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Pat. No. 2,791,289 ST-06/2951

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 84*) liked the kid. . . . I paid McSwiggin and I paid him plenty, and I got what I was paying for.")

When a *Tribune* crime reporter, Jake Lingle, was shot down in 1930, everyone agreed that this time the gangsters had gone too far. But soon it was discovered that Lingle, whose salary was only sixty-five dollars a week, had an income of $60,000 a year, maintained a fancy suite at an expensive hotel and had been awarded a diamond studded belt by Capone. In 1952 a Republican ward committeeman was murdered on the street, but after months of uproar nothing happened, and the chief reformer, running for mayor, was soundly defeated by the machine. The way of the reformer in Chicago is hard. The machine has the votes, the people yawn, sometimes such a martyr as Lingle turns out to be a bum. Paddy Bauler, an aged alderman who runs his ward from his saloon, put it well in 1955: "Chicago ain't ready for reform."

During all these years Chicago was fleshing out its reputation. It became renowned not only as the national crime capital but also for doing things in a big way, for being a free-wheeling, go-getting town. It made the river run backward. It filled in the lake. It nursed, if it did not invent, the skyscraper. In the '20's it built itself mightily. Even its calamities were excessive—it burned itself up in 1871, and it nearly tore itself to pieces in the race riot of 1919.

It is, however, to the reputation of Chicago as corrupt and crime-ridden that her defenders object. They insist this reputation has been undeserved in recent years. Has it?

Investigators for the Senate Rackets Committee who invaded Chicago a couple of years ago soon withdrew in confusion and rout. Chicago was too much for them. Chicago, they felt, was the most corrupt city in America. What made it run was a corrupt alliance of politicians, police, Syndicate big shots, union leaders and businessmen. Hoodlums have dominated some unions here for many years and still do. Businessmen who need a driveway permit, big merchants who want to vacate an alley, contractors who want city business, prefer to deal with politicians privately. Many saloonkeepers have found they must get on with their district police captain, lest they be framed by an underage prostitute sent in to buy a drink. And they must buy some of their supplies from Syndicate firms.

Old-fashioned cash graft may have diminished; politicians today get rich in insurance, real estate, or other businesses where political influence counts. One day a friend of mine received a phone call from a politician's colleague, an insurance man, who told him that unless the caller got the insurance on a building my friend owned, city building inspectors would descend on it ruinously. A while back a supervisor of vaults for the county assessor was charged with being an accessory to a confidence game, numerous city employees were found to be doing no work for their pay, and an employee of the bureau of sewers was murdered with a shotgun.

Gambling no longer runs wide open downtown, but it is easy to get a bet down. Prostitutes are easy to find. Clip joints cheat visiting firemen. Now and then a politician is kidnaped or assassinated. So expert are Chicago thieves, or so well-protected by the police, that burglary-insurance rates here are among the highest in the nation, and in some parts of Chicago it is impossible to insure a mink coat against theft: No insurance company will accept so grave a risk.

The Syndicate never seems far away. A while back a lady I know, attempting to organize a mothers' committee at her child's private school, insisted to another mother that she participate until her friend told her gently that it would be inappropriate—her true name was not the one she was known by at school, for her husband is one of the most feared leaders of the Syndicate. When the daughter of a Syndicate leader had a birthday party, the mothers of some of the invited guests expressed misgivings, but were assured by the hostess that the children would be perfectly safe, for they would be picked up in a bulletproof car. Earlier this year the proprietor of a Rush Street restaurant favored by Syndicate men disappeared; two months later his body was found, and his widow said, "How can I phone our son at Harvard and tell him his father was found in a sewer?"

Now, when I came to town in the 1930's, everybody accepted all this cheerfully as the Chicago way. But times change, and during the dozen years before 1959 Chicago's leaders pretended crime and corruption did not exist. During the benign reign of Mayor Martin Kennelly and the vigorous rule of Mayor Dick Daley, wide-open downtown gambling ceased, and the police commissioner firmly and repeatedly declared, "There is no Syndicate in Chicago." And the city seemed to be rebuilding.

Superhighways sliced through slums. The St. Lawrence Seaway opened. New industries arose. Universities and medical centers expanded. New apartment buildings sprang up along the lake shore. New office buildings appeared downtown. Planners and editorialists proclaimed a rebirth of the central city. Mayor Daley took tours to witness the rebirth. He proclaimed it. He announced that suburbanites were returning. Did minor scandals erupt in city government? Daley moved on them quickly. When in 1959 there was talk that he might run for governor, even Republican newspapers entreated him not to desert his city. Thus for a dozen dreary years Chicago dwelt in an atmosphere of virtue, prosperity and progress. Then last winter the roof fell in, and we were back to Capone.

It began in the fall. A police lieutenant was discovered touring Europe with Tony Accardo, aging head of the Syndicate, together with their wives. Hearts lifted a little, faith was renewed. But the police commissioner repeated that there was no Syndicate, and the lieutenant was suspended for associating with a gangster. (And rumor had it that the Syndicate suspended Accardo for associating with a policeman.)

Then Roger Touhy was assassinated. The day after that historic occasion, as I have said, I met my Eastern friends, who are artists, for lunch, and the noon editions were filled with gory photographs of Touhy, deathbed descriptions, expert opinions on the prospects for a renewal of gang warfare, and fond reminiscences of the good old days when bodies were dropping all over town. We dined at Henrici's, an excellent ornate place established before the Great Fire, decorated with dark oil paintings and gilded plaster cherubs. Located near City Hall, Henrici's is favored by politicians, and on any ordinary day you can see judges, aldermen and bulky ward committeemen lunching there.

Sure enough, today at a table near ours sat the Hon. Thomas J. Courtney, now Judge of Circuit Court, formerly state's attorney. As prosecutor, Courtney, on evidence gathered by his chief investigator, Dan (Tubbo) Gilbert, once called the world's richest cop, had sent Touhy to prison in 1933 for kidnaping John (Jake the Barber) Factor. Touhy always had claimed that he had been framed, and a Federal judge had once agreed. A few weeks ago Touhy had been paroled; last night he had been shot dead and his bodyguard wounded. Today everybody in Henrici's, or nearly everybody, was speculating about Touhy's death.

A newspaperman had asked the police commissioner if he thought hoodlums had shot Touhy in retaliation for something he did in the 1920's, and the commissioner had replied, "There are no hoodlums in Chicago." (A man I know wrote to him subsequently, inquiring if he thought Touhy had been shot by a committee of bank presidents.) At lunch one of my friends, Mrs. Ben Shahn, said the line "There are no hoodlums in Chicago" ought to be set to music. When presently Judge Courtney arose from his table and strolled out through the crowded restaurant, smiling and waving a wide-brimmed hat at friends, a murmur of sound ran through the room which must have been not unlike the flutter of excitement that years ago had attended the departure from a public place of Alphonse Capone. "It's all so lovely," beamed Mrs. Shahn.

She should have stuck around; for only a few weeks later the last illusion that Chicago had reformed was shattered. A young burglar said he and several policemen had been partners in crime. At first he merely had stolen merchandise to their order, he said, but later they had acted as his lookouts, helped him carry merchandise out of stores and hauled it away in squad cars. (The policemen were indicted, but the indictments were later dismissed.)

The police scandals spread. A policeman told the *Tribune* that thirty-nine gambling joints operated in one police district and that the Syndicate arranged the promotion of policemen. The *Tribune* reported that Syndicate usurers regularly lent money to professional burglars so they could pay off the police, charging 10 per cent interest per month. Large numbers of policemen were given lie-detector tests. It was charged later that some cops about to take them were given tranquilizing pills at a Democratic ward headquarters. Newspapers printed "thumbnail sketches" of Syndicate big shots. Civic leaders met in emergency at the Union League Club. The mayor returned from Florida. The police commissioner became the goat: He resigned. The state legislature met in special session. In the midst of the uproar a union leader considered an opponent of hoodlums was murdered, and the *Tribune*, offering a $25,000 reward, declared the mob had gone too far: "This newspaper means business." It was all like old times.

The mayor appointed a California criminologist, Orlando W. Wilson, superintendent of police. Wilson asked the public to support him: To stop carrying five- and ten-dollar bills clipped to their drivers' licenses, an old Chicago custom ensuring against arrest if stopped for speeding. And Wilson went on television and admitted what public officials had denied for years, saying in effect, as the *Sun-Times* put it, "Yes, Chicago, there is a crime syndicate."

Chicago enjoyed it all immensely. Jokes went round the bars. The Outer Drive had become, at least for speeders and pursuing cops, "the last outpost of collective bargaining." A speeding motorist, halted by a policeman, had asked, "What is it—a pinch or a stick-up?" Wilson had said he didn't want his cops working as part-time bartenders; the bartenders had passed a resolution barring members from working part time as policemen. Police in district stations, mindful of the assorted merchandise their brethren had stolen, had taken to answering the phone, "Good morning, Polk Brothers," Polk Brothers being a large discount house. Many policemen slunk around like lepers. But not all. One stopped a newspaperman for speeding and engaged him in conversation and, when the newsman's son asked from the back seat, "What's that cop trying to do, pop—blackmail you?" the policeman stuck his head in the car and said, "What the hell's it look like, sonny?" This story is held vastly amusing.

What is this Chicago spirit so indestructible? It was perhaps best epitomized a few years ago when, during a scandal over horse meat—gangsters and others had conspired to sell horse meat for hamburger—butchers asked housewives, "How do you want your hamburger—win, place or show?" Chicago's slang vocabulary reflects its breezy spirit—clout for influence, fix for bribe, kinky for dishonest.

Chicago is a friendly town. During the war it was known everywhere as the best serviceman's town in America. It is a tolerant town. People approve aldermen's wearing $300 suits. Congressional investigators say sixty-four Chicago disc jockeys accepted bribes, quaintly called payola these days, a claim no other city can make (only twenty-three in Los Angeles). Chicago, remember, houses the only major-league baseball team that ever threw a World Series (so far as is known, a true Chicagoan would add darkly). Civic leaders lobbying a bill through the legislature enlisted the aid of the West Side Bloc, the Syndicate's political-action arm. Crime is played heavily in all Chicago papers. It is avidly read. "This is your sport," a visitor said to me recently. "This is your baseball."

Chicago is an openhanded, openhearted, young and foolish town. Chicagoans believe (*Continued on Page 90*)

He Was My Teacher

By Ralph W. Seager

He harrowed minds with
curving question marks,
Teaching as much outside the
book as in;
He'd listen out the window for
spring larks,
Postponing Euclid's chalky
discipline.

He kept the bur of "Why?"
beneath the tail
Of every sluggard slouched
down in his seat,
Our spines came straight—we
did not dare to fail,
And we survived by thinking
on our feet.

He was my teacher—wise—yet
hard as knots,
I tried to pick him loose and so
undo him.
But he was miles ahead of all
my plots:
I've found instead that he has
tied me to him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Try the new gasoline discovery ... Methyl*, first new antiknock compound since Ethyl®. Methyl stands up under extreme temperatures, spreads more evenly throughout all cylinders of your engine. 4 billion miles of customer driving prove new Methyl gives better knock-free performance than any other antiknock compound. Another way that *we take better care of your car!*

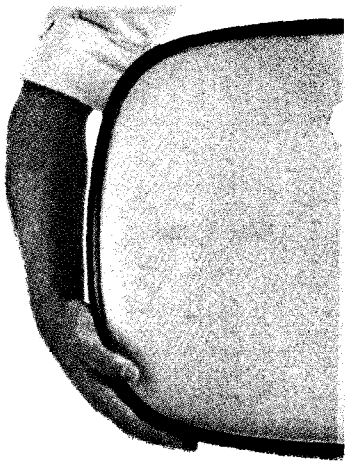
Methyl

*Methyl—trademark for antiknock compound

Exclusive in all three Chevron gasolines—at no increase in price!

STANDARD STATIONS, INC.
CHEVRON DEALERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New things from skilled hands

TABLE GLASSWARE. The beauty and practicality of Libbey *Safedge* glassware now encompass many research-born innovations in new and durable surface treatments.

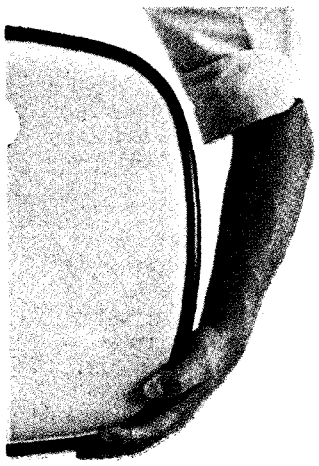
CONVENIENCE PACKAGES.

This glass container has an *adjustable* ball applicator. Liquid flow is controlled simply by tightening or loosening the fitment.

Owens-Illinois is one of the prime developers of the remarkable new disposable "Handy" beer bottle, sometimes called the "Glass Can."

The quality standard of Owens-Illinois blown plastic containers is leading the industry. Colorful, rugged, featherweight.

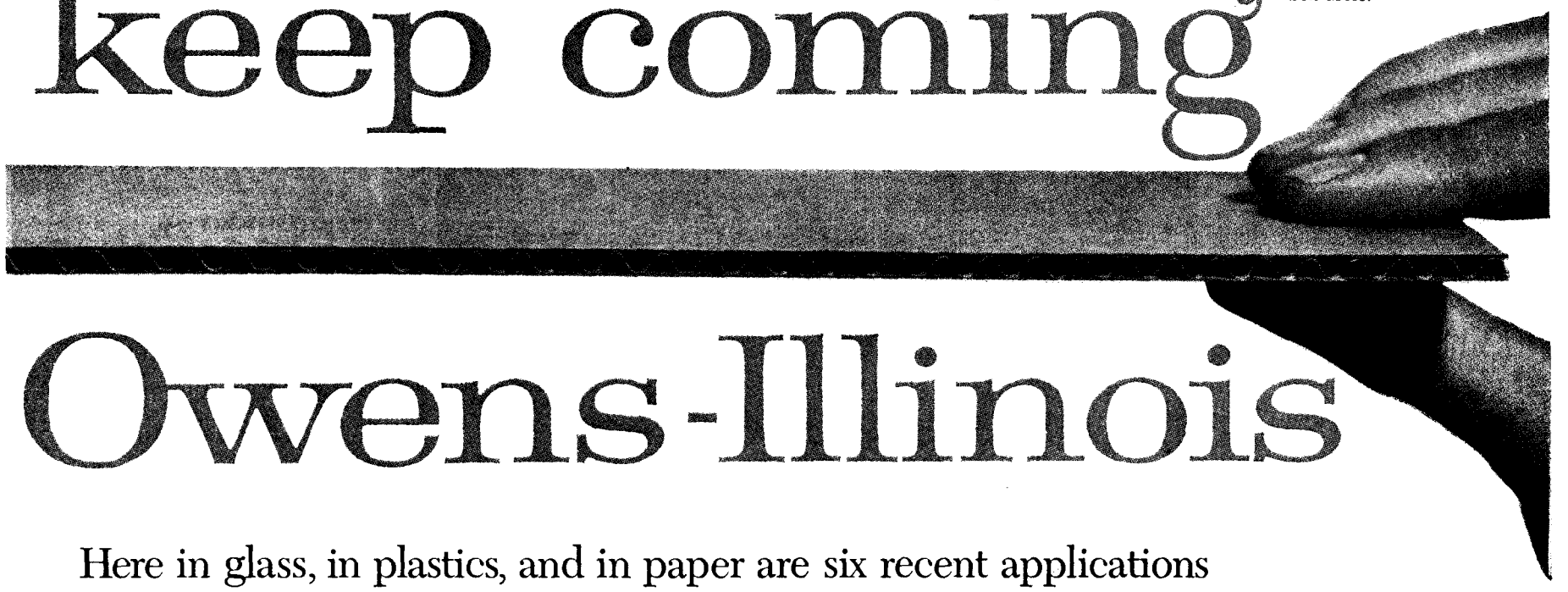
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ELECTRONICS. Owens-Illinois originated the rectangular TV bulb. Now research has solved the remaining problem of transmitting as clear an electronic pattern to the far corners of the screen as to the center, without sacrifice of compact design or the expense of power-boosting components.

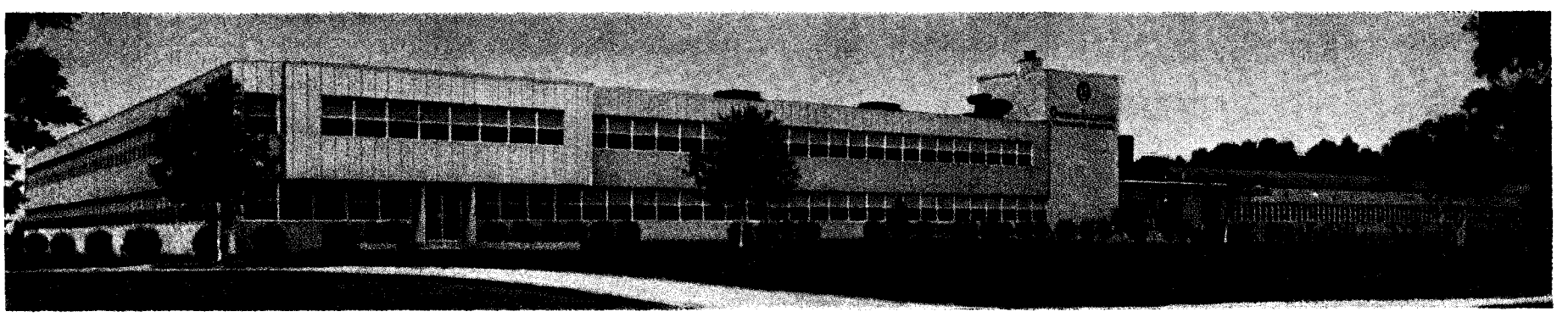
CORRUGATED BOXES. Our research challenged even the long-established "C-flute" contour, a basic arch in corrugated board. Result: substantially improved flat crush strength at no extra cost to box users.

keep coming

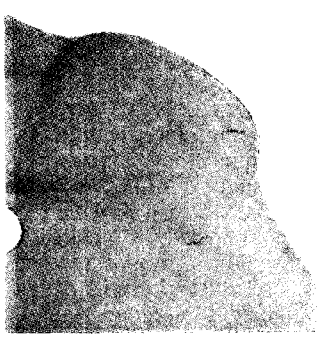


Owens-Illinois

Here in glass, in plastics, and in paper are six recent applications of Owens-Illinois engineering and research. Each reflects a prime concern for customer needs... combined with systematic study... in an atmosphere where skill and imagination are encouraged to grow.



Research leads to a better tomorrow at Owens-Illinois Technical Center, Toledo 1, Ohio. For a colorful insight into Owens-Illinois research, write for our 20-page booklet.



MAKERS OF (O) PRODUCTS

OWENS-ILLINOIS

GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 86*) that everything is fixed. During the recent police scandals an earnest alderman, addressing businessmen, concluded from their questions that they do not want reform, but prefer a wide-open town—it's good for business. Some newspaper delivery trucks habitually break traffic laws. Newspaper reporters have been known to accept sizable sums of money as Christmas gifts from politicians they cover. A man I know who recently opened an office in Chicago encountered one frustration after another in getting routine services connected—until friends told him whom to get in touch with. "It is universal," he said in awe. "You have to be able to say 'Joe sent me' everywhere." This society runs on clout.

Europeans call Chicago the most American city. Perhaps it appears so American in part because Chicago believes in the fix, in clout, in payola, and so, it often seems, does America. Money in a headwaiter's palm, a word to a judge's bailiff that the accused is a ward leader's friend, a phone call to an alderman if you want an alley vacated, a five-dollar bill clipped to the driver's license—this is clout. Perhaps clout is what America has instead of a caste system. In closed European society, privilege is reserved for the upper classes, extreme privilege for nobility, and it is denied the lower classes entirely. In America, especially in Chicago, a man born poor may rise through society by his wits, and if by his wits he can amass money or influence, he may use it to procure privilege. Clout is nothing more than privilege. It works in America, especially in Chicago. If Chicago didn't exist, America would have to invent it.

Chicago's real power—and its limitation—lies in the depressed multitudes who dwell and toil in the miles and miles of flats and factories. It remains a seedbed, a hospitable first-stop opportunity for Midwest young people. But so many talented ones move on to the coasts, leaving the second-rate here. Chicago is a stopover city, as few cities are.

What kind of place is it to live? Terrible, really. The winters are cruel, with punishing winds, slush knee-deep at clogged sewers. The summer heat is stifling. Every spring the streets go to pieces. At rush hour, subways are jammed, so are the weaving buses and the commuter trains, and the Outer Drive is a bumper-to-bumper fifty-mile-an-hour nightmare. In 1854 citizens complained because small dead fish came out the faucets in their kitchens; they complain of the same thing today, and in some parts of the city when you draw a tub of water the bottom of the tub is occasionally covered with sand. People buy drinking water in supermarkets and lug it home. They buy private filters to keep the sand out. They report that the filters help.

The stockyards stink, the streets are filthy, restaurants are overcrowded, a hotel room is often impossible to obtain, and so is a place to park. Many people are afraid to go abroad on the streets at night. On Lake Shore Drive, life in Chicago is lovely—for the few. For the millions, life in Chicago is toil and ugliness, if it is not squalor and privation.

Me? I live in a suburb. I love Chicago, but I wouldn't live in it if you gave it to me. I share my wife's feelings, though. She was born there, and she says, "I never think of Chicago any more till I drive down the Outer Drive and see all those tall buildings and see how pretty the lake is, and then I feel excited and wonder why I stayed away so long. I don't ever feel strange there; I always feel at home. I think it's the people. The people of Chicago are wonderful."

They are. These big cities are, really, monuments to human endurance. People will put up with anything; they can survive everything. Chicago is quite possibly the worst place to live in the United States—except maybe New York. Some people tell me New York is unspeakably worse. If so, in this too, ignominiously, Chicago comes in second.

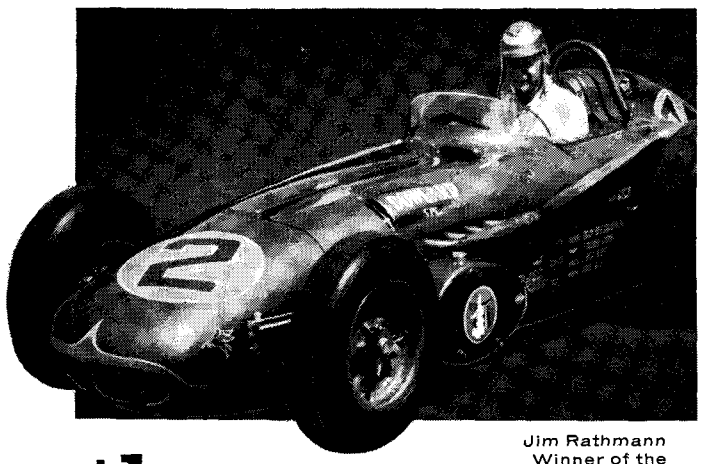
THE END

You Think You Have Problems?

By Loyd Rosenfield

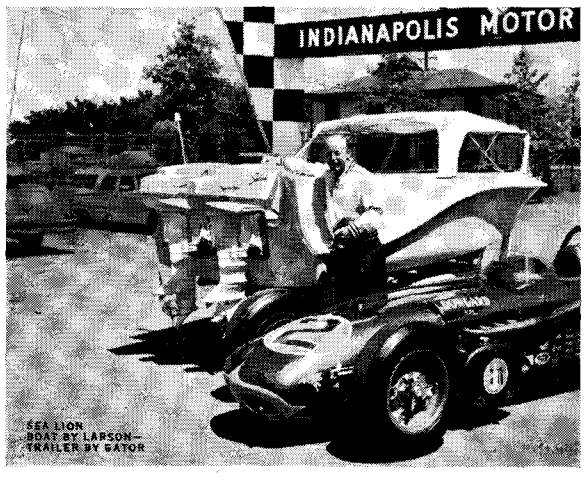
My day grows gloomy in a hurry
When I awake without a worry;
When creditors send no epistle
And I've no pains I never whistle,
And when I've no domestic deadlock
To break, I think how dull is wedlock,
For when my friends tell me each trouble
It's my delight to come back double.

Name: Jim Rathmann
Occupation: Race Driver
Residence: Miami, Florida
Family: Wife Kay, Son James Todd
Hobbies: Boating, Fishing

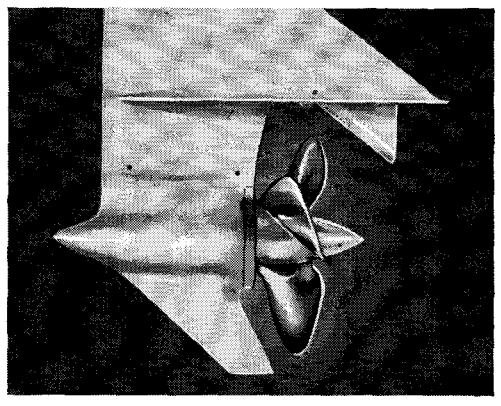


Jim Rathmann
Winner of the
Indianapolis "500"

No pit stops on the water...and none needed



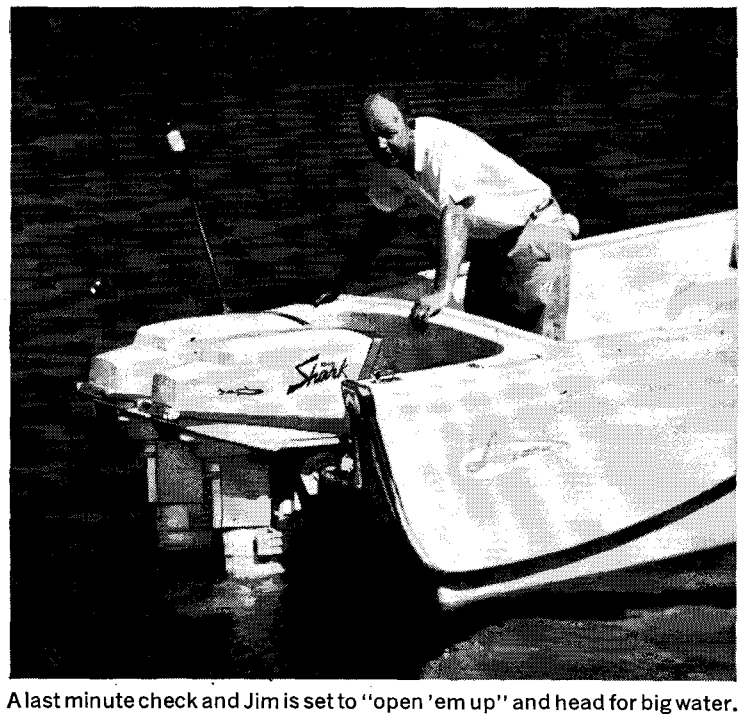
A racing veteran with 11 years in running at Indianapolis and over 6000 miles of competitive racing. "My boat's for fun and it's more fun with these motors," says Jim.



A big feature of the West Bend 1961 Golden Shark 40 HP is the all-new, slim and sleek "Torpedo" Lower Unit that adds up to 10% more speed to your boat.

Jim Rathmann says, "The Indianapolis '500' proves whether or not racing cars can take it, and 'big water' does the same thing for outboards. West Bends can sure take it. I'll vouch for 'em. I use a pair of Golden Shark 40's in the Florida Keys and get top performance.

"I like the dependable 'home-stretch' power that's there when I need it. West Bend has many features that make my boating and fishing trips a pleasure."



A last minute check and Jim is set to "open 'em up" and head for big water.

Men who depend on motors recommend

WEST BEND

West Bend Aluminum Co. • Outboard Motor Division • Hartford, Wisconsin
West Bend Aluminum Co. (Canada) Ltd., Barrie, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Killer at the Door (Continued from Page 37)

From the living room came sighs and the sound of bodies turning on a lumpy davenport. "Get your elbow out of my mouth," said one of McQuade's large sons. There was no sound from his daughters, who were peacefully asleep upstairs.

"It wasn't Stella I was complaining about," McQuade said in an attempt at *rapprochement*. "After all, Stella's not too bright, but that albatross she married ——"

"Yes, Joe?" Mary said, advancing. "Go on?" Her maneuver, shrewdly timed, was to pick up yesterday's paper, refold it to the dominant photograph on page one, then wave it like a flag. "Suppose we forget about Grover for a moment and talk about your friend Willy Zucks—a common murderer."

She dropped the paper on his plate so that the baleful eyes of Willy Zucks looked up at him like two fried eggs. There was no denying he had long been a pampered favorite with McQuade.

"Let's have Willy sit down to dinner with our daughters again," she said, "so they can giggle over how 'different' he is—if you catch him, that is, and with the warden's permission."

McQuade sat silent, taking the punishment he had earned. Willy Zucks, the newspaper would inform you, was a five-and-ten-cent hustler who had been lofted into awesome orbit by virtue of two projectiles fired into the chest and umbilicus of Edward (Big Jupiter) Fargo, a major-league hoodlum and reigning prince of profitable crime—until 1:05 A.M. of the preceding Thursday.

"Did he or didn't he kill Ed Fargo?"

"There's not the slightest doubt about it," McQuade said, "so you and the D.A. can relax. Five witnesses saw Big Jupe stumble out of the alley. They saw Willy run with the gun and jump in a cab."

Mary set the paper aside. "I didn't mean to needle you," she said. "I mean—well, I meant it all right, but it wasn't the nicest thing to do." Their glances met then, and her expression was suddenly softer than it had been. "I suppose we've both got the habit of saying stupid things."

She was a handsome woman—spirited, as always, but without much talent for nursing a grievance of this sort. If twenty-two years of life with McQuade had rubbed the bloom of the bride to a more enduring patina, it only proved what he always said—that adversity builds character. He got up from the table.

"You're worried about Willy, aren't you?" she said.

"Let's just say I don't want another killing in the precinct." It was more than that, but he didn't feel equal to a sentimental recitation of how much more—or why.

"Does Willy have any relatives?" she asked.

"One aunt. She's eighty-five years old and she's in the Finchley Sanitarium—a corner room."

"Who pays for that?"

"Willy. We found that out the first twenty minutes. The bill's paid every week, almost on time—one hundred and sixty dollars in cash."

"Where would he get that kind of money?"

"I wish I knew."

Neither of them had heard Stella approach the kitchen in the flat-soled, pompon slippers Grover had given her for Christmas, 1946. She was three years older than Mary, five inches shorter, and her face was as round as a clock. McQuade had even heard it said that Stella was a saint, if you could take your saints completely without salt. She kissed Mary good morning and then she kissed McQuade. She carried a large cup with a spoon in it. The cup was inscribed: PAJAMA POWWOW, ATLANTIC CITY, 1951.

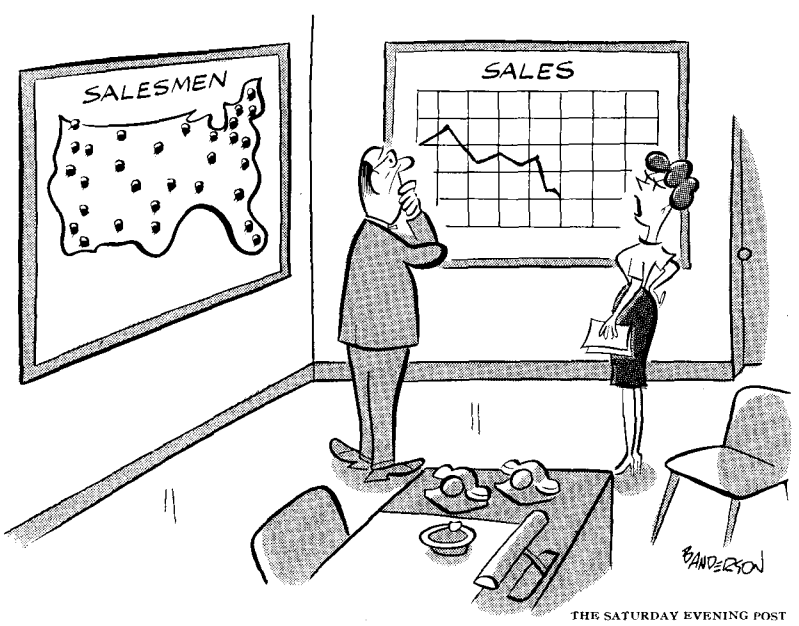
"I want to fix a nice cup of hot water for Grover," Stella said. "It sort of clears his system, if you know what I mean."

"I have the kettle right here," Mary said. "It was boiling a minute ago." She went to the stove, and Stella smiled, waiting with the cup. Stella, in her devotion to Grover, was a hole-in-the-head unrivaled by anything McQuade could think of except a boiled egg ready to be eaten from the shell. Another of her virtues was a total lack of artifice.

"Grover wants to have his hair cut, Joe, but he doesn't want to pay the two dollars."

"Then he'd better borrow the hedge clipper," said McQuade. Mary's eyes flashed a warning. "That's a joke," he explained.

Stella smiled again. "We have a place in Textile Falls that does it for a dollar and a quarter. He's just old-fashioned about it, I like to say."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suggest you take the pins out of the map and stick them into your salesmen."

finally I tried TREWAX!

CLEAR PASTE

For hardwood, linoleum, cork, terrazzo and parquet floors. Also for natural finished furniture or woods. Withstands constant and heavy traffic.

TREWAX GOLD LABEL

Self-polishing. For asphalt and rubber tile, linoleum, vinyl, terrazzo. Retains its gloss even after repeated damp moppings. U.L. approved slip resistant.

LIQUID TREWAX

For asphalt tile, rubber tile, vinyl tile and linoleum floors. Mar-proof and water-resistant! Most important, it will not discolor.

TREWAX INDIAN SAND

Rejuvenates old, worn and soiled hardwood floors without resanding—hardwood floors become like new again. Restores the natural hardwood color.

"If I'd only known sooner! TREWAX is the true quality floor wax that guarantees safety, beauty and protection for all my floors...lasts twice as long because TREWAX is enriched with over 50% imported Carnauba, the world's hardest, natural wax."

BUY TREWAX AT ALL HARDWARE, PAINT, FLOOR COVERING AND DEPARTMENT STORES...BUILDING SUPPLY DEALERS TOO.

For nearest home or industrial dealer write: Trewax, Box 709, Culver City, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And cheap too, McQuade wanted to add, but in kindness to Stella, forbore. The kettle whistled, and Mary carefully filled the cup with boiling water. "Wouldn't you like some coffee, Stella?"

"Maybe later, dear, when Grover's system is clear." Her hair was piled high with large metal curlers like the wheels of roller skates. Her soft eyes rested on Mary. "I'm so excited about the Music Hall, aren't you?"

Mary nodded, casting a quick glance at McQuade.

"What about the Music Hall?" he wanted to know.

"Grover got tickets for the early show," Mary said.

"He what?"

"You heard me. Five tickets to the Music Hall—for the girls, for Stella and for me."

It's a lie, he wanted to say. *The Music Hall doesn't give tickets for trading stamps, so it has to be a lie.* But he controlled himself. "That's very nice," he said.

Stella's smile rewarded him. She started off with the steaming cup, then stopped in pleased surprise. The source of her pleasure was the unexpected appearance of Grover—rarely an early riser on convention trips—in pajamas and matching robe.

"Couldn't you sleep, dear?"

"I suppose it doesn't matter," Grover said. He looked back over his shoulder, reacting to sounds from the street. "Damned garbage collectors—don't they ever run out of empty bottles?"

"It's a big city," McQuade reminded him. "There isn't time to sort it piece by piece." Mary looked worried.

"Back in Textile Falls we do it different," Grover said.

"Soundproof garbage in Textile Falls?"

"It's not impossible," Grover said, "when a community's on its toes." He added a shake of salt to his hot water and sipped it warily. "*Aagh!*" he gasped in appreciation. "*Aagh!*" There was a lot of Grover, whose silhouette was beginning to reflect the banquet tour. He frowned as the garbage truck departed the street like a six-ton tambourine. "No need for that at all."

"That's a nice ensemble you're wearing, Grover," Mary said. . . . "Don't you think so, Joe?"

McQuade said, "It should be a very popular number," and reserved to himself an observation that Grover looked like a polka-dotted whale. Grover then sat down with yesterday's paper to consider the likeness of Willy Zucks.

"A thing like this, for instance," Grover said. "Back home we wouldn't fool around."

"Grover," Stella said softly.

"Back in Textile Falls the sheriff would round up a few of us fellers, and we'd have this gypsy in the can so fast he'd think he was an anchovy."

McQuade breathed deeply. "Joe," said Mary in alarm.

He turned to her. "I haven't said a blessed word."

From the front of the house now they could hear Feeney, a plain-clothes cop, beeping the horn. It was time for McQuade to go.

Just before noon, after several hours with Homicide brass, uptown and down, McQuade told Feeney to let him out at Fordham Road. Willy Zucks, at this hour, had not been apprehended. "You want me to hang around?" said Feeney. "Or come back and pick you up?"

"No need for it, Tom. Like I told that bellyachin' deputy commissioner, when the job's in my own precinct, I'd as soon play the thing by ear."

He walked slowly north along the Grand Concourse, that wide and sometimes splendid boulevard within the heartland of the Bronx—"the borough beautiful." When he got as far as Poe Park, he was content to rest on a bench near the grandstand among the women and howling kids. The granite edifice of Carmody and Connors, morticians, was diagonally across the street. The day was rich with hasty summer, and the sun continued to climb. A fat man hawking "pratt-sils?" approached McQuade's bench with a yard-square wicker basket. His name was Lew, and he put the basket down.

"You want a pratt-sil, captain?"

"I don't know," McQuade said. "Maybe I do."

Lew sold what McQuade had long considered the ultimate pretzel—a loosely figure-eighted mass of unleavened dough about half the size of a baseball glove. It was unsalted, smooth to the touch as the surface of a bagel, but without a bagel's uranium density. McQuade gave Lew a dime.

"They're twelve cents, captain," Lew reminded him. "I guess I haven't seen you for a time."

Lew sat down next to McQuade, and from where they sat, when the passing traffic permitted, they had a fair view of the mass activity and social doings in front of Carmody and Connors. Six solemn men in striped pants carried one floral piece above their heads. It looked like a float in the Rose Bowl parade.

"It's been like this ever since yesterday," Lew said. "A rose is a rose is a rose, like the feller says. It ain't responsible for what happens to it, huh?"

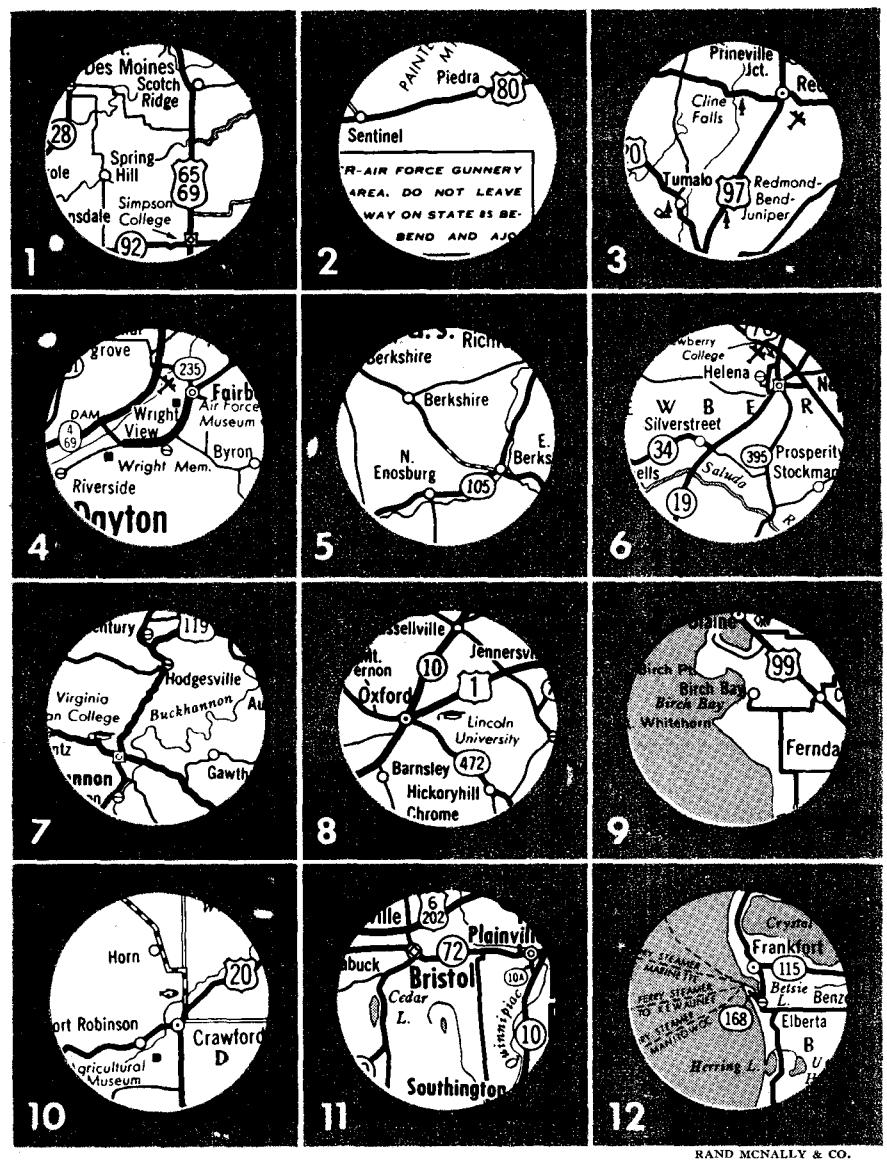
McQuade smiled wearily. He had heard it estimated that the waking and planting of Ed (Big Jupiter) Fargo would be the first thirty-thousand-dollar event of its kind in the neighborhood. It was not a statistic you could rely on, but it fitted the style and history of the deceased.

Mr. Fargo had earned the title "Big Jupiter" some years before at the peak of his prosperity. Allegedly, like the massive planet of the same name, he controlled a number of satellite communities on the broad perimeter of his home base—in Westchester County, New Jersey, Staten Island and a certain portion of Queens. Questioned about this by a Senate committee, Big Jupe had replied that astronomy was a subject neglected during his limited days at P.S. 46. Actually it was a name in which both Big Jupe and his family had taken pride, as witness the emergence of his more nefarious brother Ralph with the title "Little Jupe."

"Ralphie's there now," the pretzel man volunteered. "He come in a big green car with Joisey plates."

"I know he's there."

"I wouldn't want to be Willy Zucks," Lew said, his glance searching McQuade. "You know what I mean?"



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 96*)

McQuade said nothing. The pretzel, however splendid, had been dry, and was best consumed with a bottle of soda pop. He thought of Willy, hunted through the city and beyond, not only by the police but in deadlier fashion by the proficient bloodhounds of an underworld to which he had never really belonged. Willy's had become the scalp of the season. McQuade's imagination conjured Willy in so many states of flight and fear that he wished he were himself a man less prone to pity. Nor could McQuade forget that this petty, edge-of-the-law and purely local hustler had for many years been his friend. He saw his own persuasions mirrored in the fat face of the pretzel man. Lew's eyes were moist.

"Willy Zucks never killed nobody, captain."

"I'm sorry, but we know better," said McQuade.

He started across the wide street when the lights brought the northbound and southbound traffic to a halt. There were almost as many cops in front of the undertaking parlor as there were blue-chip, pedigreed thieves.

"It looks like a real nice social," McQuade said to a traffic lieutenant.

"Yep—a comin'-out party for Big Jupiter," the lieutenant said. "He'll come out heels first, the big slob, but he won't be goin' back."

McQuade attempted a smile. "Ralphie's inside, isn't he?"

"That's right. The Number One Mourner. I'd be careful, Joe."

"How careful?"

"Damned careful—if I was the cop that ran Ralphie out of the Bronx, and was also known as a friend of Willy Zucks."

"I had him tailed all the way in here, George, so I don't expect to lose track. How does he look?"

"Who?" the lieutenant asked him. "Do you mean Ralphie or the corpse?"

"Ralphie."

"Well, you know Ralphie. Always a showman, Joe—even before he built the mansion in New Jersey. To hear him carry on, you'd think that Willy Zucks shot Mother Machree."

McQuade went inside.

Edward (Big Jupiter) Fargo was laid out in the Valhalla Room and he had never looked so good. The wall of white roses behind the casket was laced with geraniums that spelled BELOVED BROTHER in a truly touching way. McQuade had no trouble seeing this in the jam-packed room because the thieves and their ladies backed away from him as though from a ticking bomb. He did not see Ralphie (Little Jupiter) Fargo among them. A mortician approached.

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Yeth," McQuade said and he felt like a fool. It was the pretzel that had thickened his tongue. He went out in the hall to the water cooler and corrected this, the mortician following.

"Yes, sir?" This was a real tag-along mortician.

"I'm looking for Ralphie and I'm sure it's no secret," said McQuade.

"Mr. Fargo, sir?"

"Oh, come on—get out of my way," McQuade said.

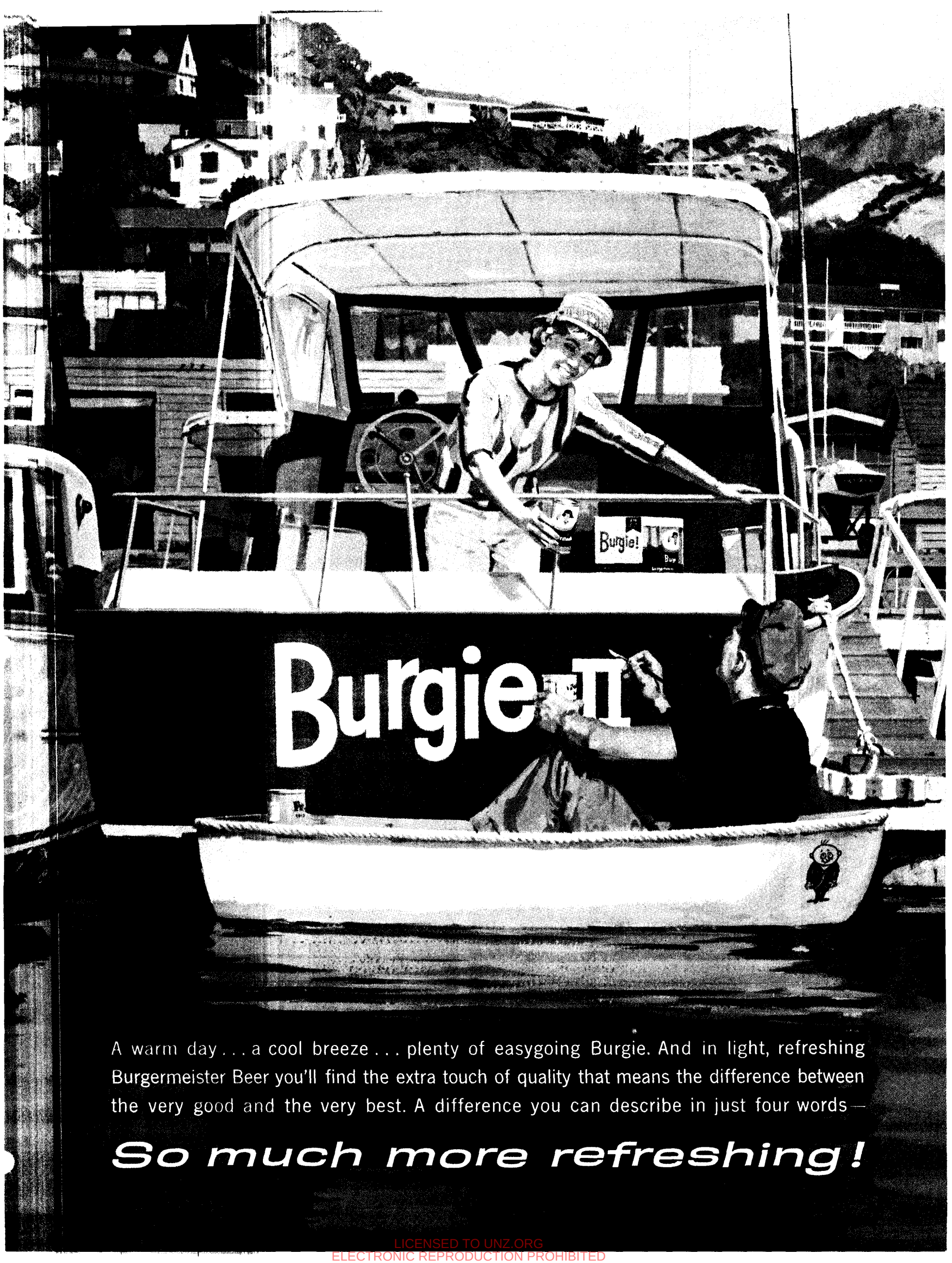
He searched with thoroughness and with the assistance of the two unhappy detectives who had been assigned to watch the emotional brother of the deceased. There was no trace of Ralphie. He was gone. One of the young cops turned woefully to McQuade.

"Joe," he said in embarrassment, "what do you think we should do?"

"Go home and shake the meringue out of your heads," McQuade said bitterly.

The fancy cars of the fancy hoodlums were parked as (*Continued on Page 94*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A warm day . . . a cool breeze . . . plenty of easygoing Burgie. And in light, refreshing Burgermeister Beer you'll find the extra touch of quality that means the difference between the very good and the very best. A difference you can describe in just four words—

So much more refreshing!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 92*) much as five blocks away. Near Jerome and Kingsbridge, three of the royalty stepped into an Alice-blue convertible, as unostentatious as a flag-decked carrousel. They looked at McQuade, and he looked at them. You'd think it was something an experienced cop would get over, but he always felt a kind of chill when he met that opaque stare. The car pulled away from the curb. McQuade kept walking.

The cab driver's name was Phil, and he was parked where he said he had been parked the night of the killing—opposite the armory, facing north on Jerome.

"It's like I told you five, six times already, captain. Willy hops in the cab. He has this warm gun in his hand an' he's at least two times as scared as me."

"How scared is that?"

"That's the end-of-the-world scared, captain. That's when you've had it. Willy looked like judgment day."

"All right. You saw him come out of the alley after he killed Big Jupe. He had a gun in his hand and he ran up to your cab. What'd he say to you?"

"He said, 'Get me outa here!' That's all he said. He jumps out of the cab in the Bedford Park tunnel and runs into the Independent Subway. Two minutes later I'm talking to nineteen cops. Maybe ten minutes later I'm talking to you."

"We've had this waltz before," McQuade said wearily.

"You don't believe me, captain?"

"I do believe you. That's what hurts."

"Well, thanks."

"No thanks at all."

"They'll kill him, won't they?" the cabbie said.

McQuade expressed no opinion.

"Willy was a nice feller, captain. I mean, you couldn't even call him a crook the last few years—except for hustlin' a few chumps in a friendly game of pool."

McQuade moved on. A good bit later, with his legs protesting, he climbed the steep set of stairs to Arthur's Uptown Academy, a vintaged poolroom above an ice-cream parlor on Fordham Road. He had been there that morning and twice the day before—three tries, and no cigar. This time, at four in the afternoon, with the race results coming over the low-tuned radio, there was nobody there but Arthur. It had never happened before.

"I don't frighten people this easily," McQuade said, looking around. "Who else was here?"

"I didn't hear you, Joe—what's that you say?"

Arthur, an ageless, sparrow-thin man, wore the only sleeve garters McQuade had seen in recent years. He also wore a surprised and scared expression very much at odds with his traditional aplomb. A halo of sweat gave a high shine to his hairless head. It was not that warm today.

"How long ago was Ralphie Fargo here?" McQuade said then. He snapped his fingers briskly and forgot his tiredness. "Come on! Come on! Come on!"

Arthur wiped the top of his head with a handkerchief. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he said.

McQuade walked in and out of the empty washroom, then explored the enclosed space where the private cues were kept. Willy Zucks' cue—No. 5—was in its place, a two-piece job as exquisitely fashioned as a hundred-dollar fishing rod. On the far side of the poolroom a door labeled EMERGENCY EXIT led to an alternate set of empty stairs. McQuade walked back to Arthur.

"All the goblins are gone," McQuade said. "We can talk now."

Arthur's head seemed uncomfortable on his neck. McQuade looked closer and saw the angry scratches and the little blots of blood along the thin man's collar line.

"I could take Ralphie's prints off the meat of your neck," McQuade assured him. "Suppose we don't waste time."

Arthur raised the handkerchief to his collar. "So it's a public poolroom," he said. "Can I help it if he walked in?"

"Who was with him?"

"He was alone."

"How many customers were here?"

"Three or four nobodies, without the price to rent a table. Ralphie took one look at them and said, 'Get out!'"

"What happened then?"

"They got out like the stairs was greased. They could see how high he was."

"You mean he was drinkin'?"

"Booze don't make the pupils of your eyes as big as marbles, Joe. He was high as a bluebird then, an' I think he was just beginnin' to soar."

"How long has he been out of here?"

"About five minutes." Arthur pointed to the emergency exit. "That way."

"Were you any help to him about Willy?"

"I was no help to him an' I didn't have to fake it. I don't know where Willy's hidin' out. Nobody does."

"What new angle did Willy have that I don't know about?" McQuade asked then. Arthur said nothing, but he thought about it, his tongue tracing the thin line of his lips. "This won't hurt you, Arthur. I promise that. It's just between the two of us, for the sake of Willy's skin."

Arthur lighted a cigarette and threw the match away. "It started maybe two, three months ago," he said. "Willy's got this old aunt weak as water cress. She's in the hospital."

"We know about the aunt," McQuade said.

"Well, he's very soft on this old dame. I'm not tryna butter you, McQuade. It's pretty much the way he feels about you. I mean, who did he always run to like a punk kid with the truant officer behind him? Who was always squarin' things for him?"

"Get on with what you're trying to tell me."

"I'm tryin' to tell you he wants everything to be peaches for this nice old aunt; but it's expensive. So he sets up a little keno game. Nothin' wrong with it, except that it's illegal. He runs this little keno game in his aunt's apartment, while she's in the hospital."

"Big Jupe heard about it?"

"He heard about it," Arthur said. "All that happens is that Willy gets kicked in the stomach by some visitors, and the landlord puts a new lock on the door. That's a month ago. I lend Willy a few dollars myself because he's tryin' so hard to meet the freight at the hospital. Then the next thing—well, he does it."

"He does what?"

"He starts bookin' numbers on his own."

McQuade sighed heavily. "I see."

"Keno is keno, and numbers is numbers, Joe. Peanuts on one hand, emeralds on the other. You have to figure that Big Jupe went after him to set an example, like the time with Frankie Faber that was never proved. The only difference this time ——"

"The only difference this time," McQuade said, "is that Willy shot him dead."

"*C'est la vie, c'est la guerre*," said Arthur in summation. He snapped a garter. 'What do you think?"

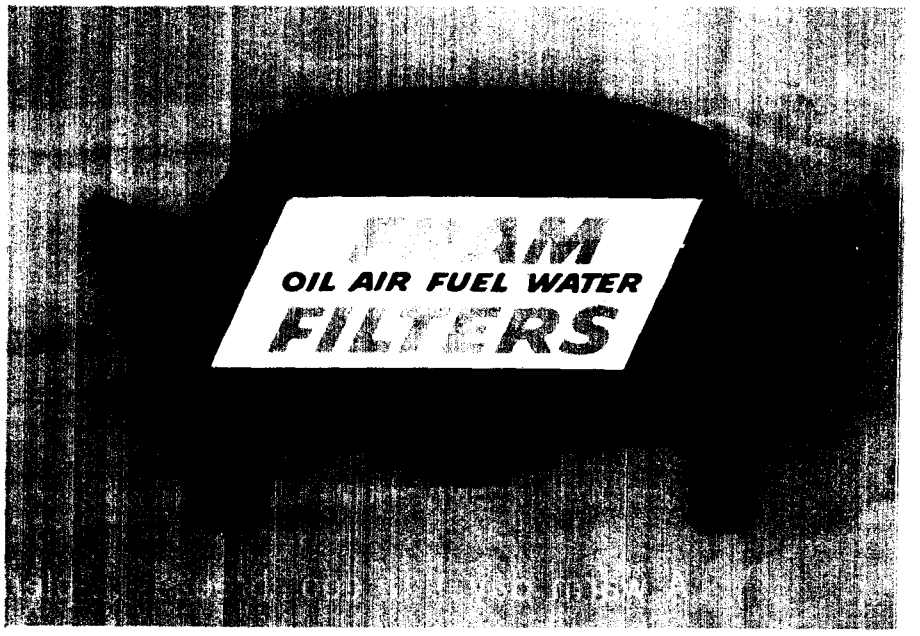
"I think I'm in the wrong business," McQuade said.

He descended the stairs, regretting his inability to dismiss the plight of Willy Zucks as something deserved. It was a habit, he supposed, this surrender to

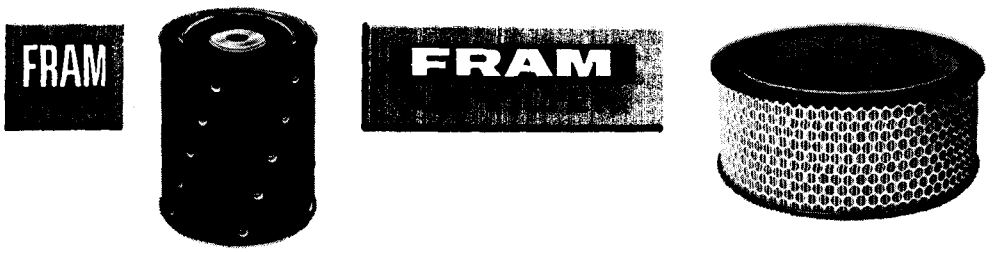
FOR THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR

protect them with

Prolong the life of your car engine and avoid costly repair bills with famous FRAM filters. Have a fresh FRAM Oil Filter installed when you change your oil. It filters out even microscopic dirt and stops engine damage. Remember, too, that a dirt-clogged air filter chokes air from your engine and can cut gas mileage as much as 10%. Take 2 minutes to have a fresh FRAM Air Filter installed and you'll save up to 3c a gallon on gas. Replace this filter protection at least every 10,000 miles for maximum gas savings. FRAM filter cartridges make replacement a snap, money-saving a certainty. Don't wait for smoke signals to warn you that you have a hefty repair bill coming. Start now to increase engine life, and increase gas mileage. Start with your first line of engine protection–famous FRAM filters. **Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R.I. Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ont.**



ALWAYS INSIST ON FRAM FILTERS



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentiment, just as it had been Willy's habit to run for the umbrella of McQuade's protection when things got warm in the past. He stood in front of the ice-cream parlor thinking about this. Willy couldn't run forever, but neither would he be convinced that any jail in the city offered full protection from admirers of Big—and Little—Jupiter "in residence." McQuade had no idea of where Willy in his distress might turn until he asked himself, *Where did he always go before?*

It was a bad moment. McQuade felt the fear wrap itself around him like a clammy, full-length towel. He blessed the Music Hall that held his wife and daughters, but he had no equal assurance that his sons would not be home. *No*, he reasoned, *you're tired as well as stupid.* But the notion wouldn't leave him alone. He didn't see Feeney or any convenient squad car cruising by and he was ashamed to go to a call box with his unreasonable fear.

At the corner he stepped into a cab. It was a ten-minute ride, out past the zoo and a hundred apartment houses, to the community of frame-and-stucco dwellings that included his own.

"You want me to wait?" the driver asked.

"No, this is fine." He gave the man a dollar.

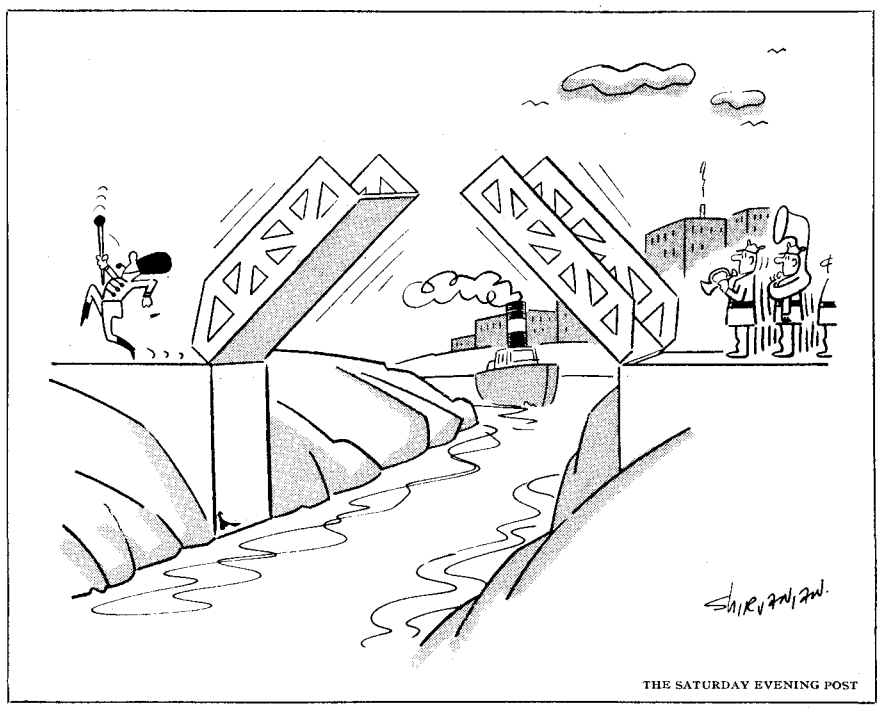
"Captain, if this is an emergency, let's say it's on me."

"Did I say it was an emergency?"

"Well, no."

"Then I'll see you around," McQuade said. "Buy yourself a fat cigar."

As the cab drove off, McQuade had the late but comforting recollection that his two sons were involved in a ball game that afternoon. Appraising the pleasant neighborhood scene, he could not help wondering how many rocks had rolled loose in his head for him to imagine Willy



Zucks seeking sanctuary here—or, more fantastically, to have imagined his being brought to account here by the avenging hand of Ralphie Fargo. The small sons and daughters of his neighbors were playing on the sidewalk. Dandelions bloomed goldenly. It was rich, triumphant May. He searched in a pocket for his keys, then went inside. He found his wife's sister's husband in the living room.

"What's the matter with you?" McQuade said.

Grover's lips moved, but no sound escaped. The Lion of Textile Falls stood in the center of the room. His face was haunted, and his complexion strange, like a half-cooked cake. The heavy silence and Grover's face were enough for McQuade. He was reaching for his gun when he heard Willy Zucks' voice.

"Don't get excited, Joe. It's only me."

The little man walked out of the kitchen—tired and dirty, with a multicolored lump on his head. He held a .32 revolver in an inoffensive way—loosely, like a chicken neck.

"Put it down," McQuade said. "On the table there." He watched Willy put it down. "Now hold your hands out."

"No bracelets, Joe. It breaks friendship," Willy said.

"I ought to break your head."

"I know." He sat in a chair and looked sorry while McQuade removed four shells from the gun. Grover sank into another chair and began to sputter, though weakly.

"Where you been?" McQuade said to Willy.

"An empty movie house, off Burnside Avenue," Willy said. "I was there for two and a half days. I slept in a loge."

"What did you eat?"

"There was some stale popcorn and candy in a machine. The way I got into this movie house ——"

"You can tell me that later. Why did you kill Ed Fargo?"

"I didn't want to kill him."

"People who don't want to kill people don't carry thirty-two's."

"Look, Joe ——"

"Never mind that 'Look, Joe' stuff. First you set up a keno game and then you move into numbers. If you wanted trouble that bad, it would have been simpler to punch him in the nose."

"Joe," Willy said.

"I don't want to hear about your sick aunt, either. No one was going to wheel her bed to the city dump because you didn't pay the bill. I say you went looking for trouble; and when it came, you were ready—you had this lousy gun in your hand!"

"It wasn't my gun, Joe," Willy said.

"It wasn't what?"

"I said it's not my gun. I never owned as much as a two-dollar bow an' arrow."

Hope welled in McQuade. "It was Jupe's?"

"What do you think he was hittin' me on the head with—the long-stemmed carnation he wore in his lapel?" The little man came forward to demonstrate the two-humped abrasion on his skull. "He caught up with me in the alley behind the cigar store. I was gettin' what Frankie Faber got, when the gun slipped out of his hand. I was scared as your relative here. I thought he'd kill me. Then the

FILTERS!

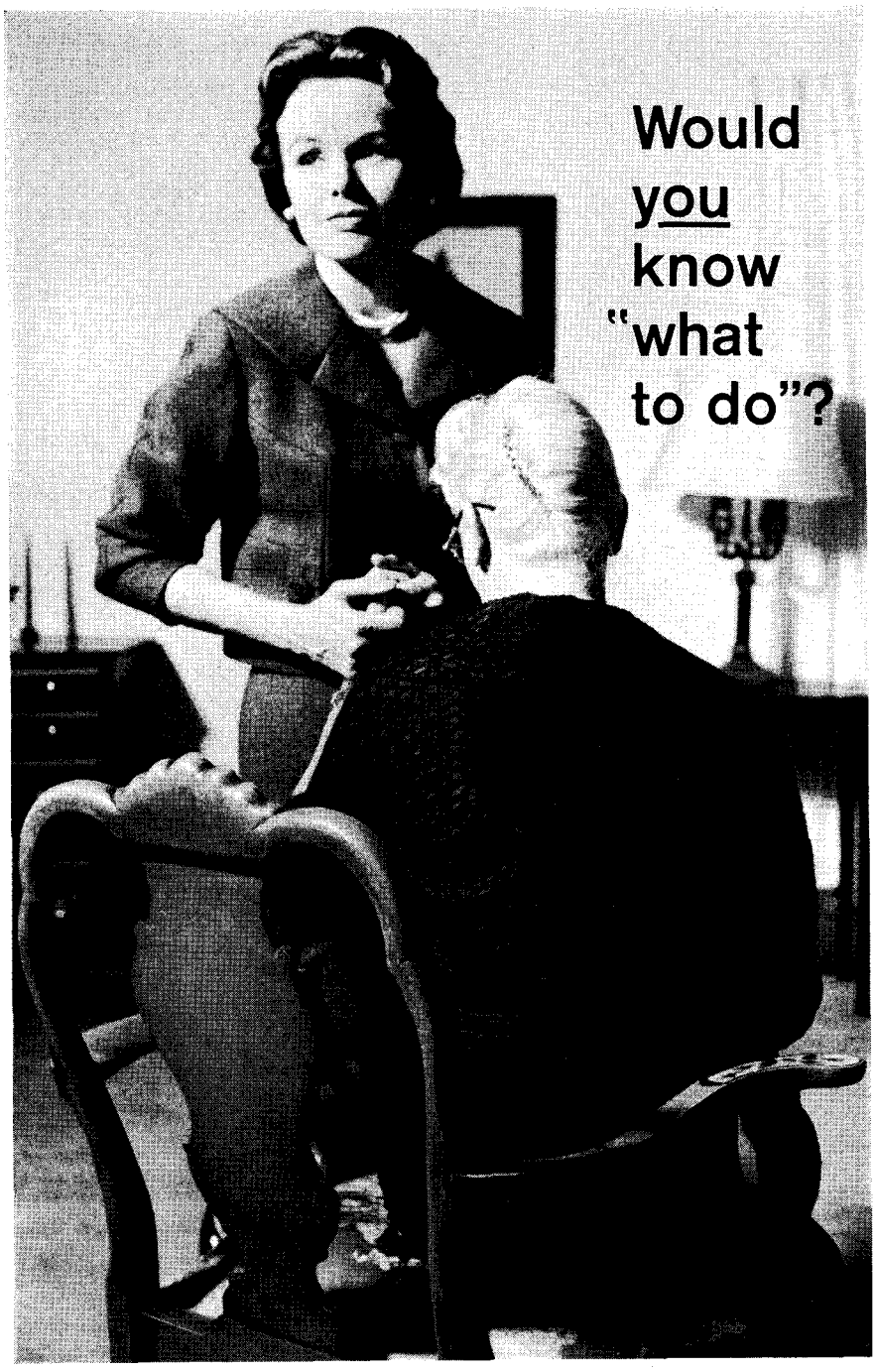
Clean the air your family breathes, all year 'round, with FRAM permachem-treated Air Filters. In your heating and air-conditioning systems, FRAM filters do everything ordinary filters are supposed to do, and much more! **FRAM Air Filters kill over 99% of the bacteria trapped by the filters.** And to keep your home Hospital-Clean change your FRAM filters regularly. They cost so little and do so much to reduce mold and mildew, filter out annoying dust and pollen. Better makers of heating and air-conditioning equipment are installing FRAM permachem-treated Air Filters right at the factory. Insist on this feature! Protect your family with FRAM filters. **Fram-Aire Corporation, Providence 16, R.I. Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ont.**

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT RETAIL STORES EVERYWHERE

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN AT HOTELS AND MOTELS

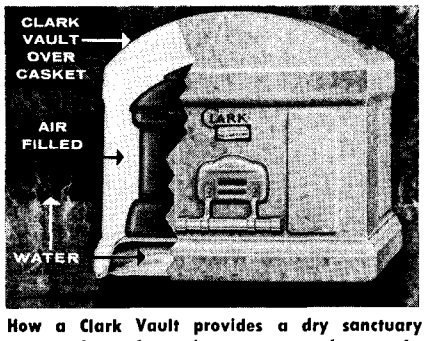
IN EVERY ROOM
HOSPITAL CLEAN AIR
FRAM permachem-treated AIR FILTERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When the time comes for you to take charge . . . will you know:

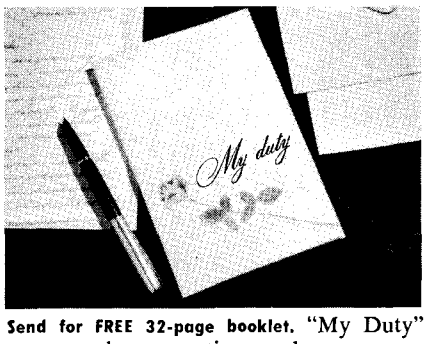
- how soon the family should call the funeral director?
- how best to take care of the one most deeply bereaved?
- who should be notified right away, in addition to relatives?
- how to select pallbearers?
- what to look for in selecting a casket?
- why it's important to select a proper grave vault at the same time?
- how to be sure it protects against water in the ground?
- whether the closest relatives are expected to greet callers at the home?



How a Clark Vault provides a dry sanctuary even when the rains saturate the earth. The one-piece, air-filled dome of the Clark vault is made of enduring heavy-gauge metal. It is designed to exclude water just as an air-filled tumbler does when you turn it upside down and push it under water. This trusted protection (not provided by vaults improperly engineered or made of porous material) brings ever-increasing consolation and peace of mind.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

Every funeral director can furnish Clark protection. Insist on it. There is no substitute.



Send for FREE 32-page booklet. "My Duty" answers above questions and many more you will face when you are the one who must *take charge*. It also tells how to write those difficult sympathy notes and includes many beautiful poems that have brought consolation to millions. Write, today, for your free copy. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. SEP-100, Columbus 1, Ohio.

Copr. 1960

CLARK metal grave vaults

The finest tribute. The most trusted protection.

first thing you know, I've pulled the trigger twice."

Willy's expression pleaded his case as eloquently as the lumps on his head. "I want to believe you," McQuade said after a moment. "We've got a first-rate self-defense situation—if it was Big Jupe's gun, but this is the biggest 'if' you ever put on my back."

"Read the number off it," Willy said, "then make a phone call. He had a permit for the gun."

"I'll do that, Willy." McQuade walked to the phone. "Grover," he said en route, "I think we should have a nice hot cup of tea." Then he dialed the number. The information, substantiating Willy, took a minute and a half.

McQuade couldn't find the tea balls, so he made a fresh pot of coffee. He put three cups on the table while Willy made a sandwich for himself. The small man glowed.

"Was it or wasn't it his gun?" Willy Zucks repeated.

"All right, it was his gun. Don't get cocky about it." He put the sugar and spoons on the table. "If you do save your skin, you'll still do thirty days for bookin' numbers. Not to mention the keno bit."

"That was on an amateur basis, Joe."

"There are no amateurs in the numbers racket." McQuade poured a cup of coffee for his wife's sister's husband. "Grover?" he called. Grover came in from the living room, holding his stomach, but less chastened than he had at first appeared.

"A cup of coffee mightn't do any harm, if you made it right," he conceded. He sat down and cleared his throat very manfully. "By the way, I don't want you to get the idea I was nervous before. I just happened to be having a gastric disturbance when your friend here busted in with a gun."

McQuade just looked at him.

"I mean I wouldn't want Stella to get the wrong idea."

McQuade nodded slowly. "You can rely on me, Grover." He laughed then and pointed out to Willy how much more sensible it would have been for him to come here in the first place instead of hiding for two days in an empty movie house.

"You could be right at that, Joe."

"It was just as silly for you to imagine that every hood in New York was after you as it was for me to throw a panic of my own. I had this crazy notion that Ralphie Fargo might follow you here—in broad daylight, no less, with people in the street, and maybe ten patrol cars no more than five minutes away."

Willy grinned. "The things you imagine, huh? Well, anyhow, you make a nice cup of coffee, Joe." He raised his cup.

McQuade never saw Ralphie (Little Jupiter) Fargo put a gun through the broken screen of the kitchen door, view the scene through his wild, dilated eyes, then fire. All he saw was the cup explode in Willy's hand, the coffee spread wide in mid-air. He went to the floor with Willy and Grover, upending the table for what poor protection it could afford. A second shot cut a hole in the table as tidy and round as a dime. Grover made a wailing sound, like a saxophone, then attempted to sprint for liberty. McQuade grasped his large and rearing relative by the pants belt and hauled him back.

"Stay down!" McQuade shouted.

He then fired two shots from his own gun at the kitchen door, but Ralphie had ducked away from there for strategic reasons. A gunshot and a shower of glass announced his appearance at a kitchen window on the side of the house. Without the table to obscure his target, he was still not a very good shot, but he was certainly determined. The slugs went *whap! whap!* into the kitchen floor as Willy Zucks rolled over and took refuge behind the stove. Grover took off this time like an overweight mother gazelle, while McQuade fired at the window from his position on the floor. All he gained from this was a glimpse of Ralphie racing toward the front of the house. A police siren was loud in the street and very, very near. McQuade got up and ran through the living room. He didn't have to bother with the front door, which was already open wide.

Just beyond the house was all the drama that could greet the experienced eye. The fallen bodies were motionless and intertwined, with the bulk of Grover obscuring the smaller man. A little distance away a woman screamed for the sheer relief of it, while clinging to a frightened child. A tricycle was upside down on the sidewalk, and one wheel continued to turn. Feeney, the plain-clothes cop, had already leaped from the unadorned sedan.

"I just happened to come lookin' for you and I heard the shots," Feeney said. "I'd been kind of nervous, not havin' heard a thing."

"Both of them, Tom?" McQuade said anxiously. It wasn't easy for him as he stepped closer to where the bodies lay.

"Both of them what?" Feeney asked.

McQuade just pointed. "Dead, aren't they?"

But even as he spoke he heard a groan from Grover. He watched the big man stir, then raise himself to a kneeling position. His eyes were like glazed doughnuts as he looked around.

"There was a collision," Feeney said. "I don't know how it started, but I seen them come together—*wham!* The way the big guy was movin', I can tell you this—he should wear license plates."

"Grover," McQuade said softly as Willy Zucks emerged from the house. "Grover, you're all right, boy? You hear what I say?"

Grover nodded mutely, then considered the breathing but quiescent form of Ralph (Little Jupiter) Fargo, to whom a set of bracelets was being applied. Other police cars were arriving now, and neighbors came crowding near.

"It was the bravest, most wonderful thing I ever saw," said the woman holding the child. "He just ran that criminal down like a truck, without any thought of himself!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Grover modestly, then raised his hands as though to protest any outlandish wave of applause. "Let's put it this way, ma'am: A man does what he has to do in an emergency—nothing more."

Over the heads of the crowd McQuade could see his wife, his daughters and Stella, hastening from the corner where the bus had let them off. He saw Grover start in their direction with the controlled stride of a king. McQuade just sighed and lighted a cigarette.

"I guess it takes all kinds," said Willy Zucks. THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 92)

1. Iowa	2. Ariz.	3. Oreg.
4. Ohio	5. Vt.	6. S.C.
7. W. Va.	8. Penna.	9. Wash.
10. Nebr.	11. Conn.	12. Mich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Arkansas Keep Her Coach?

(Continued from Page 31)

County last June local booster-club president Bob Burns reminded the crowd that tickets would be harder than ever to come by this season.

"You better get 'em early," he said. "If you don't have the money right now, the banks will be glad to help you. What better collateral could you have than ten Mississippi-game tickets? That beats a bale o' cotton."

A university-owned radio network beams games to sixty-three stations. The athletic budget now exceeds $800,000. Thirty-five-year-old Frank Broyles, whose Razorbacks won thirteen out of fifteen games from November 1, 1958, through the Gator Bowl game last January second, is cashing in to the tune of about $25,000 a year, including a $17,500 salary, lecture fees and Sunday appearances on state-network TV. Boosters provide him a $150,000 life-insurance policy; a radio sponsor periodically gives him a new automobile.

In Arkansas nowadays Broyles seems to be all things to all kinds of people. To the rooters in the stands he is a resourceful and dynamic leader whose shirttail is always flying by the third quarter as he urges his boys on from the side lines. To the area's high-school coaches he's an inventive technician whose ideas merit close study; more than 200 of them attended a coaching clinic he conducted last spring. To his players he is an understanding friend, sociable and considerate. To mothers of budding athletes he's the type of coach to whom a boy can safely be entrusted. To ministers he's a man they can call on Sunday nights for eloquent and sincere testimonials.

To sports writers, Broyles is ever-available and outpouring. He sees to it that even the least-experienced student reporter gets a good story. As for any visiting writer who makes the long trek to isolated Fayetteville, a lovely mountain town of 20,000, he always gets Broyles's undivided attention and an evening at his home, no matter what personal plans the coach may have had for that night.

Not long ago Broyles burst in at suppertime with Dave Campbell, a newspaperman from Waco, Texas, and shouted to his wife in the kitchen, "Fix us a steak." Later, as they talked football in the front parlor, she asked if she might join them. "After you've done the dishes," said Frank. All this left Campbell aghast; on the way to the house Broyles had casually mentioned that this was his wedding anniversary.

To Barbara Broyles, a well-adjusted person who understands the football business and who lets nothing upset her, Frank is still a fine husband and father, although she would concur with Harry Mehre, a former coach at Georgia and Mississippi, who wrote, "No minister, priest or rabbi is more devoted to his religion than Frank Broyles is to football."

If just about everybody with an interest in Arkansas football is happy with Frank Broyles, the pleasure is marred for some by doubts as to whether he will stay. Last November Broyles signed a five-year contract at a $1500 increase, but Frank has said that he considers himself legally and morally bound for only two years, after which both the terms and his work will be subject to review. Furthermore, local fans well remember how the two previous Razorback coaches, Bowden Wyatt and Jack Mitchell abruptly pulled up stakes and took other jobs long before their contracts had expired. Arkansas can't legitimately complain, though, because it also has been in the habit of signing coaches who had long-term contracts elsewhere.

Anyway, cynics believe that Frank Broyles ultimately will wind up back "home" at Georgia Tech. If so, it won't be because the sagacious Arkansas athletic director, John Barnhill, overlooked this possibility in selecting Broyles to replace Jack Mitchell after the 1957 campaign.

Broyles had then just finished his first season as a head coach at the University of Missouri, after half a dozen years on the Georgia Tech staff. Barnhill was interested in him, but he feared that Broyles might be the future choice at Tech, which has had only three head coaches in its modern football history—John Heisman, Bill Alexander and, since 1945, Bobby Dodd. Therefore, between phone calls to Broyles, Barnhill placed one to Dodd, a fellow Tennessee alumnus. He posed this question: if Dodd were to retire the next day, who would be his successor? Dodd answered that the post would go to Ray Graves, who had the title of assistant head coach at Georgia Tech. After this welcome news, Barnhill quickly hired Broyles as the fifth Arkansas coach in ten years.

Last January two things happened that completely altered the long-range picture. Ray Graves left Tech for the job of athletic director and football coach at the University of Florida. Meanwhile Frank Broyles led Arkansas to a win over Tech in the Gator Bowl—the first bowl defeat for Coach Dodd in nine appearances. Observers in both Fayetteville and Atlanta thought they could detect a sharp shift in the line of succession to fifty-one-year-old Bobby Dodd's throne.

Whatever the future may hold, Frank Broyles already has contributed importantly to a football revolution that has lifted the Razorbacks out of their traditional rut as the have-nots of the Southwest Conference—a lone outsider pitted against well-stocked Texas teams. Over the last six years Arkansas has been second only to Abe Martin's Texas Christian team in league competition, with twenty victories, fifteen defeats and one tie. In none of the three preceding six-year periods did the Razorbacks win more than 35 per cent of their conference games.

Broyles has accelerated the uptrend through a highly efficient recruiting program. One of his specialties is married athletes. This goes back to his first summer in Arkansas, when he enrolled bridegroom Lance Alworth, a schoolboy All-American from Brookhaven, Mississippi. Broyles says that Alworth, now a junior, is "the best all-round halfback I've ever seen." He admits that the boy would be at the University of Mississippi but for its rule against married players.

All told there are twenty married men on the 1960 Razorback squad. Most of them live with their wives in new campus apartments designed especially for married students. Depending on the type of quarters they choose, their rent and living costs may or may not be covered by the normal athletic-scholarship grant.

However, there are additional ways of helping them carry the financial load. Some of the wives, including Lance Alworth's, are students, but others have jobs as stenographers, as secretaries to department heads and as grammar-school and kindergarten teachers. Many of the girls are from well-to-do families, and it is no violation of recruiting regulations for in-laws to help out a young couple.

Frank Broyles was a bridegroom himself his last year at Georgia Tech. "With the right kind of a wife, a married player is an asset," he says. "She makes him feel his responsibility."

He testifies that he has been very lucky in his own marriage. For example, after he and his wife had four sons in a row, Frank kept hoping for a girl. And sure enough, Barbara presented him with twin daughters.

Broyles says that he has been a lucky fellow from childhood. "If I had been raised during the depression, as my older brother Huck was, I probably would have been put to work, with no time for sports," Frank relates. "Instead, our family grocery at Decatur"—a suburb of Atlanta—"was prospering."

When Frank reached the sixth grade, his father caught him smoking a cigarette one day. "When I was your age," thin, thrifty O. T. Broyles told his son, "I was helping my parents put food on the table. You're playing games. That's all right, except smoking and games don't mix. You can leave off smoking or go to work."

Since that moment Frank hasn't touched a cigarette—or done a lick of work outside athletics.

He starred in four sports in high school, then entered Georgia Tech and its naval training program during World War II. In between earning ten varsity letters at Tech, he served a year in the Navy's Seabees, part of it as an athletic officer on Okinawa. In football he started out under Bill Alexander and finished under Bobby Dodd, playing both fullback and quarterback.

As a quarterback, the lanky, ruddy, red-haired Broyles possessed many of the attributes which had made Dodd a standout at Tennessee. He was a shrewd play picker, a gifted punter and a superb passer—in the 1945 Orange Bowl game against Tulsa he gained 276 yards passing, which is still a record for major bowl competition.

In 1947 Frank signed a contract with the Chicago Bears, then changed his mind and went to work for Bob Woodruff, who was leaving an assistant's job at Tech to become head man at Baylor University. Frank was only twenty-two. Woodruff, after scanning his squad of grizzled war veterans at Baylor, announced Broyles's age as twenty-five.

Young Frank was in his glory. While Woodruff coached the linemen, Broyles handled the backs, helping to develop ace quarterbacks Adrian Burk and Larry Isbell. But when he switched to the University of Florida with Woodruff in 1950, Frank found himself assigned to coaching the defensive secondary and the pass offense. Unhappy with this role, he was glad to return the next year to Georgia Tech, where Dodd was reorganizing his staff after a rare losing season.

NEXT WEEK

A DISTINGUISHED NEGRO REPORTER ASKS:

ARE MY PEOPLE READY FOR EQUALITY?

By Carl T. Rowan

TRANSALPINE TUNNEL

THE LONGEST UNDERGROUND HIGHWAY

THE McKEEVERS OF USC:

FOOTBALL'S FEARSOME TWINS

By Melvin Durslag

MARIETTA TREE,

THE DEMOCRATS' GOLDEN GIRL

By Inez Robb

WE CIRCLED THE GLOBE SUBMERGED

By Capt. Edward L. Beach, USN, of the U.S. Submarine Triton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The timing couldn't have been better. Tech was building a talent pool of more than 100 athletes, including some of the South's fastest and brightest, if smallish, youngsters. Most of them had specialized abilities and some limitations. The full two-platoon system was in effect, and Dodd decided that the easiest way to coach would be to divide the squad into offensive and defensive groups at opposite ends of the field.

Chief assistants Graves and Broyles agreed to trade back and forth the boys they thought should play both ways. But they never did any trading, and when the first game came around Dodd changed teams every time the ball changed hands. Thus began six golden years for Tech, with fifty-nine wins, seven losses and three ties.

Broyles was given considerable authority by Dodd, who pioneered the chairman-of-the-board system for head coaches. The young redhead did considerable pioneering work with the "ride," or "belly," series.

Still popular in many colleges, this offense is built around the device of having the quarterback place the ball against the fullback's stomach, and then "ride" or go alongside him for a few steps. The quarterback releases or withdraws the ball according to how the defense reacts.

Later the many options of the split T were incorporated into the series at Tech. All such deception was designed to confuse the defense in its basic objective of converging on the ball.

Bobby Dodd credits Eddie LeBaron, whom he coached on the 1950 College All-Stars, with first showing him the possibilities of the "ride" series. College of the Pacific had experimented with it in LeBaron's senior year there. "But it was Broyles who exploited it for us, working out all its finer points," Dodd says.

If Broyles was achieving recognition in the trade, he was gaining no ground toward his goal of becoming a head coach. Perhaps with the help of friendly Atlanta sports writers, his name was mentioned in connection with almost every major opening. Most of them were clearly out of his reach, though, and he seldom filed formal application. Some colleges were leery of his specialization on offense. Others considered him too young, too brashly bright and too talkative.

"December was always a trying month for us at Tech," Mrs. Broyles recalls. "Frank would get his hopes up for this or that job, but never get it."

Broyles probably would have become the Vanderbilt coach in 1953, except for ill feeling between Chancellor Harvie Branscomb of Vanderbilt and Col. Blake Van Leer, the Georgia Tech president. Branscomb was too proud to request permission to talk to Broyles, too honorable to approach him secretly.

Frank says that despite the happy atmosphere and the excellent pay at Tech, he reached the point where he would have accepted almost any head-coaching assignment. In 1957 he finally was given his chance by Don Faurot, the longtime coach and athletic director of the University of Missouri, who had been casting about for a suitable man to take over the coaching responsibilities.

Broyles inherited a good set of seasoned linemen but some rather slow backs. Nevertheless, with off-tackle runs, an occasional pass and much quick-kicking, Missouri came up to the 1957 Oklahoma game with a five-one-one record. But the Sooners won in a rout, 39–14, and in the final two games Kansas State and Kansas both beat Missouri in the waning seconds on field goals.

These frustrations magnified Broyles's dissatisfaction over such matters as the "Missouri Plan," which tended to limit football scholarships to home-state players. When the Arkansas offer came, Broyles took it, although two years remained on his contract. Faurot confirms that when Broyles came to Missouri, it was understood that he would be permitted to leave short of the term anytime he became discontented.

Broyles's success at Arkansas, following that of his immediate predecessors, is the realization of a dream for persevering, plodding John Barnhill, the athletic director, who originally came there as football coach in 1946 after leading a Tennessee team to the Rose Bowl during the wartime absence of Gen. Bob Neyland.

"I took the job with the belief that if Arkansas could keep its good athletes home, it would have something," Barnhill says. "Here was a state of almost two million people with only one big university playing major football. All it needed was somebody to get everyone pulling together."

Recruiting intensively on a basis of state pride, he organized a network of aggressive booster clubs. Later he established a scholarship fund through which business firms, professional men and even farmers now contribute to sixty-two annual grants to athletes.

Barnhill's first squad concentrated on defense. It tied Rice for the 1946 conference championship and made it to the Cotton Bowl. Despite this strong beginning, Barnhill eventually had to call it quits as a coach. One Saturday in 1948, as his team met Rice in Little Rock, he fell off the bench for no apparent reason. It developed that he had contracted multiple sclerosis. Today the malady restricts his travel, but it hasn't affected his mental sharpness.

When Barnhill gave up coaching after the 1949 season, not even his assistants, for whom he had been finding jobs on other staffs—or his wife, who died in 1957 without ever having known the true nature of his illness—suspected the real reason. What they had sensed was some public impatience with Barnhill's conservative brand of football in the face of the swing to the T formation and the open-passing game.

Submitting to the latter craze, Barnhill consulted Greasy Neale, whose Philadelphia Eagles then reigned in the National Football League and who had impressed local fans in exhibitions at Little Rock. Neale recommended Otis Douglas, his aging part-time tackle and trainer, a man with brief coaching experience at Akron and Drexel.

No Arkansas coach ever so quickly captivated the players, students, faculty and fans as did Douglas, a rough-cut, soft-voiced Virginian with amazing facility at every sport and intelligence in a wide variety of fields. However, he never quite fathomed the collegiate approach to the game. His resignation was accepted after a three-year term during which he won only four league games, although producing seven players who stepped right into pro football. Douglas since has fielded a succession of good Canadian pro teams at Calgary.

Barnhill next induced single-wing expert Bowden Wyatt to leave Wyoming for Arkansas. In 1954, Wyatt's second season with the Razorbacks, they took eight of ten games, and the conference title. They drew overflow crowds on two successive Saturdays in Little Rock.

Grateful fans raised a $22,000 appreciation fund for the coaching staff, out of which Wyatt received $5000 and a new Cadillac. But he abruptly wheeled it off to his alma mater, the University of Tennessee, which was calling for him to return as head coach.

More surprising was the case of the next coach, Jack Mitchell, lured away by Arkansas from the University of Wichita. This sharp young Kansan, who was Bud Wilkinson's first split-T quarterback at Oklahoma, pulled out for the University of Kansas after his 1957 Arkansas team, which had entered November with a five-and-one record, lost its last three league games by a total of only twelve points.

> An intelligence test sometimes shows a man how smart he'd have been not to take it.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

Mitchell said he was leaving to reestablish his identity with his home state and to look for a personal lift he couldn't get at Arkansas, where Wyatt and Barnhill rated the credit for the football build-up. Kansas hadn't won championships or filled stadiums in years.

He left a graduation-riddled squad for Frank Broyles to start with in 1958. Broyles assembled a staff of assistants with solid but varied football backgrounds. He shocked them by passing out copies of the Iowa-Delaware winged-T manual just published by Forest Evashevski and Dave Nelson. Frank preached that this new mixture of the single wing and the Chicago Bears' T could whip the current defenses and had to be the coming thing in college football.

Arkansas had quicksilver halfbacks for the tricky crisscrosses and reverses of this new offense, and a deft quarterback for the deceptive ball-handling, but its green, undersized linemen couldn't master the blocking requirements. In losing their 1958 opener to Baylor, 12–0, the Porkers made only three first downs.

The next Monday Broyles began all over. He combined the simplest parts of the "ride" series, the split T and the winged T. The wingback created a strong side for blocking purposes, or "flew" back into the play during the count to worry the defense or hit its weak side. For the key role of "fly-man" Broyles had a dandy—Jim Mooty, a fast and fearless corner-turner of 170 pounds.

Arkansas dropped its first six games in 1958—a dose of adversity such as Broyles had never known—but the new offense came of age in the last of these defeats, a near-upset of powerful Mississippi in which Mooty broke loose for two touchdowns. The Razorbacks went from there to sweep their last four games of the season, and they kept right on going the next year, winning nine out of eleven.

One of the strongest features of Broyles's attack is that his backs are all demon blockers. "About 90 per cent of our players come from small towns," says assistant Dixie White, whose scramble-blocking techniques have been unusually effective. "They weren't sought-after. They're easy to coach. They'll make sacrifices."

To Broyles, offense is largely a matter of confidence, defense more a matter of pride. Although still relishing finesse and deception, Broyles confesses that he's proudest of his Razorbacks' reputation for sticking their heads in where it's thickest, for "going after folks."

Broyles's aides, all practitioners of hard-nosed football, help him keep the Razorbacks rugged, while he strives to emulate Bobby Dodd's football-for-fun formula. Dodd's success with it baffles most other coaches. Veteran coach Paul (Bear) Bryant of Alabama once declared, "No one but Dodd can coach the way Dodd does."

Frank Broyles says, "The secret of Bobby's fine organization is the trust he places in his associates and his players. It just has to be rewarded. If you let him down, your own suffering is enough punishment. He plays to win, naturally, but he keeps everything in perspective."

Except for frequent recruiting and speaking trips, Broyles leads a nearly normal home life. Out of football season he plays a lot of golf. Although he isn't the woodsy type, he submits to a certain amount of hunting and fishing—musts for an Arkansas coach. On such expeditions, and at coaches' conclaves, he's such a lively conversationalist that hardly anyone notices he's a teetotaler. And he doesn't seem to notice that the others aren't.

An assistant who remained at Georgia Tech after Broyles left says, "Frank came up with so many ideas at staff meetings that he had us all in a dither. He must keep things jumping at Arkansas."

His Arkansas helpers seem to enjoy it. The three top ones have turned down salary increases elsewhere to stay there. "In five minutes Frank can think up more things for us to do than anyone else would think of all week," says Jim Mackenzie, who is in charge of defense. "We like it. There's no danger of getting in a rut."

Yet there are no dawn staff meetings or night ones either, except when a film of an afternoon practice in spring training or early September must be analyzed. Out of season the staff hours are 8:30 to 4:40. In season they adjourn at six, although they sometimes take work home with them.

During one week last December, when he was preparing for the Gator Bowl game, Broyles reduced the Arkansas workouts to twenty minutes of running a day. Later he gave the players a twelve-day Christmas vacation.

"I was taught by Bobby Dodd that bowl games are rewards," Broyles says. "If we play in a bowl again, we'll do it the same way. The idea is to have a good time."

The selection of Dodd and Tech to oppose Arkansas in the Gator Bowl last January was none of Broyles's doing. Bowl officials first invited Arkansas, and then, weighing the appeal of a master vs. pupil coaching match, passed up once-beaten, twice-tied Alabama in favor of Georgia Tech, a four-game loser.

Through the first twenty minutes of the game at Jacksonville, Broyles thought he might have bargained for too much. Then his Razorbacks took control, punched out two touchdowns in short, quick bursts and won going away, 14–7.

Two days previously Dodd had confided to an old friend, "If that rascal beats me, I'll never hear the last of it."

He may have been right. Around Atlanta, old Engineers observed pointedly that Tech hadn't produced much of an attack since Broyles left as offensive coach.

Broyles is at pains to repudiate this analysis. He explains that following his last season on the staff Tech lost twenty-two seniors. Further, as an engineering school whose standards have stiffened since the Sputnik era began, Georgia Tech has been at a disadvantage in competing for new talent against such recruiting rivals as Georgia, Auburn and Alabama. However, Broyles declares himself confident that Georgia Tech and Dodd will remain as tough as ever.

"Bobby has always coached through leadership," Broyles says. "He can go on coaching indefinitely, and I for one hope he does."

In Arkansas they hope so too.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They'll dial-in next year's harvest

Open a package of frozen peas. Chances are the peas came from the fertile fields around Fairmont, Minnesota. Here's how an *Independent* telephone company will help them taste better than ever.

What do telephones and frozen foods have in common? Watch the feverish harvest-time activity around Fairmont and you'll understand.

For flavor perfection, peas must be picked at the split-second of maturity. And telephones carry the alert.

Making the job faster and easier is a project of the *independently* owned and managed Central Telephone Company. At a cost of nearly $2,000,000, all telephones in the Fairmont area are being converted to dial.

The program has a "big city" look because miles of cable, in urban and rural areas, are going *underground*, reducing storm damage to a minimum.

Central's effort echoes the prosperity Stokely-Van Camp's frozen food business brought to Fairmont. Because modern business *must* have modern telephone facilities.

That's true in each of the 164 communities, in seven states, served by the Central Telephone system.

And it's true, too, everywhere the more than 3,600 *Independent* telephone companies are on duty. That's why, with 11,000,000 telephones already in service from Key West to Ketchikan, *Independents* are investing another million dollars *every day* . . . to help you reach all America.

Learn more about this vital, vigorous, multi-billion dollar industry. For a free illustrated booklet, write: Dept. 10, U. S. Independent Telephone Association, Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D. C.

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

INDEPENDENT

Miles of telephone cable are going underground as part of the dial-conversion program in Fairmont, Minnesota.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case for the Democrats

(Continued from Page 33)

which of these changes were introduced by Democratic leadership and which by Republican leadership. I think that you will be surprised to find how short the Republican list is and how long the Democratic.

From its beginnings with Jefferson and Jackson, the Democratic Party has been called upon when the country faced new problems needing new solutions. Since 1952, while our nation paused, the world has rushed ahead, bringing new opportunities and new challenges—from the farm problem to urban redevelopment, from the Congo to the conquest of space—and now we must adjust, or be left behind. In all earnestness I believe that the times call for the special talents and qualities of the Democratic Party, for its liveliness, its optimism, its new ideas, its responsiveness to human needs, the warmth of its concern for the well-being of individual persons.

NEW FRONTIERS

We are in the midst of a second Industrial Revolution which makes the first, a century ago, look like a minor readjustment. When the United States was founded, four farm families could support only themselves and one nonfarm family; today the ratio is more than reversed. The agricultural revolution is one of the most astonishing and hopeful events in mankind's long history, for it promises an end to hunger. Automation is bringing about a similar revolution in our factories and offices, and by its miracles is making what used to be the luxuries of the few the everyday conveniences of the many. America has entered the age of abundance. We should count it a blessing, but it can seem to be a curse if we permit it to throw men and women out of work or if we allow agricultural surpluses to depress farm prices rather than use them to help feed and clothe hungry and impoverished people in our own country and around the world.

We may well be facing the supreme test of our free-enterprise system—can we solve the problem of distribution as we have solved the problem of production? Marx said that our system would flunk this test. It need not and must not. Surely our heads are wise enough to use the abundance our hands produce.

Part of the answer lies in increasing the living standards of those who now earn only a bare subsistence. Democrats have strongly supported the increase in the minimum wage so that the 8,000,000 families who do not have enough income to obtain necessities can begin to live as Americans should.

Part of the answer lies in meeting our growing needs for public services of all kinds. America has many needs which only local, state and national governments can meet. Look around your town. Unless it is a rare exception, there are too many cars for the roads and far too many for the parking spaces. There is hardly a family which does not enjoy TV and radio and scarcely a child who has the kind of schools and teachers he needs to get a good start in life. Thanks to the forty-hour week we have time to fish or go swimming, but our rivers and lakes are polluted. New offices and factories multiply, but the commuter has more and more trouble getting to work. People are well dressed, but many live in slums where crime and delinquency breed.

There is a serious imbalance, in short, between private consumption and public services. It is one of our most pressing national problems. But are the Republican leaders talking about it? They are not. Only the Democratic Party has faced the issue and made serious proposals for dealing with it. The reason is not hard to find: To those who dominate the Republican Party, overproduction is a problem; to the Democrat, it is an opportunity to improve the quality of our lives.

Beyond these things there are, of course, still other and in some ways more fundamental needs to assure to all Americans not only the material benefits made possible by our productive power but also fair play and the full rights of American citizenship. We must and will devise a farm program that will enable the family farm to survive as an important part of the American way of life and assure the farm family a decent living for its long hours of work in meeting the nation's needs for food and fiber. We must and will repeal the unfair and discriminatory provisions which have been written into our labor laws and hamper the efforts of workingmen to defend their rights and interests through collective bargaining.

Above all, we must and will build on the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960, passed by Democratic Congresses, to create an atmosphere in which the full meaning of our fundamental belief in the rights and dignity of man will at last be given practical expression in everyday living. Moreover, the Democratic leadership of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson will use the great moral authority of their high offices to carry forward the work now so well begun by a Democratic Congress.

Of course, we should do these things because they are good and right. But in doing them we shall, at the same time, greatly increase America's influence for good in the world.

THE BOND BETWEEN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC AFFAIRS

Mr. Nixon is trying to choose the battleground of the campaign in such a way as to maximize his chances of winning—and that is natural. His problem is difficult, however. He cannot win a campaign centered on domestic affairs. He apparently thinks that the Administration's neglect of defense and foreign affairs can somehow be pictured as a triumph of diplomacy. But we cannot stand many more "successes" like those in Paris or Tokyo or Cuba.

What's more, Mr. Nixon overlooks an essential point—the close bond between what America does at home and what it can do abroad. Our foreign policy can be no better than our domestic policy. The reason President Roosevelt was believed in his Good Neighbor policy abroad was that he practiced being a good neighbor at home.

A party which neglects the development of our natural resources at home is not likely to be sympathetic to the interest of new nations in developing their resources.

A party which opposes aid to education at home will not champion aid to education abroad—but that is the crying need of many countries in Asia and Africa if they are to develop in freedom and to understand enough about Communism to resist its blandishments. A party which fights medical aid for the aged is not the best party to develop public-health programs abroad—but these are desperately needed in many countries where poor health is a major obstacle to economic growth. Furthermore, the Administration's neglect of economic growth at home means that the nation has few

ANNOUNCING—AND ONLY FROM MAGNAVOX...

Spectacular new 27″ screen*

27″ 23″

COMPARE! The new Magnavox Spectacular Playhouse 27 has 400 sq. in. of viewing area . . . almost half again as much as the latest 23″ screen . . . yet this 27″ takes no more wall space than most other 23″ sets. Includes famous Magnapower chassis, superb FM radio for static-free music all day long, and four speakers for high fidelity sound. In a variety of hand-rubbed finishes—mahogany with tapered legs, only $399.50. Other bases and a variety of styles, optional; other 27″ TV from $359.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resources to strengthen important defense and foreign programs and can give only halfhearted support to the efforts of others to expand their economies.

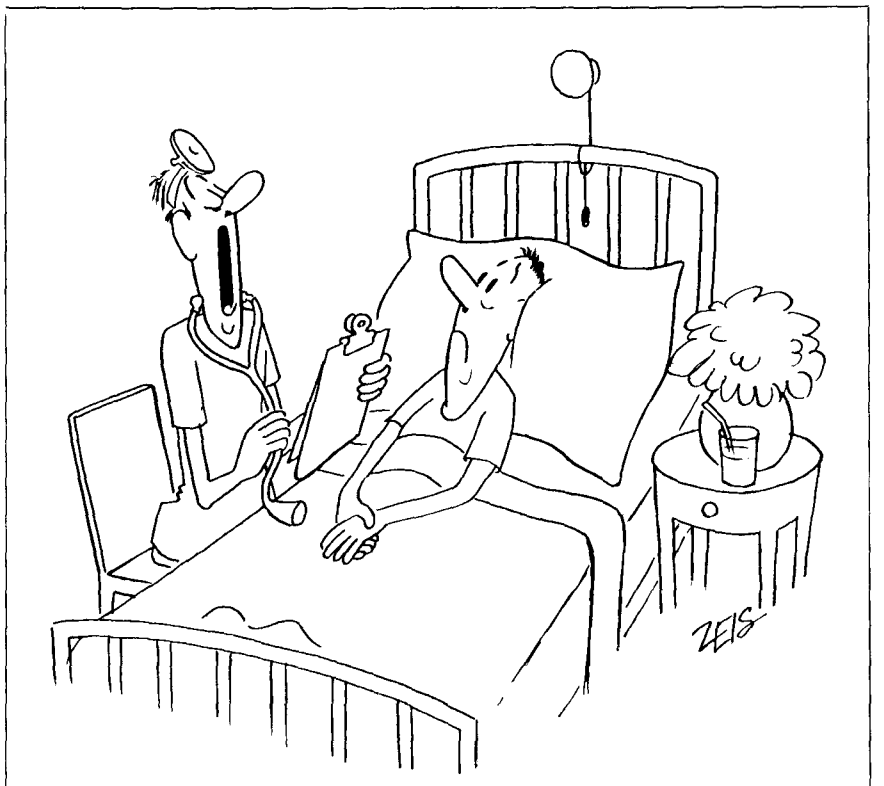
I could cite many more examples, but the point is clear: A political party will not vigorously pursue policies abroad which it condemns at home, and that is the handicap of the Republican Party in developing a foreign policy to meet the Communist challenge.

In short, a party which does not have new ideas for a new age at home is not a party which can provide leadership to a new and changing world.

Ask yourselves the question: Can you name a single new idea in foreign policy that has come from the Republican Party in this century? The Democrats, under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, offered the world a way to peace through the League of Nations. Under the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, the Democrats undertook the Good Neighbor policy, which transformed our relations with Latin America; they took the lead in building the United Nations; they carried out the European Recovery Program, which restored Western Europe to health and prosperity; they initiated the programs of technical assistance and aid to economic development which so captured the imaginations of people everywhere that the Russians were forced to imitate our policies; they built the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which has protected the West against Communist aggression, and the Pacific pacts which guard freedom in the Far East.

In short, the central theme of our foreign policy—that the collective strength and unity of free nations is the best hope for peace—is the notion of Democratic statesmen.

The Democratic Party is the party of new ideas to meet new problems at home and abroad. And what can the Republicans put alongside this record? Is there anything of comparable importance? I don't think so.



"Well, the crisis is over. If you've got six hundred dollars, of course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AMERICAN POWER AND PRESTIGE

Mr. Nixon has sharply criticized the Democrats for saying that American power and prestige in the world have declined. In his acceptance speech he said, "I say that at a time the Communists are running us down abroad, it is time to speak up for America at home." I must say to Mr. Nixon that it is time for deeds, not words. It is not Democratic criticism that has weakened our position in the world, shaken the confidence of our allies and emboldened the Russians. It is the Administration's failure to maintain our defenses and to take the initiative in foreign policy.

Not long ago the Gallup Poll published a study of foreign opinion about the relative positions of the United States and the Soviet Union in science and military strength. In every country polled but one, a very large majority of persons believe that the Soviet Union will be ahead of the United States in both science and military strength by 1970! Ten years ago the answers would have been exactly reversed.

What has happened? Our friends and allies read beyond the headlines and listen to more than Republican speeches. They know that the Soviet Union is turning out two scientists for every one we do; that Sputnik was Russian, not American; that Khrushchev brutally suppressed the Hungarian rebellion without fear of American intervention and now threatens us in Berlin; and that Khrushchev now has the audacity to declare the Monroe Doctrine dead and to threaten us with missile attacks if we intervene in Cuba.

American power and prestige are declining, and while it may help Mr. Nixon's political fortunes to deny it, it ill serves the interests of the nation to deny it. We will not correct our mistakes unless we first frankly admit them.

What, indeed, is the meaning of Governor Rockefeller's behavior at Chicago unless it is that he is fearful of the trend of events? And what is the meaning of the fact that more military leaders have resigned in protest against the inadequacy of our defense program in the past seven years than ever before in our history—unless it is that they are honestly concerned about the shift in the balance of power? Generals Ridgway, Taylor, Gavin and Medaris are, so far as I know, neither Democrats nor Republicans, but professional military men who have felt dutybound to resign so that they could try to

biggest, clearest picture in all TV

Once you see Magnavox big screen 27-inch and 24-inch TV*, you'll never be content with anything smaller . . . nothing can equal their lifelike realism. Only Magnavox has optically filtered screens to bring you pictures of breathtaking clarity and depth, and to prevent eyestrain. The true-to-life sound will thrill you. Famous Magnavox dependability—backed by the exclusive Gold Seal Warranty,† and lowest maintenance cost. Other Magnavox TV as low as $179.90—*only* at your authorized Magnavox dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Magnavox is the finest . . . and your best buy on *any* basis of comparison.

†A full year's warranty to replace or repair all parts and tubes . . . plus 90 days' service, all without extra cost, from your Magnavox dealer.

REVOLUTIONARY WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL, optional with many models, gives you "at-the-set" control of picture and sound from anywhere in the room.

THE MAGNAVIEW 24 . . . with 24″ screen,* gives you 330 sq. in. of picture area—20% more than similar 23″ models*—yet costs no more. Magnapower chassis, two matched Magnavox eight-inch speakers with coaxial tweeters. In Traditional or Contemporary styles and 4 fine-wood finishes. As shown in mahogany, $299.50.

**Diagonal measure*

the magnificent **Magnavox**

WORLD LEADER IN STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arouse the American people to the perils we face. Why does General Power, still the head of the Strategic Air Command, call for an immediate air-borne alert unless he is aware of the dangerous vulnerability of our retaliatory force? And why, indeed, did the Administration feel that it must suppress the report of its own Gaither committee if the report said that all was well with our defense program?

No Democrat claims that America is now a second-class power. We are now stronger than any other nation, but the word "now" must be underlined. It is about our position in the years 1962–1964 and beyond that we Democrats, distinguished military leaders, outstanding scientists and such respected commentators on foreign affairs as Walter Lippmann are concerned. Years are required to produce today's terrible engines of destruction, and what we do or do not do today will determine our military position far into the future.

No one wants to hear or say these things. And if we were as strong as we should be, we could follow the wise advice of Teddy Roosevelt to "speak softly and carry a big stick." But we are not doing what we should do, and the fact must be brought out into the open and discussed and accepted before we can change our course.

There is another point I want to make about the Democratic approach to foreign policy: We believe in getting the best men, whatever their party affiliation may be, for peace is not a partisan issue. In the war crisis of 1940 Franklin Roosevelt called two great Republicans—Henry Stimson and Frank Knox—to public service. Similarly Harry Truman brought such outstanding Republicans as Robert Lovett, Paul Hoffman and John J. McCloy into his Administration to meet the problems of the cold war. In meeeting the serious challenge of the 1960's we will again enlist the help of Republicans as well as Democrats, not only to take advantage of their ability but also to demonstrate that in the great issues of war and peace we are all united.

NATIONAL SECURITY AND ECONOMIC GROWTH

The Republican platform says that there must be "no price ceiling on America's security," and I am glad that the Republican Party now agrees in principle with the Democratic Party on this fundamental point. We have been saying it for years. And for years the Republican Party has clamped a rigid budget ceiling on defense expenditures; sworn testimony before Congressional committees leaves no doubt on this point.

The richest country in the world can afford whatever it needs for defense. We cannot afford less, for the next war must be stopped before it starts. Adequate defenses are the first essential of a policy to keep the peace.

At the same time, however, the cost of defense is terribly high, and the burden of defense is one we all feel when we pay our taxes. We would like to reduce it. And it can be reduced *if* we can accelerate our rate of economic growth. As our economy grows, national-security expenditures can be raised while we increase at the same time our spending for personal consumption and needed public services. The arithmetic is simple: If national income rises $25,000,000,000 a year, and it should, we would need only a small fraction of the increase for defense. The rest would raise our living standards.

Here again, therefore, we see the close relation between domestic and foreign affairs. If we wish to be secure *and* to improve our living standards, the road ahead is clear: We must accelerate our rate of economic growth.

Mr. Nixon derides this view as "growthmanship." We Democrats regard the problem of economic growth as the key to our survival in freedom with prosperity. Do not look for new ideas to promote growth in Republican writings, for you will not find them. The most important work on economic growth has been done under the leadership of the Democratic leaders of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. We know what we want to do and how to do it—and it will strengthen our free-enterprise system and create new and profitable opportunities for American business.

Growthmanship is but one of the many terms the slogan-ridden Republican Administration has used to cloud vital issues. Another has been their pious charge that Democrats lack the virtue of "fiscal responsibility." The impressive fact is that President Truman *reduced* the national debt by more than $10,000,000,000, while President Eisenhower has *increased* the national debt by more than $20,000,000,000. Slogans are slogans, but facts are facts.

THE CHALLENGE OF DISARMAMENT

What every American wants even more than a higher standard of living is assurance that he and his family will live in peace. As I said earlier, military strength is a condition of peace. Paradoxical as it may seem, military strength is also a key to progress toward disarmament. So long as the Communists believe that they are gaining ground militarily, they have little incentive to disarm.

Therefore, because we wish to disarm, we must arm, remembering all the while, in Winston Churchill's phrase, that "we arm to parley."

However, it is also true that there is as great a need for hard, creative, imaginative thought about the problem of disarmament as about any other problem in our national life. We spend billions on research and development for new weapons, but almost nothing for research on peace. That is why our Democratic platform calls for the establishment of a Peace Agency in an appropriate place in our government which will employ our most able and creative minds on this central problem of our times.

No one has the final answers to the problems of peace, but it seems to me that the way forward is clear. We must try to build on mankind's common interest in avoiding the catastrophe of war. The historic American approach to international affairs is that of honest co-operation, and we must take the initiative in challenging the Russians to join in peaceful undertakings for the welfare of mankind. In this way we may slowly create a climate of trust and confidence in which progress toward disarmament is possible.

Mr. Lodge boasts that he has never shaken hands with a Russian delegate to the United Nations. Mr. Nixon offers as proof of his experience his kitchen debate with Mr. Khrushchev. But they miss the basic point. Our position in the world depends on our strength and on our success in finding ways to promote honest co-operation.

PROTRACTED CONTEST

In the best of circumstances the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States will be characterized by long, drawn-out, sharp competition. We face a protracted contest.

The contest is one to shape the kind of world order under which we and our children will live. Will it be a world order based on law and justice or will it be one dominated from Moscow or Peking? In this contest, to use Sen. Lyndon Johnson's phrase, there can be no standing still—either we will go forward or we will go backward.

The contest touches every aspect of our lives and every quarter of the globe. It is influenced by our progress in civil rights and in social welfare. It is deeply affected by the competition to conquer space. In the fifteenth century Spain rose to world power and influence as the result of the marvelous exploits of daring seamen and explorers such as Columbus. In the twentieth century a new and greater Age of Discovery is beginning. Who will be first? Not an America led by Republicans who described Sputnik as a "mere hunk of iron, a basketball," and a "silly bauble."

The contest is influenced by comparative rates of economic growth. Indeed, in a world preoccupied with hopes for a decent life, Russian success in this field is perhaps the source of its most potent influence. The rate of Russian growth is far more rapid than our own—according to the man who should know best, Mr. Allen Dulles, Director of Central Intelligence. And to poor countries, the rate of Russian growth is even more impressive than our great wealth, for they know they cannot be wealthy soon and would be content if they could but begin to make rapid progress.

In all phases of the contest the Republican programs, though not always too little, are always too late. A Latin-American program, for example, was needed long before the Cuban revolution, not eighteen months after it was over, and if we had had one, the troubles we now face might not have arisen.

Above all, the outcome of the contest will be determined by the tenacity of our purpose, our staying power, our willingness to do all that is necessary as long as necessary, by the responsiveness of our policies to human needs at home and abroad, by the quality of our concern for human problems.

THE QUESTION OF LEADERSHIP

Success for America in meeting the challenge of the '60's depends upon many things. Paramount among these is the quality of the leadership we have for making and carrying out the decisions which face us. This is, in the final analysis, the key issue in the campaign of 1960.

Facing the new President in January will be a massive decision backlog: unfinished business in terrific volume. Lost opportunities and new problems have been accumulating at a staggering rate. The problems awaiting solutions will require the kind of fresh creativity and decisive action that characterized Wilson's New Freedom, Roosevelt's first 100 days, and the resolute decisions of the Truman Doctrine and the Fair Deal. This decision backlog must be worked off, because new and fateful challenges lie ahead in a rapidly changing world.

I am proud to be a Democrat for many reasons. But I am, perhaps, most proud because whenever the country has turned to the Democratic Party for leadership in a critical period, the Democratic Party has always provided it in full measure. We are once again in such a critical period, and the Democratic Party once again is prepared to provide the leadership the times demand and the country deserves.

I have watched John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson in the tough bargaining sessions through which much of the business of Congress is conducted. They are able negotiators and hard bargainers, as their colleagues well know. It is an experience which will stand them in good stead in international negotiations. They drive hard for what they think is right. And they are winners.

With the outstanding Democratic Congress we will still have in January, this leadership combination between the Executive Branch and Congress may well be the greatest in our history. We have had divided government long enough. A Democratic victory will bring divided government to an end next January.

John Kennedy has the qualities of greatness to match the demands of the Presidency. He is a man of courage and decision. One knows where he stands and why. He likes to make decisions rather than avoid them. I can think of no more important quality in a President, for the White House is a lonely place, at the end of the line, where a man must make up his own mind. As a great Democratic President said, "The buck stops here."

John Kennedy is a man of vision. A student of history, his eye is on the future. He knows that the spirit that brought settlers to the shores of his native Massachusetts and to my native Puget Sound is the spirit which must be called up again to conquer the New Frontiers—frontiers tougher, harder and, perhaps, even more important than those which faced the Pilgrims and the pioneers. This spirit of vision which John Kennedy personifies is the leadership which the country needs, and which the Democratic Party is prepared by experience, by dedication and by resolve to give. THE END

"I warned you about letting him order the cake!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peddler (Continued from Page 26)

might suit him. He knew what he wanted, barely glancing at the first few before shaking his head.

But when they came to one that Katherine had included because she liked it herself, though it was rather above the price range he had given, he took it without hesitation.

It was high up in a modern block, with a small balcony outside the lounge windows, from which the bend of the river could be seen over the housetops. Katherine was oddly glad that he would be living in this pleasant place.

They stayed for a while, talking, and Katherine found out that he was an economist, working for an oil company, recently transferred to the London office.

When they parted, she didn't feel that they were saying good-by. She was not surprised, a week later, to look up and find him in front of her desk again.

"Is the flat all right?" she asked.

"Fine. I wondered," he said, not nervously, but as if this had to be said and therefore he would say it, "I wondered, if you have no other engagement, if you would have lunch with me today."

"I should like to," Katherine said, speaking the truth.

There was little now, at least in the superficial sense, that she did not know about Graham Wilson. He had studied at the London School of Economics and then joined the oil industry, serving in Persia and Venezuela, before coming back to England and London.

He smoked because he enjoyed it, drank for pleasure, not for a kick. He played golf and tennis, sometimes took time off to watch cricket at Lord's, and was capable of working straight through a weekend on some special project.

He preferred the peace of the countryside to the scramble of a seaside resort and had fewer mannerisms than anyone Katherine had ever met. He had the ability to sit still in a chair and concentrate his whole attention on one matter only.

Yes, Katherine thought, she knew him. She knew his taste in clothes and music and books. And yet what did she really know? What did anyone ever really know about another human being?

Surely no one ever married, for instance, without believing they had full knowledge and trust. And how often, how terribly often, that was shown to be a lie or a delusion.

She and Graham had never rushed into each other's arms, whispering breathless promises. Perhaps they weren't the kind. But, after over two years of rarely being apart, of seeking no one but the other, their position was implicit, and there was no point in denying the extent to which they were committed to each other.

Marriage had been discussed, not in the way of excited anticipation or of fixing the day, but in a pleasant, half-wistful way, as if in looking forward, they were looking back.

For herself, Katherine could only talk about it as if it was something she did not believe in. For that was how she felt.

So the things they agreed upon were inanimate rather than personal. Like the house. This house. The one which, without being present, he was showing her, and telling her to make up her mind.

When Katherine raised her head from today, and perhaps tomorrow, and looked at their life in the whole, she could not be surprised. She knew that in her heart she had seen this coming. With any other man it would have happened before. And it was typical of Graham that he had arranged it so that there need be no scenes, no questions, no recriminations. Only to wait for him. Or to leave a note.

But though she had seen it coming, she had prevented herself from looking at it. She liked their present, safe, pleasant relationship very well. Close they were, but not so close that either could be badly, really badly, hurt.

Graham had referred directly to the matter only once, and even then, though they spoke quietly, with warm affection for each other, she had felt a tension grip her, as though, far away, the end came distantly into sight.

He said one day, "Katherine, I'm afraid I shan't be able to make it tomorrow after all. I've got one of those sudden conferences that go on all afternoon and half the night."

"Oh," Katherine said, disappointed. "Will you be able to call me?"

"Yes. I'll phone about seven—if you're not going out."

She looked at him, surprised. "I shan't be going out." And then, as his eyes held hers, she flushed.

He said, "We're pretty important to each other, aren't we?"

She looked away. "Yes. We are."

"Katherine," he said, "there's one thing I've always believed, and I still do. When it comes to marriage, my wife will have to be as ready as I. She has to freely, truly want me, with no reservations and no backward looks. Otherwise it's no good." He smiled at her, not quite steadily. "I'm not exactly looking around, am I? And neither are you."

"I think," Katherine said, "that in my own way I feel much the same. Only I might put it a little differently. When I marry, I want to feel that there's nothing else possible. That in all the world, there's only one—oh, this sounds terribly girlish, doesn't it?"

"Love at first sight," he suggested.

"No, not necessarily. Just the feeling—oh, I don't even know what I mean. I've never felt it."

"Well, that's straight enough," he said.

"Graham," she said, afraid that he was hurt, "I don't really mean that the way it sounds. I don't know. I just don't know. I wish that ——" She broke off hopelessly.

"Where there's a wish," he said, smiling at her, "there's an obstacle. I know it's there. If ever it isn't—one day."

"Yes," she said gladly. "One day I'll know."

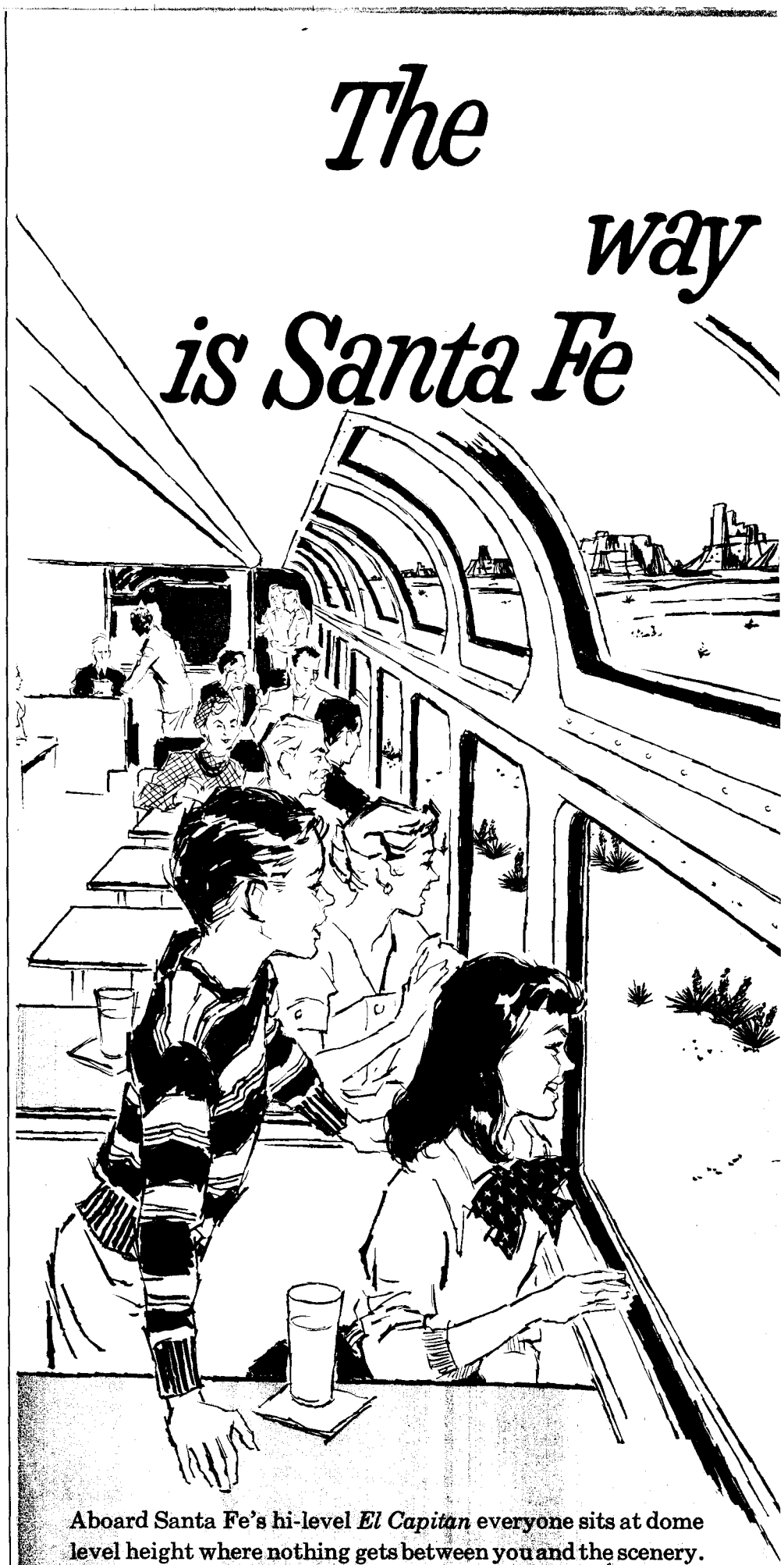
For "one day" was comfortably vague, and until then there was today and perhaps tomorrow. One day she would surely change and feel differently. She wished that she could tell him, but what was there to tell? There was no neat sum that could be added up again to show that she had the wrong answer. Only a feeling, a wish for something to be different, a something that she could scarcely identify in words.

She was sure that she could live contentedly with Graham. More, that life would be more agreeable with him than with anyone else she had ever met. Was it wrong that she should ache for something more than being settled and content?

She could only grope for what she wanted, hardly knowing what it was. Some unique spark—a flame that no one else could light; a blaze of wondering emotion, which the rest of the world need not know about, but which should be awesome and almost terrifying for the two of them.

Perhaps she was merely trying to have her cake and eat it and maybe put some away in the cupboard too. At twenty-four, with a fairly responsible job, she was past her adolescent passions. She liked Graham as he was; she wanted him no different. Except. . . .

She remembered an experiment from her school days, when two objects,



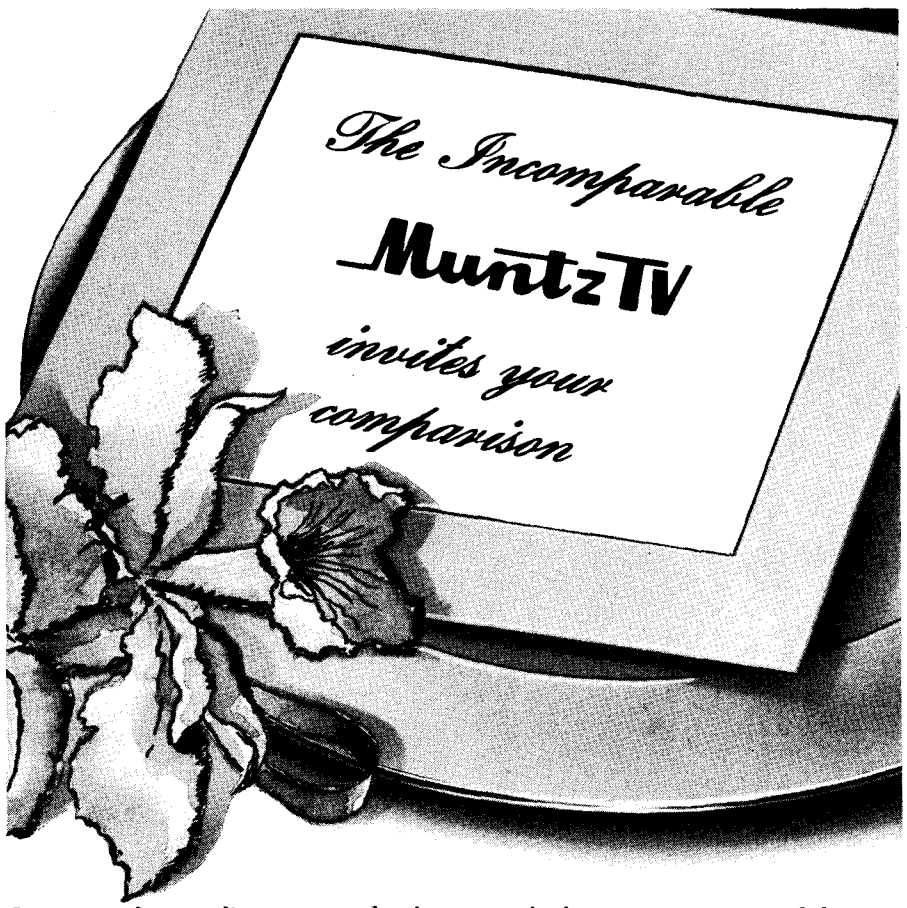
Aboard Santa Fe's hi-level *El Capitan* everyone sits at dome level height where nothing gets between you and the scenery. You ride in a reserved "stretch-out" seat. Dine on famous Fred Harvey food. Relax in luxurious lounges. There's soft music, new people to meet, helpful Courier Nurse service. On the hi-level *El Capitan* only the fare is low. Daily between Los Angeles and Chicago. Come along!

Ask about Santa Fe's new "Go Now—Pay Later" plan

Santa Fe

THE MOST LUXURIOUS COACH SERVICE IN AMERICA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



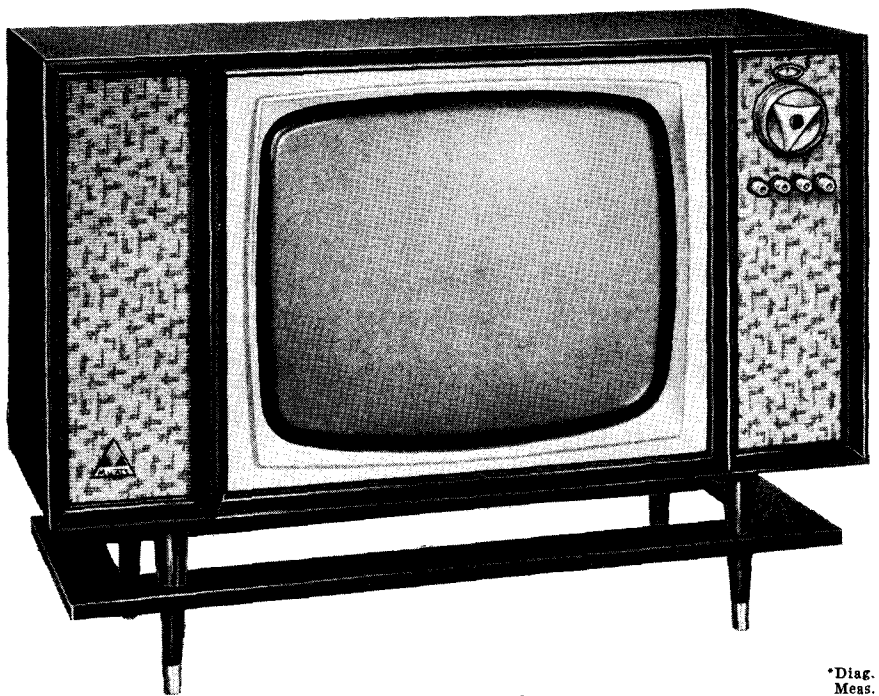
Compare the quality . . . a glowing superiority you can see and hear—

Compare the performance . . . trouble-free, care-free, lasting pleasure—

Compare the value . . . dollar for dollar "a best TV buy"

Compare the enjoyment . . . nothing like it anywhere in sight or sound.

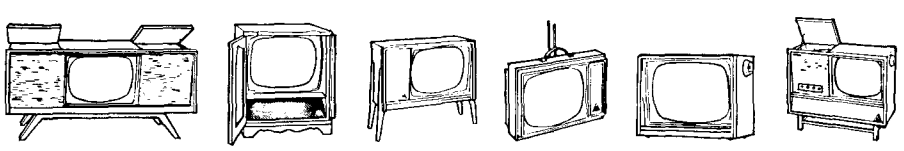
23"* Illustrated below is the Lowboy . . . the newest in a long line of Muntz TV masterpieces.



*Diag. Meas.

On display at Muntz TV dealers throughout America . . . or, write for the name of your nearest Muntz TV dealer.

The Incomparable MuntzTV
America's Television Triumph



MUNTZ TV, INC. • 1000 GREY AVENUE • EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

charged with static electricity, were brought close to each other. And the sudden, surprising flash and the crack of the spark which momentarily joined the two together.

She had never felt that jolt of surprise with Graham. Perhaps it wasn't in her. And perhaps it wasn't in him either. He was devoted to her, he cared for her, and he seemed to like her immensely. But behind his reserve, his calm weighing of words, was there anything else? Or did he merely feel that it was time he got married and that she would be a suitable partner?

There were many reasons why a man might wish to marry, quite unconnected with the intangible spark for which Katherine was groping. But there was only one reason for Katherine Trent; because her whole heart and being cried for one man and one man only.

She wanted it to be Graham; she wanted it badly. Always she had thought that in time, next week, next month, sometime, she would know.

But now, as Katherine Trent shivered in that cold sitting room of that empty house, she knew that she did not know and that her time with Graham Wilson had run out. She had to make up her mind in a simple matter: to stay, or to leave a note.

She did not resent the indirect manner of his proposal. It was a part of the man whom she cared for very much; it was the way they had been with each other. She didn't want fair words and protestations, provided the other was there. But if it was, would she even be wondering? And Katherine knew.

She walked into the hall, took her appointments book from her handbag, tore a page out and wrote on it: RENT FINE. HOPE YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE. She propped the piece of paper up by the telephone and looked at her watch. A quarter past four. She had left it later than she should have done.

Now that the thing was done she felt deeply sad. She would miss Graham, his talk, his affection, his mere presence. But Graham's implied request for a decision one way or another was right. There was no point in going on as they were, so close and yet never quite touching, if the future in fact held nothing more.

But still, as she pulled on her gloves, she was sad. She would have wished it different. She lighted a cigarette. She couldn't very well cry while smoking. She took a last look round, a farewell glance at the might-have-been, before she went.

The sharp knock at the door was unexpected and made her start, making her realize just how strung up she was. Her first panicky thought was that it was Graham, unexpectedly early. But he had a key. She opened the door.

In a curious way, while her emotions were tense and overwrought, her ordinary reactions were dulled. She stared, almost stupidly, at the man standing at the door.

He was a tall, heavily built Pakistani. His face was bearded, and he wore a turban. The collar of his shabby brown overcoat was turned up, and the blue woolen muffler round his neck said that he felt the cold.

He gave her a brilliant smile and put the suitcase he was carrying down on the doorstep. He said, "Good day, madam. You let me show you my nice things?" His stilted accent betrayed the limitations of his English.

"No," Katherine said. "Thank you. "I'm just going ——"

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

To banish reckless drivers, the city established a system of points for violations. Anyone exceeding a certain total of points was suspended. Bob the taxi driver, soon suspended, sued on grounds that the law discriminated unconstitutionally against cabbies in not allowing them more points than ordinary drivers.

"Even the safest cab drivers are likely to run up more points than everyday motorists because cabbies drive more," Bob argued. "That's why it is unfair and unconstitutional not to allow us extra points."

"If anything, cab drivers should be treated more strictly than ordinary motorists because they are professionals entrusted with the lives of passengers," city counsel replied.

If you were the judge, would you restore Bob's license?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bob loses. The court said: "The purpose of the point system is not to punish drivers, but to protect the public. It is an attempt to correct the deplorable disregard which drivers display toward traffic regulations. If the taxi driver wishes to avoid accumulating more points than the average driver, his course is clear: Obey traffic regulations."

Based upon a 1958 District of Columbia decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But she was not quick enough. Already he had the suitcase open and was bending down, sorting through the jumble of objects in it. He bent from the waist and straightened up with an organdy blouse held gently in his brown fingers. There was a strange dignity about his deliberate movements, as though, peddler though he was, hawking oddments from door to door, he yet never lost sight of, or pride in, his own manhood.

"Better than you get in the shops," he said, spreading the blouse.

Katherine shook her head. He delved in the suitcase again. "Toys?" he said. "For your children? Nice doll?" The doll wore a blue-and-silver sari.

"I have no children," Katherine said.

His brown eyes studied her, and she thought she saw a flicker of disapproval.

"You should have children," he said.

"Why?" Katherine demanded rudely, eager to be rid of him.

His head rocked slightly, as though in surprise. "Little people to care for," he said. "Not so many people you can love in this life. Lucky to have two or three more." His hand moved in the air, as though grasping for his own meaning. "More part of the one you love most," he explained.

Katherine bit her lip as the tears threatened to burn her eyes. She threw her cigarette onto the small garden.

"You angry?" he inquired anxiously.

"No," Katherine said hopelessly. "No, I'm not angry."

"Perfume?" the peddler asked hopefully. "Nice bottle of perfume?"

"No," Katherine said. "Look, I'm in a hurry ——"

"Won't take a minute," the peddler said, "to find something you want." He rummaged in his suitcase. "Maybe a present for someone you love?"

Katherine shook her head. The peddler looked at her with a deep concern from his brown eyes, eyes which held a curious mixture of childish naïveté and manly dignity. The same mixture which, perhaps, made his way of speech, his words, not trite and worn but manifestly sincere.

"Must have love," the peddler said. "All the rest in life"—he made a circle in the air with his forefinger—"all the rest go round it."

Katherine looked at him, her anxiety to be rid of him temporarily overlaid with a sudden curiosity, as if this man from a strange land, with his simple speech, could reduce the tangle to simplicity.

"How can you be sure?" she asked. "Really sure?"

"Can't be sure of anything," the peddler said, shaking his turbaned head. "You can only give love. Wife, husband, children, friends. You give. You get back. Maybe not always. I don't know. But most times. Then you be happy." He looked at her, and she was irresistibly reminded of a shy little boy. "I think perhaps you're not very happy," he said.

No, Katherine thought, *I'm not happy. Whatever else, I'm not happy.*

"You buy something, to give to somebody," the peddler said, coming back to business.

"Oh—I'll have those," Katherine said, pointing to something at random. It was a pair of cuff links in a small cardboard box. She paid him, and he closed his suitcase, lifted it and turned away.

Katherine said on impulse, "Are you married?"

"Sure." He turned his head, his white teeth showing in the brilliant smile. "Two children, another on the way. Not much money." His smile broadened. "Meet a lot of nice people though."

Katherine found herself smiling back. He said, pointing to the small cardboard box in her hand, "You buy from me, you get good luck. You see."

He walked a few paces up the street and turned into the next house. Katherine closed the door. She looked at the slip of paper, the edges torn, standing up by the telephone. She pulled her glove back to see the face of her watch.

It was nearly twenty-five past four. She had a minute at most to leave the house, to walk quickly up the road and round the corner, so that when Graham came ——

The peddler had said nothing new. Admittedly, those blessed with the sophistication of her generation would never dream of putting such sentiments into words. But one was aware of it.

But was it true, was it enough? Or was it merely the generalization of a man with the outlook of a child?

To give, unsure of any return, to risk, to be exposed. Katherine shook her head. She turned toward the door.

The rattle of a key in the door halted her. Uselessly her eyes flew to her watch. He was early, five minutes early. It had never entered her head that he would come a second before the time he had said.

Graham came in. His face was tight with nervous apprehension. When he saw her, his expression changed wonderfully. His eyes lighted up with a deep warmth, his lips moved in a slow, happy smile. He said only, "Katherine."

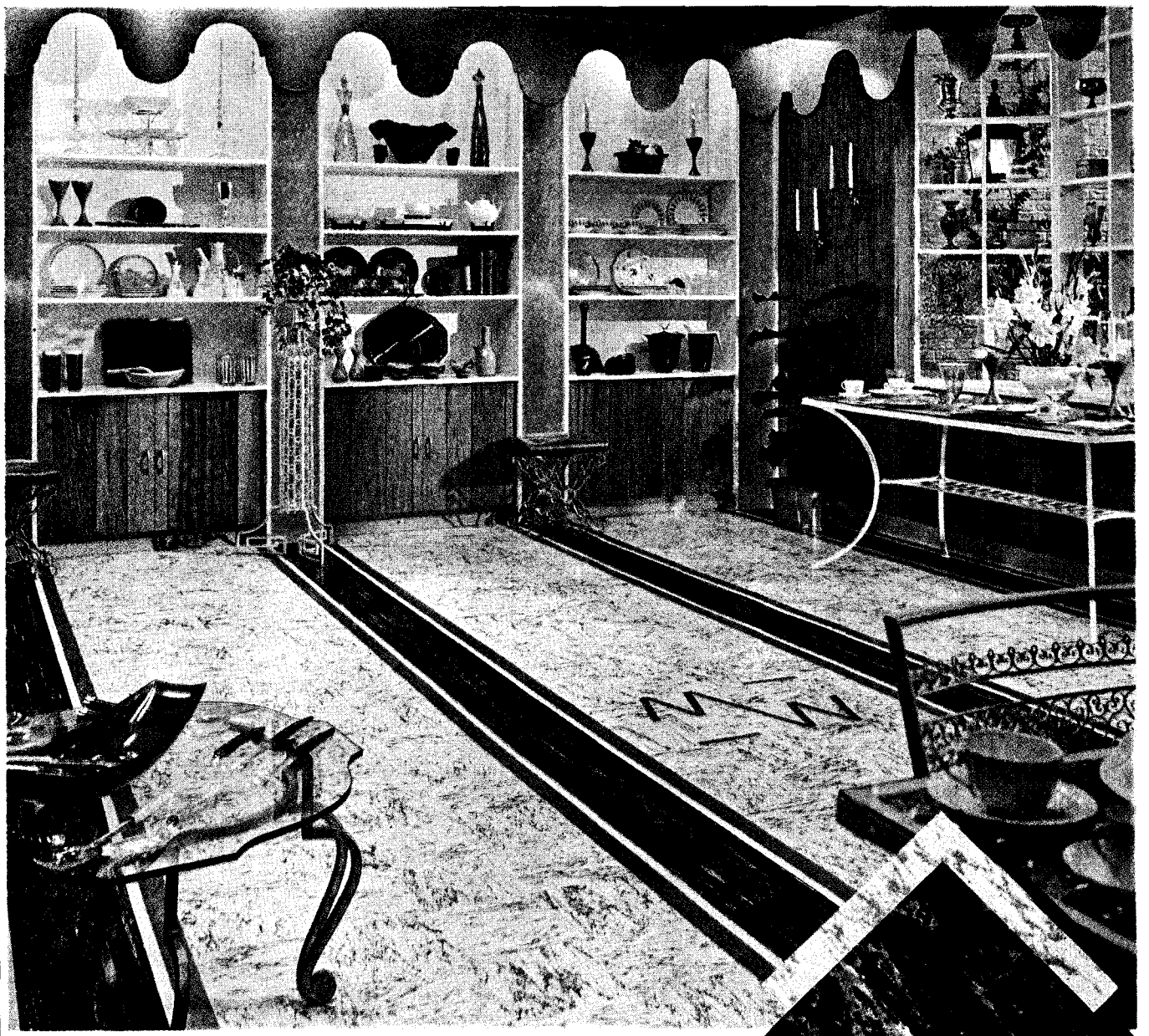
Katherine looked at him with wonder. She had never seen this look on his face before. Something inside her melted a little when she saw how finding her here affected this man.

He came to her with two quick strides, held her and kissed her. It was unlike any way he had kissed her previously. It was

KENTILE VINYL

ON TODAY'S SMARTEST FLOORS

Now! Sparkling golden beauty . . . at surprising low cost!



This gift shop floor combines Ermine Gold and Sable Gold Metallic Style Kentile® Vinyl Asbestos Tile. With Bright Gold and White Feature Strip. Wall Base is Beige KenCove®. Insert is custom-made.

MOST ECONOMICAL TO MAINTAIN . . . no matter how heavy customer traffic becomes. Because it's made with vinyl, it stays bright and shiny for years with a minimum of care. Long-wearing Kentile Vinyl Asbestos Tile is greaseproof . . . stain-resistant, too. And, because it's tile, it costs less to have installed than flooring in rolls. See your Kentile Dealer . . . he's listed in the Yellow Pages.

THERE'S A KENTILE FLOOR FOR EVERY BUSINESS. Not only *Vinyl Asbestos* but a complete choice also in *Solid Vinyl* for utmost luxury, *Rubber* for comfort underfoot, and economical *Asphalt Tile*. Over 200 colors!

© 1960, Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

YOU PAY NO MORE FOR A KENTILE FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EAT
ANYTHING!

ORA-FIX
holds dentures fast—all day!

Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

A product of
McKesson Laboratories.

SERVE Spudnuts®
for Halloween Parties and "Trick or Treat"

For the treat that's neat for Halloween Parties, serve Spudnuts — fresh 'n delicious — in a wide choice of varieties and icings, including the traditional Halloween Orange and Chocolate! Spudnuts are ideal, too, for small-fry trick or treaters—wholesome and good! Special rates on all party and Halloween orders — check with your local Spudnut dealer now.

United States and Canadian Spudnut Franchises available.

CLIP and MAIL TODAY
Pelton's Spudnuts, Inc.
Franchise Division, Dept. SP-7
450 West 17th South - Salt Lake City, Utah
Please send complete Franchise Information.
I am interested in.....
Name of City
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

eager, hard, almost rough, as if with confidence he had come the ability to show a desire for her he had no other way to express.

Suddenly something inside Katherine snapped. Her whole body glowed, every nerve tingled. She clung to him frantically, her lips matching the warmth of his kiss while her heart changed pace and began to race and pound until she thought it would hammer itself out of her body.

After a while their lips parted, and they stood, holding each other tightly, still saying nothing while Katherine pressed her face against his, feeling the roughness of his cheek against hers.

So it was Graham after all, the only possible man there was. *I had to be shown*, Katherine thought hazily. *He had to show me.* She was so glad and happy.

Then, abruptly, she was aware that everything had changed. Graham's body slowly became stiff, moving not against her but away from her. His hands dropped as though they were lifeless. She looked up at him. He was staring, his face set, over her shoulder.

Katherine went across to the note and picked it up. Her fingers were trembling.

He said, aiming his voice for normalcy and achieving only formality, "I'm sorry. I was early. I thought ——" It was like watching him rapidly reassembling the shell which protected him. He constructed a painful smile. "I was a little anxious. I wanted to know—I'm afraid I took too much for granted. I'm sorry—I should have known."

He straightened his overcoat with a meaningless gesture. "This was what I was trying to avoid," he said.

He was retreating so fast that he would soon be gone altogether, though his body might remain and he might talk and even smile.

And suddenly Katherine felt that she knew him as completely as she ever would; that underneath his quiet, mannered confidence he was lonely and a little afraid, so that he could only show himself when he was sure.

And perhaps she was the same. If either one of them refrained from giving, there would be nothing.

She said, deliberately jabbing him with her words, "Why haven't you kissed me like that before?"

"I didn't know."

She crumpled the note into a tiny ball and dropped it on the floor while his eyes followed her fingers. "Nor did I," she said.

There was silence, while they stared at each other. Life was creeping back into his face as he struggled for belief and understanding.

"There was a peddler here," Katherine said. "He told me to buy something. For someone I love."

She stepped forward and, with a girlish gesture, handed him the small cardboard box. "For the one I love," she said.

He took it, handling it blindly. Katherine said firmly, "No reservations. No backward looks."

He smiled at her, slowly and happily. "The only one," he said.

"Always," Katherine whispered, her stock of self-possession running out.

He held her, first gently and then very close, saying now in broken phrases, single words, the love that was inside him, while Katherine clung to him.

It wasn't so much a spark, she thought, as an unquenchable flame.

Listening to the Universe (Continued from Page 41)

England is 250 feet in diameter and weighs 750 tons (2000 tons over-all). One of 600 feet in diameter is now being built at Sugar Grove, West Virginia.

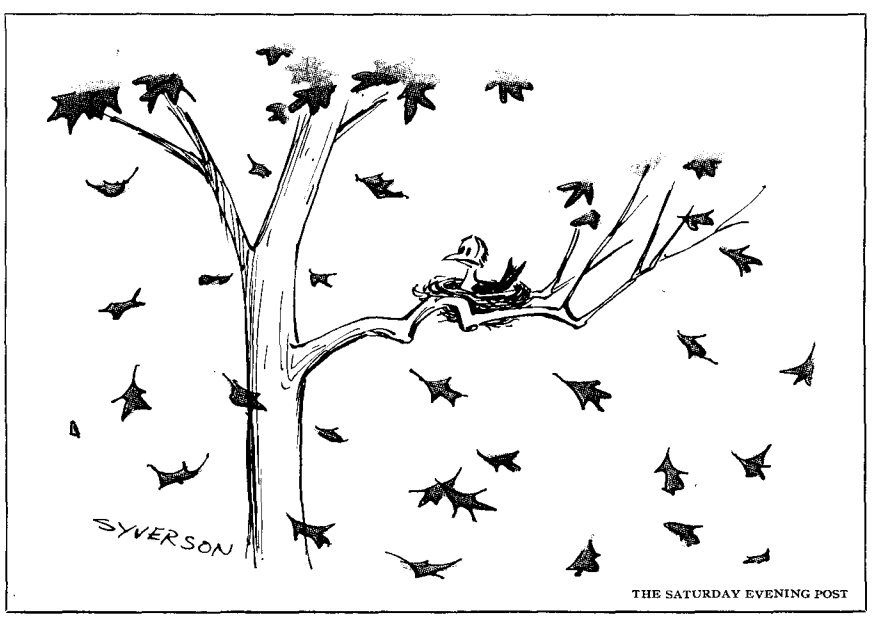
These radiotelescopes are really gigantic versions of the common television aerial. The few rods on the antenna of the TV aerial give it a small amount of directivity or resolution to improve the signal strength from the transmitting station and at the same time reduce unwanted signals and interference from other directions. It would be quite possible to increase the size of this aerial by adding more rods, or even by using a dish-type antenna. Then the signal strength would be improved and so would the resolution, so that more care would have to be taken in pointing the aerial in the direction of the transmitting station. The purpose of this aerial is to pick up the radio waves from the TV transmitter, direct them into the receiving set and display them on the tube. The wave length of the TV transmissions is a few inches. This is also the wave length of radio signals from outer space. If the volume control of the TV set is turned up when no transmissions are in progress, a background hiss will be heard in the loud-speaker. Some of this is generated in the components in the receiver, and some will come from the electrical machinery in the neighborhood, but a good bit of it will be the noise of these radio signals coming from the depths of space.

The radiotelescope and the associated receiving and recording equipment is really a scaled-up version of this simple TV arrangement. The big dish acts as a reflector for the radio waves which it intercepts and concentrates them on to the small TV-type antenna at the focus of the reflector, where they are taken by cable to the receiving set and the recording meter—which is often a simple pen-and-ink instrument. The TV set picks up the radio waves emitted by a transmitter at relatively short distances. The radiotelescope often deals with signals which have been traveling through space for trillions of miles. There is a well-known radio source at a distance of 700,000,000 light-years—4,200,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles. The strength of the signal from this source in an average TV set would be about 10^{-16} watts, or a ten-thousandth of a million millionth of a watt. The Big Dish at Jodrell Bank collects 5000 times more energy from this source. Although this amounts to only one half a trillionth of a watt (an ordinary light bulb may use sixty watts), the receiving and recording equipment is so sensitive that the signal causes a big deflection on the recording chart. The lower limit of the Jodrell radiotelescope is about 50 to 100 million trillionth of a watt, at which level the signals from space get confused and submerged in the random radio "noise" generated locally and in the apparatus.

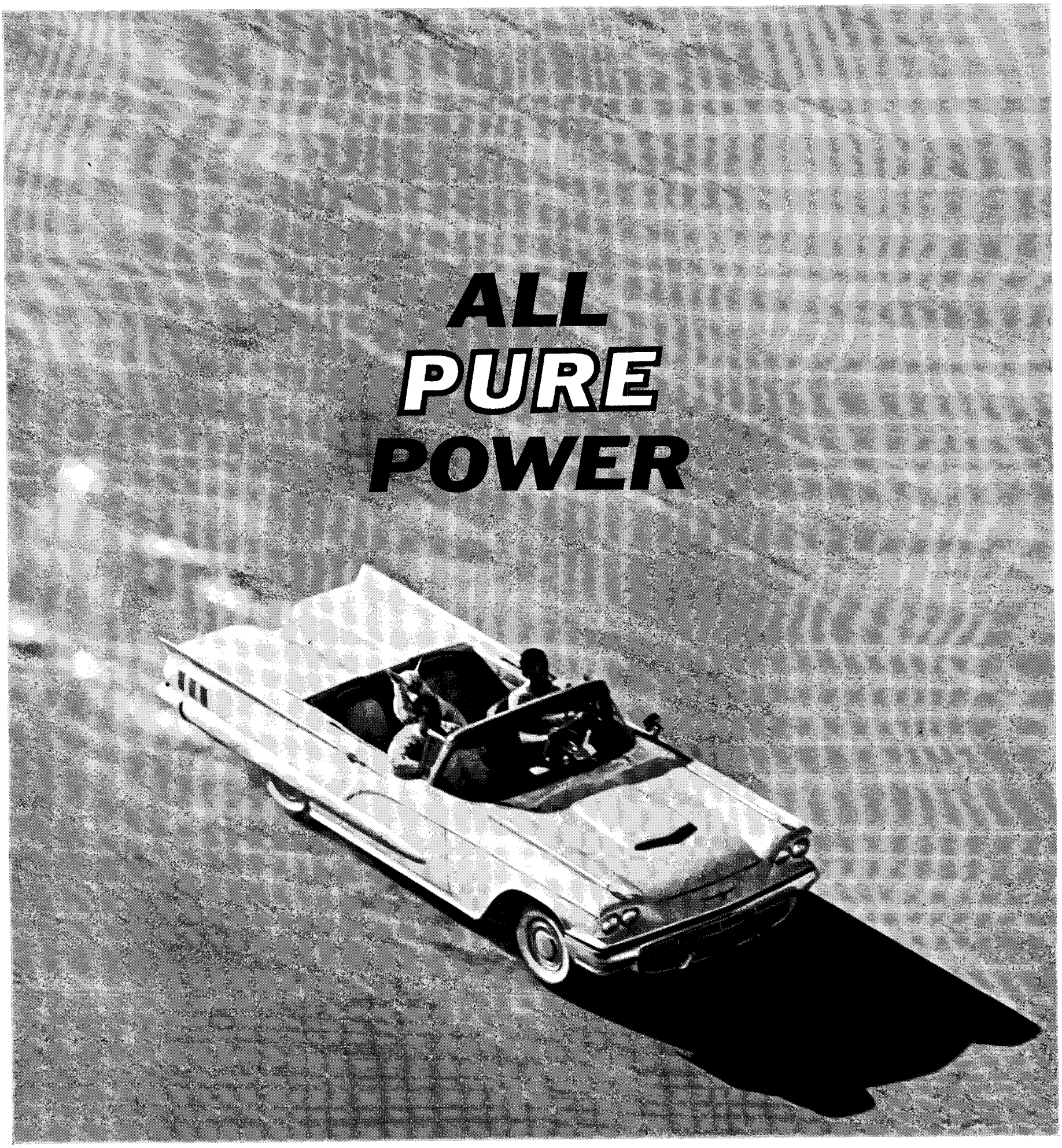
When the radiotelescope is used to explore the galaxy and the remote depths of space, it is used, like the TV set, as a receiver for radio emissions which are generated elsewhere. The big-dish type of radiotelescope is an adaptable instrument, however, and can be used as a transmitter as well as a receiver. Generally there is a special "transmit-receive" device which enables the telescope to do both jobs simultaneously—and it transmits in the same narrow beam it uses for reception, so that the transmitted energy can be concentrated on the moon or a planet and the reflected wave observed as a signal on a cathode-ray tube connected to the receiver output.

The reflector at Jodrell Bank was used in this fashion to track the carrier rockets of the Sputniks and to send the signal which separated the payload of solar-orbiting Pioneer V from its rocket. For months signals were sent out daily to switch on the transmitters in Pioneer V, millions of miles out in space. On May 8, 1960, a coded signal was sent for the first time to switch on Pioneer's powerful 150-watt transmitter. The probe was then 8,000,000 miles from the earth. The signal from the telescope, traveling through space at 186,000 miles a second, took forty-three seconds to reach the probe, and the response of the probe took the same time to come back to earth. Nearly a minute and a half to wait after sending the command—but this is almost instantaneous when compared with the multi-million year journeys of the signals from space.

An experiment which can be carried out with even a small radiotelescope is to make a record of the strength of the radio emissions coming from different parts of the sky. If this radio map of the heavens is compared with an astronomical map of the common visible stars, there appears to be a good correlation between the radio and visual star maps. The radio signals are most intense when the radiotelescope is directed to pick up the emissions from the densely populated parts of the (*Continued on Page 108*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU GET IT IN THE WEST'S MOST POWERFUL PREMIUM

Royal 76 Gasoline gives you pure power clean through.

That's because hydrogen refining (a process Union Oil developed and owns) cleans out impurities, leaves in only hard-working octanes (100-plus, of course).

You get Royal 76 at the sign of the big 76. It is pure and simply—The Finest.

ROYAL 76

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 106*) Milky Way, and they decrease markedly in strength when the telescope is receiving signals from those regions of the sky which are thinly populated with common stars.

This would suggest that the ordinary visible stars are emitting radio waves as well as the light by which we see them. The possibility can be tested by focusing a radiotelescope on a prominent visible star such as Sirius or Capella. To do this it is necessary to use a large radiotelescope, because large instruments, like their optical counterparts, are more selective than small ones, and it is desirable to include as little as possible outside the region of sky containing the star. When this is done, however, no signals can be detected; in fact, no one has yet succeeded in recording radio waves from any of the ordinary stars—apart from the sun—in the Milky Way. We are not yet certain whether the sun really is an exception or whether we can pick up the radio signals from it because it is so close compared even with the next nearest star. Even if the next nearest star (Alpha Centauri, 27,000,000,000,000 miles away) emitted radio waves with the same strength as the sun, it could scarcely be detected with instruments which we have today, because of the distance involved. Experiments are now being made to find out if other stars do emit radio waves like the sun, but even if this is proved to be the case their emission is so weak it has no part in the present story of the radio waves from space.

Two other neighbors of our solar system, Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani, are presently the subject of an experiment, known as Project Ozma, in which American astronomers are using a radiotelescope in an attempt to find out if any signals which are emitted could possibly be generated by intelligent beings. Modern theories of the evolution of the solar system indicate that similar planetary systems must be plentiful throughout the stars of the Milky Way. The search for intelligent signals is one of the long shots of the radiotelescope, but if Project Ozma should produce positive results it would indeed be the most dramatic discovery of all time.

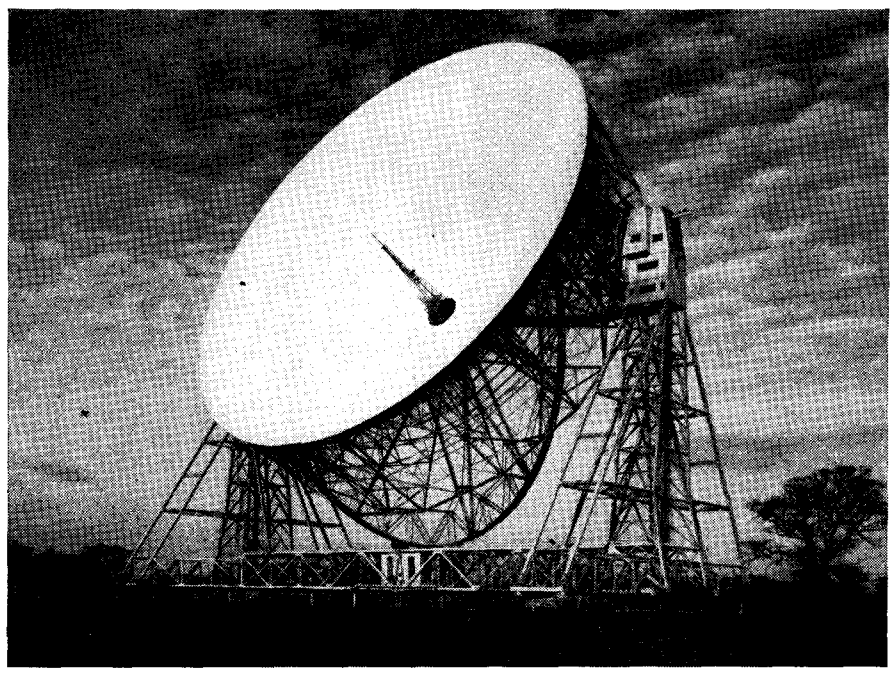
This paradox of the superficial similarity of the radio and optical maps of the heavens is not yet fully resolved—indeed, as we shall see, it may well hold the key to one of the ultimate problems in cosmology. Nevertheless, ten years of probing the heavens with radiotelescopes of ever-increasing size and complexity has at least made it possible to give an indication of the various possible origins of radio waves from space. It is convenient to divide this summary into three categories: (1) the radio waves from our own galaxy, the Milky Way; (2) the extragalactic nebulae (that is, the millions of other "island universes") as radio sources; (3) the problem of the unidentified radio sources in space.

When early experiments revealed the similarity of the shape of the radio contours of the heavens to the density of common stars and yet failed to record any emissions from the individual stars, it was suggested that the radio waves were generated, not within stars, but in the interstellar gas of the Milky Way. This hypothesis is now accepted as explanation of at least a part of the radio-wave emissions generated in the Milky Way. The hydrogen gas which fills the space between the 100,000,000,000 stars of the Milky Way exists in two forms. In the neighborhood of hot stars the hydrogen atom, a neutral element in its natural state, is torn apart by the intense stellar radiation so that the atom's constituent parts, the proton and electron, move as separate entities; gas formed of these freed, charged particles is ionized and has characteristic electrical properties. The ionized hydrogen gas emits radio waves over a wide range of wave lengths. This hydrogen gas closely follows the contours of the flattened disc of stars which forms our galaxy. It is prevalent in the plane of the galaxy, and it is the radio waves generated in this ionized gas which give rise to the marked increase in the strength of the radio waves recorded by a radiotelescope which scans the Milky Way.

The presence of neutral hydrogen in space is a different story. Although its presence was inferred, there was no means of detecting it until the Dutch astronomer Hendrik van de Hulst suggested during World War II that the interaction of the electron spin with the magnetic field of the nucleus of the hydrogen atom should give radio emission detectable on a specific wave length of twenty-one centimeters (eight and one quarter inches). The fact that this is a "line emission" in which all the radiation occurs at a single specific wave length means that any Doppler change arising from the relative motion of the hydrogen clouds of the galaxy and the solar system can be measured. Such measurements have been used to determine the spiral structure of the Milky Way system of stars—an achievement denied optical investigators by the opaque dust clouds which lie between us and the central regions of our galaxy.

The ionized and neutral hydrogen gas is but a part of the story of the radio emission from the Milky Way. The modern radiotelescope has revealed other exciting features of our "home" galaxy. Surrounding and enclosing the system of stars there is a vast halo, or corona, of radio emission extending far outside the recognized stellar confines of the Milky Way into regions of space where no matter can be seen in the optical telescopes. Our current belief is that this radio halo is generated by high-energy electrons moving in the magnetic field associated with the galaxy—by a process known as synchrotron radiation.

The other feature is the existence of powerful localized, or discrete, sources of radio emission lying among the stars of the Milky Way. These are often called radio stars, and for some time after their discovery the failure to associate them with any particular object seen in the 200-inch Palomar telescope caused considerable dismay. The most powerful radio source of this nature in the sky lies in the constellation of Cassiopeia and when its position had been measured with sufficient accuracy, the 200-inch telescope was able to photograph in that region an area of diffuse filamentary gas in rapid internal motion. Another strong radio source was identified with the Crab Nebula—the remnants of the supernova of A.D. 1054, the star whose explosion was recorded by the Chinese astronomers. There are two other unambiguous cases of supernovae in the Milky Way—those observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572 and by Johannes Kepler in 1604, and these are also associated with localized radio sources. In fact, the localized radio sources in the Milky Way seem to be regions of gas in violent motion, and the present tendency is to regard them all, including Cassiopeia, as the remnants of supernovae in various stages of antiquity.



The Jodrell Bank radiotelescope, with a 250-foot, 750-ton reflector bowl, is the largest fully steerable instrument of its kind now in operation.

The radio astronomer's view of the Milky Way is therefore a complex of radiations arising from the interstellar gas concentrated among the common stars of the system, in which are embedded the powerful localized sources, probably the gaseous remains of stellar cataclysms, the whole being surrounded by the galactic halo. Even when these various components are included it is evident that the radio map of the heavens cannot be explained by this Milky Way complex. There remain many thousands of localized sources of emission, or radio stars, which seem to be evenly distributed in space and which apparently lie outside the limits of our galaxy.

This raises the question of whether any of these sources are related to the extragalactic nebulae which populate the universe. Our nearest extragalactic neighbor, the spiral nebula M31, in Andromeda, is 2,000,000 light-years from the Milky Way, and in view of its general similarity to the Milky Way it might be expected to generate radio waves in a similar way. Indeed, this is found to be the case. The intensity of the radio waves from M31 is just about that which would be expected on the basis of the integrated strength of the Milky Way radio emission. Unfortunately no radiotelescopes yet possess the resolving power necessary to detect any individual sources of radio emission in this galaxy 12 millions of millions of millions of miles away, but we do know that it is surrounded by an extensive halo of radio emission.

The large radiotelescopes of the northern and southern hemisphere have, between them, succeeded in associating about three dozen of these extragalactic nebulae with radio sources, and the existing evidence is that they behave as would be expected in the radio sense if the Milky Way and M31 are taken as typical. No radiotelescopes in use today are powerful enough to detect the radio emission from individual galaxies lying at distances greater than these three dozen or so of the brighter extragalactic objects. It has been evident for some years, moreover, that although the millions of extragalactic nebulae scattered throughout the universe may well be radio sources in their own right, we cannot account in this way for the several thousand localized radio sources which are detected by contemporary radiotelescopes.

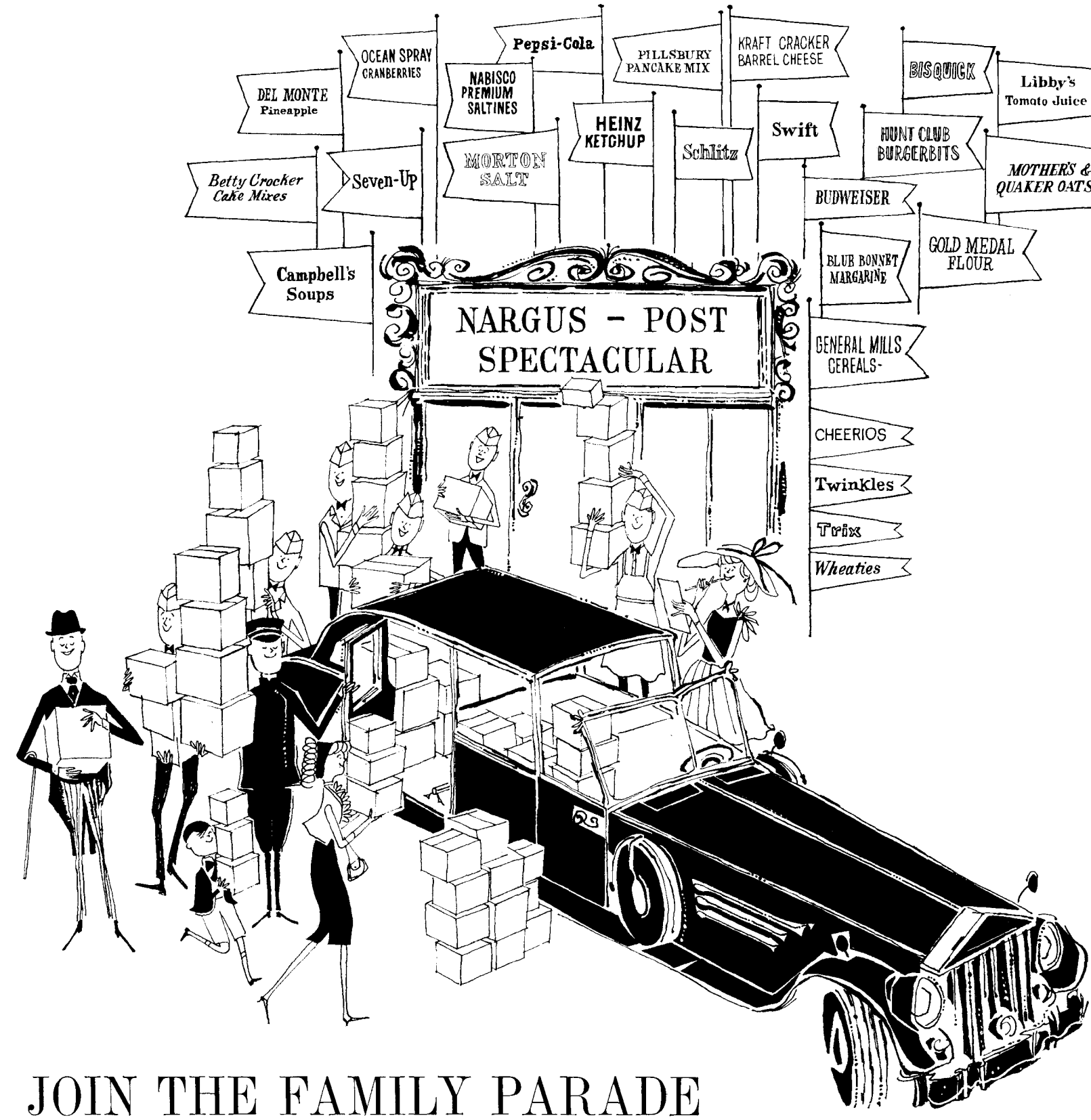
Here we reach the third stage of our explanation of the picture of the heavens revealed by the radiotelescopes—an explanation which may involve ideas of ultimate cosmological significance. The second-strongest radio source in the sky lies in the constellation of Cygnus, and detailed inspection of the star map fails to reveal any visible object which might be responsible for the generation of these radio waves. A few years after the discovery of the Cygnus radio source, F. G. Smith of Cambridge, England, measured its position with sufficient accuracy to justify a detailed photographic survey of the region with the 200-inch Palomar telescope. In 1951, astronomers Walter Baade and Rudolph Minkowski, using an exposure time of many hours, succeeded in photographing the object which was responsible for the radio emission—a remarkable event in which two spiral galaxies were in a state of collision. Studies of the spectra showed that the interstellar gas of these galaxies was in a state of tremendous excitation and that their distance from us was 700,000,000 light-years. It is presumed that the violent interaction of the gas of the colliding galaxies is the source of these abnormally strong radio emissions.

This dramatic discovery has had important consequences in the subsequent developments of radio astronomy. It was realized immediately that such a radio source, though it was already on the limits of optical detection, had such an output of energy in the radio spectrum that it would be observable to radiotelescopes at ten times its present distance.

Further investigations since that discovery have revealed a few other cases of colliding or interacting galaxies which are relatively strong radio sources. It seems that when two galaxies are close enough to interact, the output of energy in the radio-wave region is vastly greater than that which is produced by the individual galaxies. This suggests that the majority of the radio sources may be colliding or interacting galaxies which lie beyond the 2,000,000,000 light-year limit of the 200-inch Palomar telescope.

This idea is of vast cosmological importance because it may imply that our radiotelescopes can explore the condition of the universe as it existed six or seven thousand million years ago. The signal from Pioneer V at 8 million miles took forty-three seconds to reach the radiotelescope, the light from the sun takes eight minutes on its journey of 93,000,000 miles, the radio waves from these distant galaxies take many thousands of millions of years to reach us. The information which they convey relate to a past epoch—our information is of time past, not of these distant objects as they are at this moment. If our assumptions are correct, we may now be able to test, by direct (*Continued on Page 110*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JOIN THE FAMILY PARADE TO THE FOOD STORE SPECTACULAR

. . . a grand event featuring your favorite brands and a contest with $50,000 worth of Kelvinator Prizes

Once a year, 100,000 leading community food stores in cities and towns everywhere go all out and stage a mammoth shopping event for your benefit. You've probably shopped at one of these food stores in your own neighborhood.

The world-famous brands that are featured in this extravaganza are announced in a special section in the POST which you will find in the October 22 issue. These famous products—including many of your family's favorites—are the stars of the FOOD STORE SPECTACULAR.

There's a big, national contest—one *you* can enter. Grand prizes are sparkling, new Kelvinator appliances—$50,000 worth of them! See your participating store for all the details.

During the period of October 20-29, join other family shoppers at the store near you featuring the FOOD STORE SPECTACULAR—brought to you with the compliments of the National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States and The Saturday Evening Post. When you and your family go shopping during the SPECTACULAR, remember to stock up on famous, POST-advertised brands—the brands you see regularly in these pages!

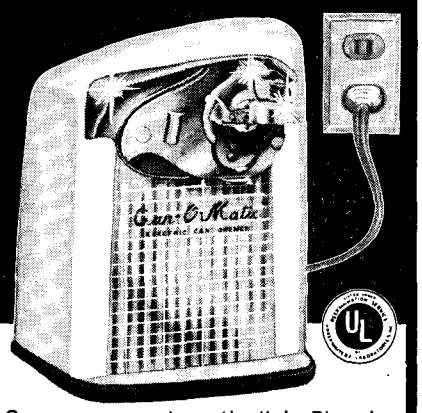
A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening POST

THE INFLUENTIALS' MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW It's Electric
Can-O-Matic™
PORTABLE CAN OPENER



Opens cans automatically! Plug in anywhere. Beautiful, handy. Exclusive retractable legs for opening extra tall cans. Choice of colors. $24.95

Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Opens all cans. Wall type. All Chrome $7.95. Also in Copper, and Gay Colors. Others from $3.98.

Ideal Gift

WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG P.

Rival®
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City 29, Missouri
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

SHOES stay shined twice as long with KIWI
(Kee-Wee)
SHOE POLISH
BETTER FOR LEATHER

Easy Key-Opening Can

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SQUEEZE-BOTTLE GLUE!

Elmer's Glue-All. Handy, easy to use. No muss, no fuss. Dries fast, clear and strong. The best all-purpose household glue you can buy. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for free copy of "Elmer's Guide To Good Gluing". 16 pages of gluing hints and tips. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

NO MUSS . . . NO FUSS!
KRYLON SPRAY PAINT
DRY IN MINUTES!
IF YOU PRIZE IT . . . KRYLON-IZE IT!

(*Continued from Page 108*) observation, the conflicting theories of the origin and evolution of the universe—theories discussed in preceding contributions to this series.

There are two striking features of the arrangement of the material of the universe as seen by the optical telescopes. There is an over-all large-scale uniformity in the spatial distribution of the galaxies, and these galaxies exhibit the Doppler red shift which is interpreted as indicating a recession of the galaxies—the expansion of the universe. The velocity of recession appears to increase with distance so that some of the most distant galaxies yet photographed, in Hydra, are receding with a speed of about 37,000 miles per second, which is one fifth of the velocity of light. By imagining these recessional processes to be reversed as we recede into the past, we are led to the conclusion that the primeval material from which the galaxies were formed must have been condensed into a very small superdense state about 10 thousand million years ago.

Such an interpretation is not inconsistent with the cosmology derived from Einstein's theory of general relativity. Unfortunately there is an undetermined constant in the equation—the cosmical constant, which permits various interpretations to be placed on an evolutionary universe of this type. If the constant is zero, the theory is consistent with a universe which began at this epoch with explosive violence, and the recession which we witness today is the result of the impetus of this initial explosion. On the other hand, the Belgian astrophysicist, the Abbé Lemaître, has considered in great detail the possibility of the cosmical constant being a positive quantity. He concludes that if this is the case the epoch of 10 thousand million years ago represents an intermediate stage in the evolution of the universe and that the beginning of the universe may have been 30 to 60 thousand million years ago. Ten thousand million years ago the impetus of the explosion was exhausted, and the universe began to settle down into a uniform distribution of hydrogen gas with a size of about a thousand million light-years. Then disturbances occurred which led to the beginnings of the condensation of the clusters of galaxies. The forces of cosmical repulsion associated with the positive cosmical constant came into play, overriding the forces of Newtonian attraction on the cosmical scale and leading to the recession of the galaxies which we now witness.

The difficulties of accepting any concept which implies a specific beginning for the universe, coupled with the conflict between the possible ages of the universe derived in this way stimulated new developments in cosmological thinking. One important result was a theory postulating continuous creation and steady-state conditions in the universe. According to the steady-state theory, matter was not created in a universal event—hydrogen atoms are being continuously created at a rate sufficient to replenish space with the galaxies which are forever receding from our field of view. This theory postulates that the expansion of the universe arises from the pressure of the created matter, not from an initial explosion or the operation of forces of cosmical repulsion.

It might be thought that the optical telescopes would be able to distinguish between these two theories with their differing pictures of the past. According to the steady-state theory, the universe, when considered on the large scale, would appear to be the same however far we recede into the past; according to the evolutionary theories, the contents of the universe would become increasingly closely packed as we move into earlier epochs. Unfortunately the 200-inch telescope does not give a decisive answer to this question because within the limits of its penetration the two opposing theories do not predict differences of any great significance in terms of the spatial concentration of galaxies. The new possibility that the radio telescopes may penetrate that much farther into space and into the past, into regions of space and time where the theories differ in their predictions, is therefore a matter of the greatest cosmological significance.

The initial attempts of the radio astronomers to answer this question have led to a dispute about the interpretation of the results which has paralleled the conflict between the cosmological theories. This is partially due to the lack of a distance scale in radio astronomy. The optical astronomers have been able to estimate a distance scale from the red-shift measurements obtained through spectroscopic analysis of the light waves they study. No such possibility yet exists in radio astronomy; the only distances established for the radio sources are those for which optical identifications have been made.

The first approach to this problem of distance and, consequently, the recession of time by the radio astronomers has been on a statistical basis. Measurements of the intensity of the unidentified sources have been made to show the relation between the number of sources at various intensity levels. If it is assumed that the sources are all of the same absolute intensity—and that the measured differences in intensity arise because of their various distances—this relationship should give some information about the distribution of the sources in space. Calculations do show, in fact, that if there is a uniform distribution of the radio sources throughout space, there is a definite relationship between the number of the sources and their intensity.

If the basic assumption is correct—that the unidentified radio sources lie at cosmical distances beyond the range of the 200-inch telescope—experimental results which supported a direct relationship between number and intensity would favor the theory of continuous creation. If the evolutionary theories are correct, on the other hand, then the clusters of galaxies will be very much more concentrated in space at great distances (that is, in the remote past), collisions between galaxies will be more frequent and there will be a disproportionate number of faint radio sources.

One of the first attempts to deal with this question was made in Cambridge, England, a few years ago, by considering the intensity-number relationship for nearly 2000 unidentified radio sources measured by a radio telescope. The results seemed to favor an evolutionary universe. Simultaneously, radio astronomers in Sydney, Australia, carried out a similar experiment with another type of radio telescope. Their results did not specifically favor the evolutionary theory. All that can be said is that the statistical approach has not yet yielded a definite conclusion regarding the two cosmological theories.

In view of these difficulties another approach to the problem has been made at Jodrell Bank, where the radio telescope has been introducing a distance scale for individual radio sources by measuring their size as well as their intensity. First, it is established whether the intrinsic radio output of the source classifies it as a case of colliding or interacting galaxies. In such cases an estimate of distance can be made by measuring the apparent diameter of the source. If it is assumed that the sources are of the same absolute size, the angular diameter of any source will diminish with distance.

Some 300 sources have been studied in detail, and in about 10 per cent of the cases the evidence is that we are, indeed, dealing with events which may be cases of colliding galaxies at distances approximately ten times that of the Cygnus collision. Striking evidence has now been obtained in favor of this opinion, with the recent announcement that one of these sources has been identified, in a photograph taken with the 200-inch Palomar telescope, as a system galaxies 6,000,000,000 light-years distant, receding with a speed of about 90,000 miles per second—almost one half the velocity of light. This means that we may be studying events in the regions of time and space which may finally tell us how the universe evolved. THE END

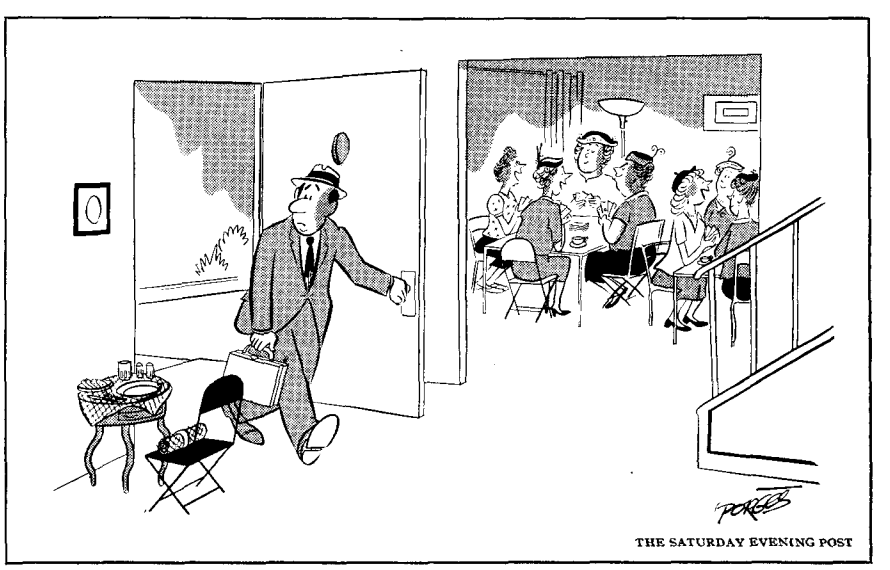
For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Lovell, A. C. B.
The Individual and the Universe
Harper and Bros.
$3.00

Hoyle, Fred.
Frontiers of Astronomy
New American Library
$.50

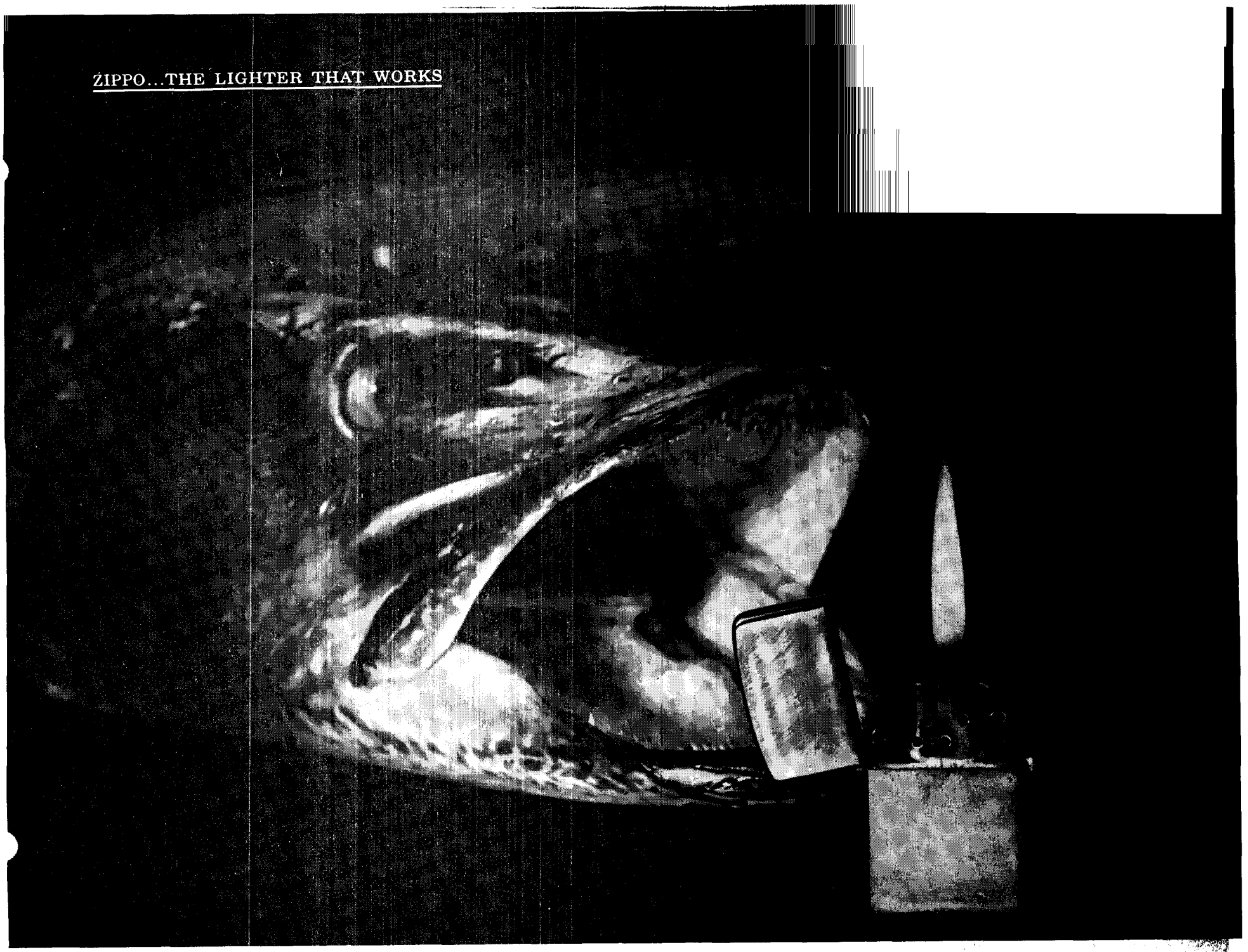
Brown, Hanbury and Lovell, A. C. B.
The Exploration of Space by Radio
Wiley. $6.50

Pawsey, J. L. and Bracewell, R. N.
Radio Astronomy
Oxford University Press
$8.80



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZIPPO...THE LIGHTER THAT WORKS



THE FISH THAT SNAPPED UP THE ZIPPO LIGHTER WAS A GREAT NORTHERN PIKE, ONE OF AMERICA'S SCRAPPIEST GAME FISH.

The amazing story of a Zippo that worked after being taken from the belly of a fish

Mr. Harry Best, recently retired fish and game protector for the New York State Conservation Department, told this remarkable but true story to the Zippo man:

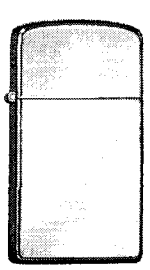
"A party, just west of Cleveland on Oneida Lake, was fishing for Great Northern Pike in Three Mile Bay. They caught a Pike that weighed about 18 pounds. When they dressed the Pike, in the stomach was one of your lighters. The Pike must have picked it off the bottom or could have grabbed it before it got to the bottom. The lighter was in fine shape which showed that it had not been lost long. The best part of it was that the Zippo lit the first time."

Even for a fisherman, it's quite a yarn. But then there are thousands of other Zippo lighters which have lived through adventures that would have made brave Ulysses' hair stand on end.

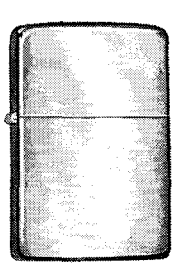
The Zippo man is not surprised that the lighter worked. He makes every one of his lighters to work. Not just for weeks, months or years, but *forever!*

Whether you buy your Zippo lighter in a store or find it in a fish, the Zippo man offers you his same incredible guarantee: No matter how old it is or what its condition, if a Zippo ever fails to work, *he'll fix it free!*

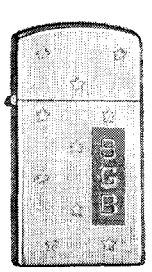
Lossproof Zippo Lighter. In five popular sports designs. $5.00



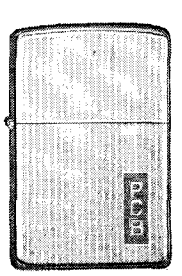
New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Same dependable action, polished chrome. $4.75



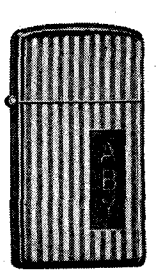
Regular Zippo. Made Zippo famous. Brush-finish chrome. $3.50



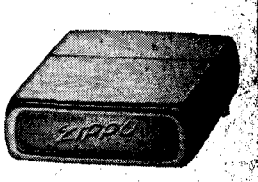
Gold-filled Zippo. 10-kt. gold fused to case, not plated. $20.00*



Engine-turned Zippo. Smart new design in polished chrome. $5.75



New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Ribbon design, gleaming chrome finish. $6.00.



If you don't see Zippo on the bottom of the lighter, it's not a genuine Zippo.

*Subject to 10% Retail Excise Tax · ZIPPO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA. IN CANADA: ZIPPO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CANADA LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a special offer
for POST readers . . .

16 MONTHS OF

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FOR ONLY $2.80

. . . saves you 40% over the regular subscription price!

By using the coupon on this page, you can enjoy the next 16 months of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for only $2.80—a big 40% saving over the regular subscription price!

And there's so much good reading for you in the JOURNAL, you won't want to miss a single issue. Each month, you'll find the very best in new fiction plus a wide range of interesting, helpful articles on womanly topics.

Your subscription will bring you novels and short stories by such famous authors as Daphne du Maurier, Rumer Godden, Alec Waugh, A. J. Cronin and others. Many later become best-selling books and top movies—proving how good they are.

In addition, the JOURNAL Editors focus their attention on feminine topics that interest you most. To help you look and feel your best, the JOURNAL brings you articles on diets, beauty care, fashions, health and budget wardrobes. And you're sure to like the regular family living features with Dr. Spock on child and baby care . . . friendly, sound advice to the teen-agers from Pat Boone . . . marriage counselling series . . . and "How America Lives". Of course, there's *more*—including timely articles on decorating, furnishing, gardening and entertaining to make home living more comfortable and enjoyable.

Don't miss out on this money-saving special offer! Just fill out the coupon and mail it *today*. There's no need to send money now—we'll bill you later.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Dept. 1708
Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

YES send me 16 months of Ladies' Home Journal for only $2.80 (saves me 40% on the regular subscription price.)

NAME_____

STREET OR R.D._____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Current subscribers may renew at this special price. Offer good for a limited time in the U.S. and U.S. possessions.

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please Bill Me
☐ New Subscription
☐ Renewal or extension

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something Light (Continued from Page 35)

"If you're thinking of all the fuss and commotion ——"

"I'm not. I can take any amount of either," said Louisa. What she was thinking of now was Mrs. Anstruther's resolute vivacity while her head split at a dinner table. "I'm just sorry," said Louisa.

Again there was a silence. It was a regret to Louisa that she couldn't see the effects of her heroism, but she didn't dare look round again. She just took as long as possible, rattling the chessmen back into their box, to give Mrs. Anstruther time to get upstairs.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions—"Louisa!" implored F. Pennon desperately.

"I'm sorry," repeated Louisa. "You'll just have to be brave." And whether she addressed herself or F. Pennon, she really didn't know.

The farewells, next morning, in fact called for a good deal of courage all round. The situation was complex: Mrs. Anstruther knew of Freddy's treachery—or rather of the treachery he'd aimed at; Freddy didn't know she knew, as neither was Mrs. Anstruther aware that Louisa knew she knew. Each one of them had thus to play a part—Freddy in the suit of unsmutched loyalty, Enid sugared with confident proprietorship, and Louisa disguised as a gay career woman. They all pulled it off.

> Climbing the ladder of success might be easier if it weren't for the boss's son on the Escalator.
>
> PHIL H. TUSETH

"Good-by, Louisa," said F. Pennon—a trifle huskily, no more.

"Dear Louisa, good-by!" breathed Mrs. Anstruther affectionately. "You will, won't you, let us hear from you soon?" She slipped one little hand through Freddy's arm and held out the other to her chum. Louisa, accepting it, couldn't forbear looking into Mrs. Anstruther's face. Would there be any sign there of gratitude? It wouldn't have been, all things considered, misplaced!

But for once the soft gray glance wasn't vague at all, and Louisa had no difficulty in reading it: Mrs. Anstruther thought her a damned fool.

"Had a nice time?" asked the milkman.

"No," said Louisa.

"You still look the better for it," said the milkman.

"The food was good," admitted Louisa.

"Summer schools must've changed, since my auntie's time," observed the milkman. "According to her, they fed mostly on prunes. According to my auntie ——"

"Look," said Louisa, "I've got a busy day. I'm due at a kennels in Surrey ——"

"I can take a hint," said the milkman.

He glanced at his nest of cream jars and then back, speculatively, at Louisa; but something in her face told him this was no morning for cream.

All the same, it was a piece of luck, and Louisa thoroughly felt it so, that she had been able to retrieve the dachshund job for the very morrow of her return. She not only needed the fee, and to have her mind occupied, but she also was thankful to remove, however briefly, from her usual haunts. Only to Hugo and Mr. Ross had she actually spoken of her approaching marriage, but each, she was well aware, would have hastened to spread the glad news. Even one day's grace from explanations was welcome to her.

There was no doubt about it, Louisa had returned from Bournemouth considerably changed. Her reactions were far nearer what Enid's would have been to a broken engagement than to what her own would have been even a week before. With a hand on the receiver to telephone Hugo, why did Louisa refrain? Because she didn't want to have to *tell*, and only as she dropped the receiver back remembered that she was in any case giving him the go-by.

Upon this point her resolve was stiffened. No more sympathy was Louisa going to expend upon the offbeat, bronchial and indigent. Henceforward, following Mrs. Anstruther's advice, she intended to reserve it strictly for men at the top. She hoped she'd meet one soon, though probably it wouldn't be at Kerseymere Kennels.

Indeed, the bus proposed in Mrs. Meare's letter of instructions bore Louisa some five miles from Dorking station to an establishment very unlike either Gladstone Mansions or the villa at Bournemouth. Fifty years earlier, when it was built, Kersey Cottage might have been trim; fifty years hence it might tumble down to picturesqueness; in the meantime it was simply dilapidated. From the palings by the gate to the curlicues under the eaves every inch of woodwork needed repainting; the brickwork needed repointing, and several tiles had dropped off from the roof over the porch. A sizable garden exhibited the same characteristics: in the house agent's term, mature; it was also unkempt without being overgrown. Wherever the eye rested, in fact, the need for a bit of money spent was so obvious that what on earth induced the Meares to buy a couple of plaster dwarfs Louisa couldn't for the life of her imagine.

But there the dwarfs were, one on each side of the gate, and there the Meares were too. On the head of each dwarf was a scarlet cap; the Meares wore Panama hats—Mrs. Meare's with a Liberty scarf round it, her husband's with a plain black band; both equally recognizable, from the tint of the yellowed straw, as hats not bought, but inherited. They looked about the same age as the Meares' cottage. So did the Meares themselves, though the Meares had worn better, achieving between youth and decrepitude—unlike their hats and their house—a comfortable middle age.

"Miss Datchett? We've the chaps all ready for you," said Mr. Meare. "Or would you like to see ——"

"The kennels first?" said Mrs. Meare.

Looking straight over their heads, for she was a good deal taller than either, Louisa perceived a dachshund-shaped weather vane attached to some sort of outbuilding. It didn't exactly beckon, but the Meares so obviously wished to show her round that she gave the polite answer.

"We thought you might!" said Mrs. Meare. "Be a little careful of the whitewash, will you? Ted only finished it this morning."

As Louisa by now anticipated, it wasn't much of a kennels. The lying-in room had obviously been a tool shed, the puppy run adjoined a cabbage patch; Mrs. Meare frankly was kennel maid herself. "It's so nice that we can manage everything between us!" she observed happily. "Teddy's a vet, you know. Of course, I have to let the garden go a little!" But the dachshunds themselves

WANTED

THE NECCO KID

FOR NECCO RUSTLING

He's a Rootin', Tootin' Hombre wanted for rustling Necco Wafers from grownups. He hankers for those 8 nippy flavors in that 28 wafer roll.

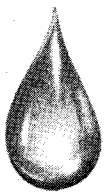
REWARD

him with a nickel for his own supply of Necco Wafers. Keep yours for yourself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Molded Plastic or Carved Ivory?

You can't see the difference but an expert can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.



Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?

You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania... at better dealers everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under doctors' observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

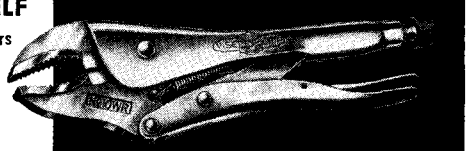
All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Any drug counter.

Positively does more jobs easier than any other tool

A WHOLE TOOL KIT—BY ITSELF

- Super Pliers
- Locking Wrench
- Adjustable Wrench
- Pipe Wrench
- Clamp
- Wire Cutter



VISE-GRIP®

MADE ONLY BY PETERSEN MFG. COMPANY, Dept. SE-10, DeWitt, Nebraska

were all right—clean-bred and sturdy, classically colored, alert and gay; and before Sebastian the Third of Kerseymere, Louisa at last unslung her camera with genuine relief. She had by this time a feeling that her fee had been saved up in a piggy bank.

"If we can only get him into *Country Month!*" sighed Mrs. Meare. "I don't mean in an advertisement—though we have advertised, once—I mean among the proper photographs!"

"Don't worry," said Louisa absently. "He's about the best dachs I've seen yet. Anyway, I know the editor."

For the next hour she was completely absorbed, as upon the rough grass obediently paraded Sebastian, Viola and Orsino of Kerseymere. The Meares' handling of them was impeccable; indeed, only a minimum was required. The poodles at Cannes had been more of hams, but strictly on their own temperamental terms.

"These must be a pleasure to show," said Louisa appreciatively. "Who shows 'em?"

"Molly does," said Mr. Meare. "A woman catches the judge's eye," he added seriously.

Louisa glanced at Mrs. Meare's weather-beaten cheek under the old Panama hat, and continued photographing Sebastian the Third. As though reading her thoughts, he glanced severely back at her; Louisa got a rather good shot. Her last, a trickier one, was of a tumble of Viola's offspring; then she packed up, but only because she'd run out of film.

"What trouble you've taken!" exclaimed Mrs. Meare gratefully. "Now you must have tea and a nice sit-down!"

At least Louisa, at this period, was getting a good many free meals. Calibrating a cup of char with Rossy as one extreme and tea at Gladstone Mansions as the other, tea with the Meares, which they took out of doors, came about halfway. There was no solid silver, but there were clean plates, and the milk wasn't poured from the bottle, but from a jug with a Devonshire motto on it. There were no scones, but there was brown bread and butter; and if no plum cake, rock cakes, homemade.

"Molly makes 'em," said Teddy Meare, munching.

"I'm afraid these got a little burnt," apologized Mrs. Meare.

"Personally I like 'em a bit burnt," said Teddy.

"So do I," said Louisa sincerely.

Among them they cleared the plate; when only one rock cake was left and Louisa couldn't be persuaded to take it, the Meares wordlessly divided it between them.

As she sat back replete, her mind no longer on her job, Louisa considered the Meares with more attention.

What a peaceableness there was about them, what a content! What peace and content, indeed, about the whole shabby house, the whole shabby garden! And what did it spring from, if not from the relation between the Meares themselves? Another thought struck Louisa—that in Teddy Meare, for almost the first time in her life, she'd met a man who made no demands on her sympathy.

If Teddy Meare wanted sympathy, he'd get it from his wife; and wasn't that a very right and proper thing? Unconsciously Louisa sighed.

"You're tired," said Mrs. Meare kindly. "Why not stay a little? There's another train at six, and if you'll wait till Ted's watered the cabbages ——"

"I'll run you to the station," said Mr. Meare.

Louisa hesitated. She wanted to stay, but she didn't know whether they wanted her.

"Won't it be a nuisance ——" she began uncertainly.

"Not a bit!" cried both the Meares together.

Off stumped Teddy to uncoil the hose. Mrs. Meare went indoors and fetched her knitting. One of the dachshunds packed itself comfortably behind Louisa's ankles. She began to feel like a neighbor who had dropped in for a quiet, customary chat. But such evidently wasn't the view taken by her hostess.

"Teddy's going to *enjoy* driving you to the station," confided Mrs. Meare. "You look so Londony! I expect half the village tomorrow will be asking me who you are!"

Obviously one of Louisa's newly acquired notions needed adjusting. A man's car being so much a man's appanage, shouldn't a wife, even more than a prospective wife, be naturally jealous of it? Mrs. Meare didn't sound jealous in the least; she sounded gleeful.

"It does him so much good," she explained, "to cut a little dash now and again! Just give Sebastian a push if he's annoying you. We live," added Mrs. Meare unnecessarily, "such a very quiet life."

Louisa felt she could hardly imagine a quieter one, if Teddy's driving her to the station constituted cutting a dash. Yet it

The Fatal Pause

I always think before I speak.
I find this rather balking,
For by the time my thinking's done,
Somebody else is talking!

S. Omar Barker

evidently suited Mrs. Meare; Louisa had never seen a woman more content. Had she married the life, wondered Louisa suddenly, or the man? It seemed important to find out.

"Did you always," asked Louisa, going a bit round about, "mean to breed dachshunds?"

"*Some* sort of dog," agreed Mrs. Meare innocently. "We settled on dachs because they're so easy."

"Well, did you always mean to live in the country?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Meare, more vaguely. "Not that dachs take up much room. But, of course, Teddy being a vet ——"

Ah! thought Louisa, feeling her hand on a clue. *The life, not the man; if you want to breed dogs, marry a vet.*

"—the country seemed obvious. Of course, I didn't *know* he was a vet," added Mrs. Meare. "When we met, in the war, he was heavily disguised as a gunner! Actually we bought the cottage out of his gratuity."

She looked affectionately over her shoulder toward the peeling paint and the unpointed brick, then glanced fondly at the plaster dwarfs. Louisa found a compliment surprisingly easy to produce.

"It's so peaceful," said Louisa. "It's quite marvelous. Would you mind going back a bit? How did you know—or didn't you know?—it would work out so well?"

"I saw Ted was steady," said Mrs. Meare simply. "That's all a woman wants, don't you think? I mean, surely it's the basis? We'll never be rich, but Ted has a wonderfully steady little practice; and if he wasn't a vet, he'd be something else steady! Now I've just talked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about myself," said Mrs. Meare remorsefully, "and there he is with the car!"

Mr. Meare was a bit damp about the trousers, but he'd changed his jacket; in place of leather-patched tweed, he now sported, Louisa was touched to see, an ancient gunner blazer. He meant to cut a dash indeed; he meant to drive her to the station in style! With what looked like an old pajama leg he carefully dusted the car seats, then turfed out a bundle of old newspapers and a dog-odorous blanket. He even gave a swift polish to the door handles and headlamps before inviting Louisa to enter.

Louisa entered looking as Londony as she could. Casting her mind back to Cannes, she even tried to look cosmopolitan. A glance in the driving mirror confirmed her hat at a suitably cosmopolitan angle, and powder and lipstick both sufficient. As a final gesture of good will she impulsively got out her eyebrow pencil and drew a slight bistered streak up from the corner of each eye.

"I say!" exclaimed Mr. Meare in candid admiration. "I'll feel I'm driving a film star! D'you mind if we slow down through the village?"

"Not a bit," smiled Louisa, "so long as I catch my train."

"There's plenty of time; I've allowed for it," said Mr. Meare. "May as well give the natives a treat! Sure you're quite comfortable?"

"Perfectly," said Louisa.

"Then I'll just get Molly."

Louisa heard him calling all up the garden. From the house she heard his wife call some protesting reply. But whatever argument took place within, in a matter of moments Molly joined them. Not in the least Londony looked Mrs. Meare, in her old Panama hat, a woolly cardigan thrown hastily about her shoulders; but her beaming smile made her a very agreeable sight.

"This is all wrong!" she complained happily. "How will anyone take Teddy for a wolf, with me in the back seat?"

"You do our neighbors an injustice," said Mr. Meare complacently. "They'll think you have to keep an eye on me. We will stop at the local on the way back," he explained to Louisa. "It's not often I get Molly out on a spree!"

The parting at the station was genuinely affectionate all round. The Meares waited to see Louisa's train draw in and then draw out. Her last glimpse of them was as they stood waving vigorously—Mr. Meare to the left, his wife to the right; it had to be thus, because they were also hand in hand. The train drew out. Louisa, alone in her compartment, sat reflective—and envious.

She hadn't envied, or not much, Mrs. Anstruther and F. Pennon. Louisa might have envied all the good grub going, but she didn't envy the (prospective) Pennons in their personal relation. The Meares were something else. In the Meares Louisa saw something she envied not with her appetite, but with her heart.

They were just so darned fond of each other that Molly Meare didn't even see how the paint was peeling. Ted Meare was so fond of his Molly that driving a Londony glamour girl to the station became an innocent domestic joke. *Which is going to last them for years*, thought Louisa perceptively. For years Molly Meare would remind her husband of that wild excursion! On a railway platform they stood as unself-consciously hand in hand as a couple of teen-agers—more so; with the Meares it was evidently a matter of habit.

I've been on the wrong tack, thought Louisa. *I don't need a rich husband; I need a husband like Mrs. Meare's.*

On either side of the line, now, small back gardens ran up to small houses. In more than one a man was digging or mowing the lawn; in more than one a woman had come out to bear him company. Louisa fancied a breath of contentment rising up from them.

What do I want with a lot of money? thought Louisa. *I can't want it badly; if I did, I'd have collared old Freddy. It was my subconscious damn well right, as usual,* thought Louisa. *I don't want someone rich, I want someone steady. . . . Who do I know who's steady?* thought Louisa.

She had to think a long way back, all the way to Broydon, to the days when she'd skylarked about the evening roads with boys on bicycles. But it wasn't one of these Louisa at last recalled; against the more sober background of the Free Library she saw the figure of Jimmy Brown edge shyly round from Ceramics to Biography, as she, from Biography, edged round to Ceramics.

Louisa was the only girl to pay much attention to him. She was already so fond of men that Jimmy's gangling figure and pebble lenses didn't put her off. Her reward was an earnest, awkward devotion which, if Louisa didn't value, she allowed no one else to make game of.

Contemplating it, and Jimmy, now, she was more appreciative. He mightn't have been much to look at, but he was steady as a rock.

He had even, or very nearly—in Mrs. Anstruther's phrase—people. His father was an optician, and on the borough council. His mother had been a schoolteacher. From the rare occasions when she visited them Louisa recalled also their quiet pride in the fact that Jimmy was taking a full-time course at the London Polytechnic. "He'll be better qualified than his father," said Mr. Brown, "when the time comes to take over!"

"Louisa ought to go to the Poly, too," said Jimmy earnestly. "She's got a very good brain, dad; she has really."

But both elders looked at Louisa's fiery hair and long legs. "Louisa's found her career already," said Mrs. Brown kindly. "How are you liking it, dear, with Mr. Hughes?" Mr. Hughes was the local photographer. Louisa, a sulky if not idle apprentice, said he was all right.

"In my opinion it's still a waste," stated Jimmy.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Brown heartily, "Louisa'll find herself married to one of her many admirers before she can turn round!"

Well, he'd been wrong. It wasn't marriage that took Louisa away from Broydon; it was her own initiative. And after an interval of ten years, if Jimmy hadn't married in the meantime, that same initiative was going to take her back.

The conclusion was as swift as when she had decided to marry F. Pennon; but it will be seen that Louisa, from that same disappointing episode, had learned a modicum of prudence. Jimmy Brown was, in fact, still a bachelor; but she made sure of it in advance.

"Is that the optician's?" asked Louisa over the telephone.

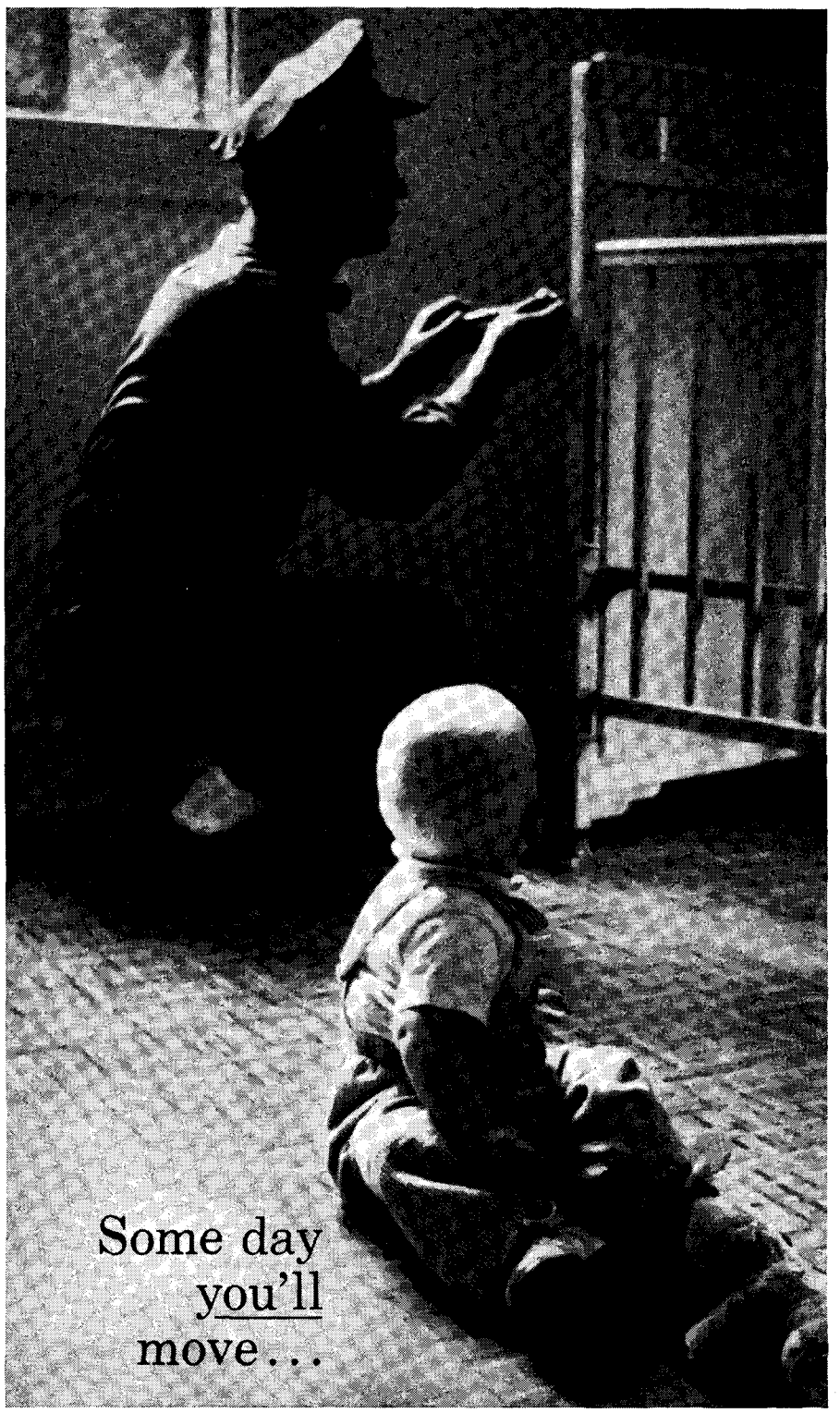
She'd already checked in the directory that it was listed under James, not Henry, Brown; fortunately Jimmy hadn't been named for his father. Propitious, too, was the answering voice—not Jimmy's, but evidently that of a female assistant.

"Actually it's *Mrs.* Brown I want to speak to," said Louisa cunningly. "Mrs. James Brown. Could you possibly put me through to her?"

"I'm afraid there's some mistake," said the assistant. "There is no Mrs. Brown."

Louisa thought rapidly. She had learned all she needed, but didn't wish the conversation officiously reported.

"I suppose you wouldn't be interested yourself," suggested Louisa, "in a new type of foundation garment?"



...that's the day you'll discover what this promise really means

Next time you see these famous doors give a thought to what's *behind* the peace of mind they promise.

It's simply this . . . a little more know-how . . . a little extra care.

Small things? No! The most important things in the world on the day *you* move.

We've been supplying that know-how and extra care for 32 years. That's why more people have trusted their treasures to Allied than to any other mover in the world.

So when you move—phone your Allied Man. Look under "Allied Van Lines" in your phone book.

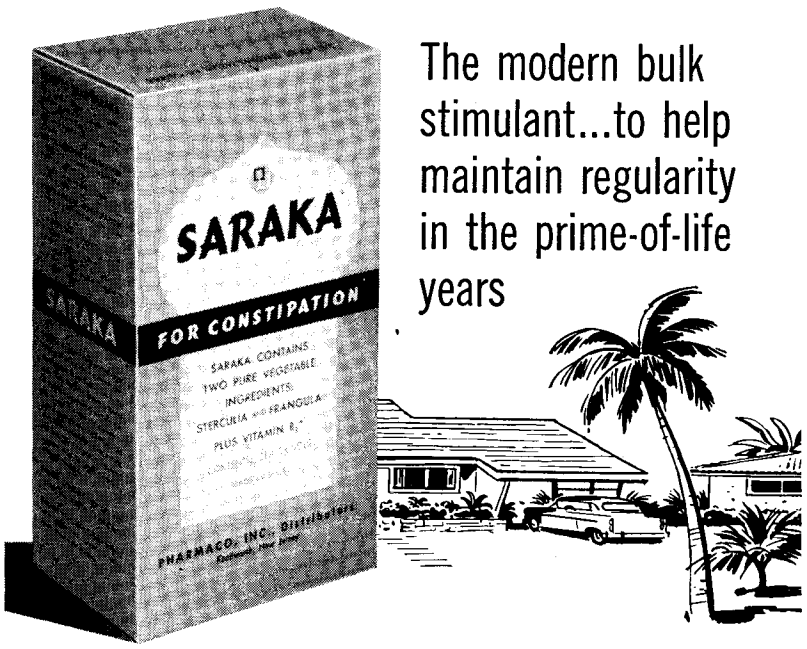
Write for FREE booklet—"Helpful Facts on Household Moving." Allied Van Lines, 25th & Roosevelt Road, Broadview, Ill.

U.S. 1 NO. 1 ON THE HIGHWAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now...for today's younger men and women over 45

SARAKA

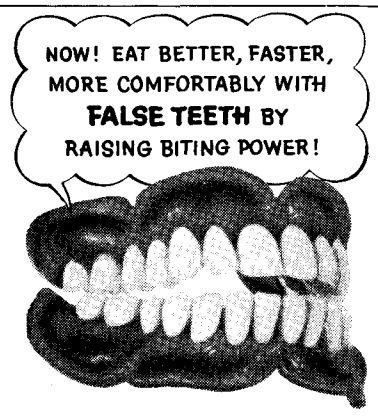

SARAKA
FOR CONSTIPATION
SARAKA CONTAINS TWO PURE VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS, STERCULIA AND FRANGULA PLUS VITAMIN B1
PHARMACO, INC., Distributors

The modern bulk stimulant...to help maintain regularity in the prime-of-life years

From coast to coast word is spreading about the miracle of SARAKA... the all-vegetable bulk stimulant that's helping thousands to get more enjoyment from the bonus years by promoting regularity in a gentle, effective way.

Unlike "trigger" laxatives containing strong chemical stimulants that may cause a harsh or violent action in the colon, SARAKA is known for its gentle double action that helps establish natural-like regularity, without hurry-up or discomfort. Only SARAKA contains Sterculia to add the bulk often lacking in the diet, plus Cortex Frangula for mild stimulant laxative action... and Vitamin B_1. No wonder many doctors who recommend SARAKA are themselves users! SARAKA is also available in sugar-free form as SARAKA-D.

Get SARAKA and take as directed. Middle-age constipation will be relieved and you will be helped towards that wonderfully easy regularity of youth that makes life more enjoyable.



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is **alkaline** (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

MONEY...
In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can be yours easily. Write today for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
725 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

Q. Where do people get those beautiful hand-painted lawn decorations for Christmas?
A. World's finest available by mail order from Leonard Brynolf Johnson Christmas Studio, Dept. SE-60, Smethport, Pa. Example: Motorized Angel and Harp only $39.00, shipped express charges collect. Color catalog featuring over 40 items, 25 cents.

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-25yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
Write for free folder. REX, Monticello, Illinois.

CHOOSE
Kyanize
the good choice in paints

Prompt relief!
CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS
FLEET'S ChapStick®
...for all members of the family
Best for Fever Blisters, Cold Sores

"Certainly not!" snapped the assistant, and rang off with her lips sealed.

Newly prudent, newly cautious Louisa! A night's reflection had convinced her that this time she should not only look before she leaped but should also, so to speak, establish some solid base for unhurried operating. Steadiness has its limitations; however glad to see her, if she simply blew into the shop, Jimmy was quite capable of letting her blow out again before he realized, too late, all of gladness the future might hold in store. Only a semipermanent relation—say a week—would give him time to get his hocks under him; and a week Louisa was fully prepared to devote.

Fortunately she had an extremely accurate memory for dogs. After leafing through only two back numbers of *Country Month* Louisa picked out Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch, owner Mrs. Arthur Brent, of Broydon Court. The aristocratic address was misleading; even in Louisa's day Broydon Court had declined to a residential hotel; Mrs. Brent was the proprietress.

She lifted the receiver again.

"Mrs. Brent? This is Miss Datchett speaking," said Louisa, "photographer of dogs. May I tell you I think your borzois are quite magnificent?"

A flattered babble answered her.

"It's just a shame," continued Louisa, "that they have been photographed so badly. I have Ivan in front of me now; one doesn't get even the least idea of his quality."

"Oh, don't you think so?" cried Mrs. Brent, distressed. "What's wrong with him?"

"He looks like a camel colt."

"I'm sure he doesn't!" protested Mrs. Brent. But she sounded shaken.

"Ivor," continued Louisa, "isn't even standing properly. He's carrying his tail too high. Really one could weep."

"I didn't think so very much of Ivor myself," confessed Mrs. Brent. "But then, of course, I'm not an expert. I'm not breeding them, you know; I just want to sell them."

"That makes it worse," said Louisa. "Have you had any inquiries?"

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Brent. "I can't say I have. All the same"—a slight suspicion had evidently infiltrated at last—"I'm afraid I can't afford to have them taken again."

This was no blow to Louisa. What she was working on was the presumption that Broydon Court, as so often in the past, lacked its full quota of residents.

"Look," said Louisa, "I'm so impressed I'm not even asking a fee. What I would like is time. I'm prepared to spend if necessary a week—getting to know them, letting them get to know me, waiting to catch exactly the right moment. Then we'd have something really worth while. And as it happens I've just got a week free—if you can put me up."

Mrs. Brent fell for it.

A certain caution informed all Louisa's actions, that morning. She hadn't seen the milkman; she'd been in the bath. She didn't see Mr. Ross either; though she spent a couple of hours in his Soho hangout, she was there by ten and gone before he put in an appearance. Not conscientiousness alone sent her there; she was sincerely grateful to Mrs. Meare for putting her on the right track, and wanted to have done an extra good job for Kerseymere Kennels; almost every negative promising success, she streaked back to Paddington with an easy mind.

The only other thing that held her up was an unfortunate encounter with Number Ten.

Louisa did her best to avoid it; perceiving his door half open, she approached her own almost furtively. But he was evidently on the watch and, even as she slipped her key into the lock, emerged.

"Miss Datchett!"

"Hi," said Louisa, "I'm in a blazing hurry."

"Only to say, Miss Datchett ——"

"Not now, d'you mind?" snapped Louisa, remembering among other things that Number Ten was due for the brush-off.

He brushed off very easily. He didn't argue. He didn't say anything at all. He just stood there, dumb and humble—with the box of beechnut jewelry in his hand. All arranged neatly on fresh cotton wool: six boutonnieres, six brooches, and what looked like, however improbably, a sort of tiara or carcanet. Attached to each was a small price tag, meticulously—and humbly—figured in green ink.

The edges of the box itself had been lovingly bound with green passe partout. The only thing lacking, thought Louisa bitterly, was the one label more: ALL MY OWN WORK.

Number Ten moistened his lips. "It looks nice, Miss Datchett?"

Louisa swallowed a curse and lied.

"I thought you might like to see," explained Number Ten. "Not to bother you!" he added carefully. "There is no hurry!"

"Well, that was refreshing, wasn't it?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It had been Louisa's intention to reach Broydon Court by lunchtime and get in a first free meal; but she'd probably be late as it was.

He made a little joke. "I do not suppose them *waiting* for these at the shops!"

Louisa spent half the afternoon peddling beechnuts. Fortunately she had no doubt where to offer them—only in the most homespun, the most art-and-crafty of *boutiques* would they be so much as looked at. Louisa took a bus to Chelsea. Fortunately again in each of the establishments she had her eye on she found a man in charge; Louisa with true nobility let it be assumed that her horrible wares were of her own fabrication. She returned with the box half emptied and twenty-one shillings in cash; she banged on Number Ten's door, thrust remainders and takings into his hands, refused to be played to on the flute, and at last got down to filling, once again, her airline giveaway bags.

Thus she didn't get any lunch at all and didn't reach Broydon until nearly five.

It was a queer sensation to Louisa to be staying at Broydon Court. In her youth the Court had been an ultimate symbol of luxury. Once a fine seignorial mansion, and still removed by the breadth of the common from Broydon's more commercial paths, the Court was widely believed to accept no inmate under the rank of retired colonel. A genuine retired admiral set the tone.

Thus to find the whole establishment slightly tatty was to Louisa at once a relief and a disappointment.

"Miss Datchett? How prompt you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Brent.

"I'm fitting you in," explained Louisa.

They passed through the lounge. It was so large and so gloomy that it reminded Louisa of Gladstone Mansions. Only one resident was visible, and she an ancient dame playing patience at a balding card table.

"Haven't you still got the admiral?" asked Louisa impulsively

Mrs. Brent looked surprised. "Admiral Colley? Do you know him?"

"Not well," admitted Louisa. "I'd still like to see him again."

"So you will," said Mrs. Brent, regarding her with new respect. Perhaps things hadn't entirely changed at Broydon Court. "Though I'm afraid you'll find him," she added, "rather inclined to say things he doesn't mean. Rather silly things, you know, about the food."

Evidently the grub had gone off, too, thought Louisa regretfully; still it would be free. "And as soon as you come down," promised Mrs. Brent, as she opened the door to Louisa's room on the third floor, "I'll have Ivor and Ivan ready to meet you. You will find their kennel at the back."

"Splendid," said Louisa.

"Do you *really*," asked Mrs. Brent, "need a whole week? Just to photograph two dogs?"

Louisa smiled. "Just to *snap* them, of course not. What I'm after—besides, of course, the straights—is probably the most difficult shot on earth. If I can get your dogs in action, together—romping together—we can have a full-page spread in any paper you like. I'm not sure *Country Month*'s even good enough——"

"I only thought of getting them in at all," said Mrs. Brent, quite astonished.

"I'm not sure they couldn't be syndicated," mused Louisa. "And that's why I'm prepared to give a week."

She pulled it off all right. Whether or not perfectly convinced, Mrs. Brent was at least silenced; Louisa had successfully established her base.

The next step was obviously to reconnoiter. It must be said at once that Louisa had no intention of wasting the next precious hour on Ivor and Ivan. What she intended was to catch Jimmy Brown just before he shut up shop—say at ten to six; it was now nearly half past five, and she reckoned on a twenty minutes' walk to the High Street.

She couldn't endure to wait. She had only a week—and was besides naturally eager to see what Jimmy looked like.

After a little thought Louisa hit on a bright idea. It involved her slipping away at once, without even renewing her make-up; it involved her re-encountering a long-lost love while carrying a parcel of liver, but strategically speaking it was pretty bright.

From an island in the middle of the High Street, parcel of liver in hand, prudent Louisa took a good look at the shop.

There could be no doubt of its prosperity. Fresh green paint framed the large window, and on the fascia threw into bold relief the name of James Brown painted in white. Behind immaculate glass the range of spectacle frames, limited in Louisa's day to gold, silver and tortoise shell, now displayed the laminated in every color, the *diamanté* and even the bamboo. The sign that jutted from above was still the traditional pair of spectacles; but here, too, what advance! The lenses weren't merely, in broad daylight, illuminated; the light went on and off.

Two customers came out while Louisa watched. She waited, however, a moment longer. It was almost six. Behind the glass door a tall, masculine silhouette reached up to pull the blind.

Louisa's hands felt slightly damp, but it might have been the liver. She completed the crossing at a run, and found the door—could it be symbolically?—still unlocked.

The years had improved him. He still wore glasses, but no longer so pebble-lensed, and framed with appropriate dignity. His long, gangling figure had filled out, giving his height importance. *Taller than I am!* thought Louisa gladly; she wouldn't have to wear flat heels. In sober but well-cut suit—shirt fresh and tie positively fashionable—there stood Jimmy Brown, all that, and far, far more than, Louisa had hoped.

The blind rattled up.

"Louisa! For heaven's sake, Louisa!"

"Hi," said Louisa.

It had been an anxious moment for her; but there was no mistaking his pleasure.

"This is amazing," declared Jimmy Brown earnestly. "I was thinking of you only this lunchtime, passing the library. And now, dammit, it's Thursday!"

Louisa thought fast. Actually for the last twenty-four hours she'd been so living in the past, she picked up both reference and implication almost instantaneously. "Ibsen night?"

"What a memory you've got!" exclaimed Jimmy admiringly. "Actually we're reading *Pygmalion;* I'm Higgins. But never mind that now! What are you doing here, Louisa?"

"It's a job," explained Louisa—how truthfully! "I'm photographing Mrs. Brent's borzois. She's putting me up at the Court."

"I say!" marveled Jimmy. "I always knew you'd do well, Louisa, but I'd no idea you were such a swell as all that! How long for?"

"Perhaps a week."

"Then that's all right. I shan't have to chuck Higgins. Can you give me tomorrow night instead?"

"I'd love to," said Louisa.

"Then we can talk. Now, I'll just have a look at you!" said Jimmy Brown.

Feeling positively nervous, Louisa advanced into the shop and turned to face him. Such an elegant little shop it was,

BOYS AND GIRLS . . .

WANT A BIKE?

You can easily earn a deluxe bicycle just like this beauty . . .

This exciting brilliantly finished bicycle is equipped with gleaming chrome rims and headlight, whitewall tires, chain guard and rear carrier—and the boy's and girl's models come in three sizes—20″, 24″ and 26″.

To earn YOUR bike, send us seven 2-year SATURDAY EVENING POST subscriptions sold at the full U. S. price of $10.00 each to persons outside your own home. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with coupon. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
713 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

I have sold_____subscriptions to persons outside my home.
Enclosed are the orders and the full remittance of $_____

Please send my bicycle to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Check model and size desired

☐ Boy's ☐ Girl's ☐ 20″ ☐ 24″ ☐ 26″

This offer good in Continental U. S. only, until October 30, 1960
Sorry, no bicycles may be sold for cash.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the days of H. Brown's fumed oak and steel rims seemed dead indeed.

Which reminded her. Louisa had been if anything rather fond of old Mr. Brown, but how infinitely preferable that Jimmy should be his own master!

"Your father?" she said delicately.

"Passed on. Both," said Jimmy. His tone was exactly right; he sounded sad, but not heartbroken. His eyes were still on her fiery head. "And your own people here, Louisa?"

"Passed on too."

His glance dropped to her bare, ungloved left hand.

"No, I'm not married yet!" smiled Louisa.

"That's rum," said Jimmy seriously. "I've always thought of you as married. In fact, I shouldn't have been surprised if you'd been married two or three times."

Louisa felt a momentary dismay. "Do I look as dashing as all that?"

"To be frank, yes," said Jimmy. "As you always did, Louisa! I suppose you just haven't been able to make up your mind."

Well, there were advantages in looking dashing after all, thought Louisa. But there was now a question she urgently needed to put herself; though she knew Jimmy wasn't married either, it suddenly struck her, considering his altogether improved appearance and personality, that he might well be engaged. Even after a week's tuition from Enid, Louisa had still a few scruples; she couldn't see herself cutting out some dewy-eyed fiancée.

She chose her words with care; not to betray what information she already possessed. "If it comes to that, what about you?"

He paused so long before replying that she had time to envisage the dewy-eyed in detail. But how groundless her fears! He was fabricating a witty compliment.

"I've been waiting for a girl with red hair and long legs," said Jimmy. "They don't seem to grow here any more. Will you call for me again tomorrow, Louisa?"

"You bet," breathed Louisa.

He hesitated. "If I don't walk back with you now, it's because I do rather want to run through my part," said steady Jimmy Brown.

In the drive of Broydon Court, as Louisa had half-anticipated, stood Mrs. Brent flanked by Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch. At this, her first view of the latter, Louisa was immediately and favorably struck by a resemblance—not between dogs and owner, but between Ivor and Ivan and Kurt and René at Cannes. The soft cravats of hair about their throats and their long, loose trousers recalled so distinctly the appearance of René and Kurt under wraps after bathing that Louisa felt on terms with them at once.

"My dear Miss Datchett ——" began Mrs. Brent ominously.

"Liver!" said Louisa. Both dogs nosed appreciatively at her hand. "Say you want it!" instructed Louisa.

Two plumy tails quivered avidly.

"Then you shall have it!" said Louisa.... "My dear Mrs. Brent," she added smoothly, "*never* be introduced to a strange dog empty-handed! I've been all the way to the High Street, I've been to two shops, but I'm sure you'll agree that it was time well spent!"

She pulled it off again.

Louisa was, in fact, to get on very well with Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch, even though she never bought them any more liver.

There was still half an hour to go before whatever semblance of dinner Broydon Court still offered. To fill the interval Louisa nosed about her room; she idly pulled open the drawer of a mahogany bureau and within discovered, like a relic of better days, a few sheets of engraved note paper and a few envelopes to match.

They were of such good quality, it seemed a pity not to write to someone. Louisa recalled a neglected duty—she'd never sent a bread-and-butter letter to F. Pennon. Impulsively she sat down and filled a sheet with her big untidy scrawl.

Dear Freddy: Thank you for having me. I must have put on about three pounds. And thank you for being so sweet, that last evening. But I feel you'll be even happier, at any rate I hope you will, and if my very best wishes can help, they're all yours.

Affectionately,
LOUISA.

Both these episodes, however—her encounter with the borzois and her writing to old Freddy—were but parentheses, to be mentioned simply because they occurred.

Louisa's mind was made up. She had been prudent, she had been thorough, she hadn't rushed things. Enid Anstruther would have been proud of her. And the upshot was that she'd found in Jimmy Brown not only the precise husband she sought, but one practically in the bag already. After those fifteen minutes between five to six and ten past, Louisa naturally felt all time lost, merely a parenthesis, until she sighted the quarry again.

Given Louisa's basic disposition, it was nonetheless impossible that she should hold entirely aloof from her fellow residents at Broydon Court—or from four of them. The great majority were away all day at business; only four remained, to keep Louisa company between the hours of nine to six, but three were men. Besides Miss Wilbraham—the patience player—there were Admiral Colley, Mr. Wright and Mr. Wray, all in leaf so sere as to be scarcely yellow, but rather dun.

The admiral was by far the liveliest. Evidently alerted by Mrs. Brent, he cocked upon Louisa, that first night after dinner, a definitely lively old eye. It reminded her a little of F. Pennon's.

"I don't remember ye," stated Admiral Colley. "That means I've never seen ye. A head of hair like that, let alone those legs, I'd remember distinctly. What the devil did the woman mean?"

"It was my fault," apologized Louisa. "I told her I remembered you."

"Ye did? And how?" demanded the admiral.

"I lived in Broydon when I was a little girl," explained Louisa. "You don't realize what a famous character you are."

"In Broydon," grunted the admiral. "Dear Lord, in Broydon! But it'll be a pleasure to have ye about, just for the sake of those remarkable ankles."

By contrast, the reactions of the three others to Louisa's presence were rather reserved. Mr. Wray, retired from managing a bank, and Mr. Wright, retired from an insurance company, each seemed to regard her with faint alarm. Miss Wilbraham offered but a few nervous politenesses. Yet upon one point all four equally stretched out a hand—it being a well-known fact that all elderly persons resident in private hotels cherish certain personal possessions, or treasures, upon which from time to time they need the reassurance of an outside opinion.

Before lunch next day Louisa had seen them all.

Admiral Colley's was a lacquer pagoda, about five feet high, scarlet picked out with gold, the very thing to terminate a vista in some stately country house. Even in a fairly spacious drawing room it wouldn't have been out of place; in the lobby of a supercinema it could have competed successfully with the decorations. The admiral had to keep it jammed between his bed and his wardrobe.

"Picked it up in Shanghai," explained the admiral. "Got it home, believe it or not, in a destroyer. Dare say today it's worth thousands. What d'you think?"

"Honestly I can't tell lacquer from nail varnish," confessed Louisa. But she had a pretty good idea of what the pagoda would fetch in the Portobello Road—say four-pound-ten. "Anyway, I'm sure it's *rare*," said Louisa politely.

"And I mean to hold onto it," said the admiral. "It's my sheet-anchor, d'you see. At a pinch I can always send it to Sotheby's, but till then I'm holding onto it."

Miss Wilbraham had silhouettes. She had a whole gallery of them—single profiles, full-length figures, an ambitious family group showing ladies in crinolines and little girls in pantalets. Dotted about her bedroom walls they produced a curiously nursery effect—objects too long in a family to be thrown away, but not wanted downstairs.

"Done in India," explained Miss Wilbraham, "by such a clever young man! He was such an artist—he wouldn't use India ink."

Louisa scrutinized the portrait more closely. "Not even for the whiskers?"

"Not even for the whiskers," said Miss Wilbraham firmly. "That's what makes them so valuable. I suppose you've never seen any at Sotheby's?"

Louisa said she hadn't.

"I always watch the *Times*," explained Miss Wilbraham, "to see if any other silhouettes ever come up there; but I might have missed the right day. These, if I ever send them, I daresay will cause quite a stir!"

It was quite a relief to Louisa that Mr. Wray treasured no more than a poster advertising bull fights. Mr. Wray's illusion was that he had personally fought bulls. To Louisa this seemed extremely improbable, since his single visit to Spain was admittedly by way of a Cook's tour; it was so long ago that she thought his memory must have betrayed him. But she spent quite a cheerful half hour, while he demonstrated veronicas with a counterpane, before proceeding to Mr. Wright's collection of bomb fragments.

Modestly Mr. Wright admitted to having had unusual opportunities—he had been an air-raid warden in 1940. No fewer than two hundred and sixty specimens, nesting on cotton wool, filled his top bureau drawer, each with date and, if room, place neatly inscribed in white paint: DOWNING STREET, 14. x. '40; ST. PAUL'S, 29. xii. '40. "That alone's been quite a job," said Mr. Wright modestly. "Some I had to take a magnifying glass to. At the time, of course, I just used a bit of red pencil." He pulled out the drawer below in demonstration; Louisa beheld what looked like hundreds of fragments more, each indeed faintly scrawled in red.

And on the washstand Louisa noticed the little tin of white enamel, the fine brush and magnifying glass.

"I think it's the most wonderful hobby I ever heard of," said Louisa warmly.

"I intend to leave 'em to the War Museum," he confided. "To be kept together as the Arthur Wright Collection. I wrote a letter to the curator there only the other day; and I must say I got a very nice reply."

It will be obvious that the morning had been wet. The afternoon, however, cleared sufficiently for Louisa to exercise Ivor and Ivan on the common. "Are you taking your camera?" suggested Mrs. Brent hopefully. "Not in *this* light," said Louisa. She wasn't by any means reluctant to start photographing, but to shoot away for a whole week would be damnably expensive in film. It wasn't till later that she hit on the idea of employing, under Mrs. Brent's eye, a camera without any film in it.

Once fairly on grass Louisa let the dogs off their leads and sent them to race in freedom; they bowled over an infant with a hoop, and Louisa was rebuked by a keeper, but otherwise the walk passed without incident.

So the parenthesis wore away, until at five o'clock she began to get ready, and at six met Jimmy Brown.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Louisa.

"Not," said Jimmy, "to the Bon-Bon."

How it all came back! The Bon-Bon, in their salad days, had filled a place somewhere between a sandwich counter and an Espresso bar.

"D'you mean to say the Bon-Bon's still going?" cried Louisa nostalgically.

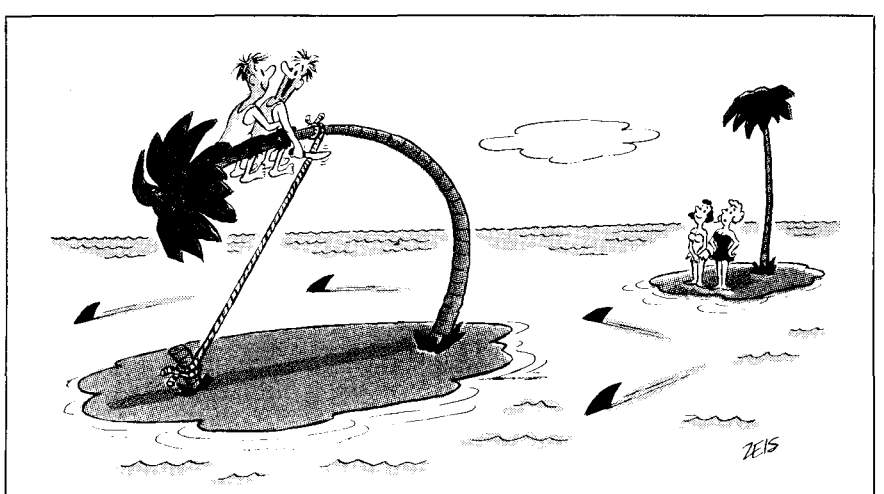
"Yes, but I'm not going to take you there," repeated Jimmy. "I'm going to take you for a cocktail first and then dinner," he added, not quite able to keep the pride out of his voice, "to the Theater Club."

Louisa looked suitably impressed. Indeed, she was impressed; there'd been no Theater Club in the old days; there hadn't even been a theater.

"Broydon Rep," explained Jimmy casually. "It's in the old assembly rooms. I believe there's a rather interesting piece on. If you like, we might go one night. We might go tomorrow."

Nothing could be more welcome to Louisa than to have a second evening already in view; it made her able to relax. She had warned herself most carefully against rushing him—against ducking him, so to speak, too impetuously, so that he came up gasping, into the deeper waters of the sentimental past. As they walked past the Free Library Louisa merely inquired how he'd got on with Higgins.

(*Continued on Page 120*)



"All set?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

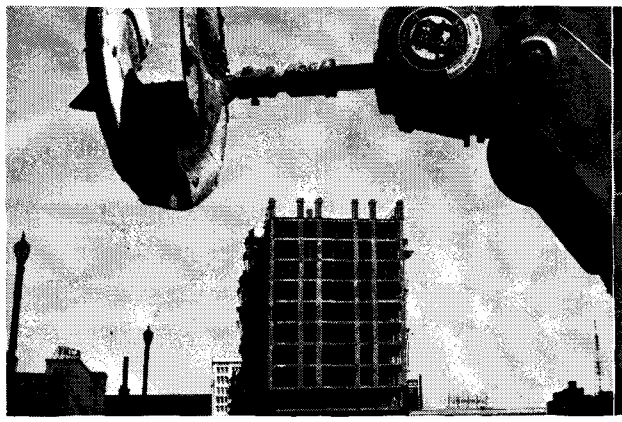
Camera bugs capture St. Louis charm

Unique photo contest pictures good living in St. Louis

Grass-roots testimonials to a land of good living came as the result of a recent photo contest Union Electric sponsored in St. Louis and the surrounding area.

Hundreds of photographs were entered. Each was accompanied by a caption explaining why the picture best represented St. Louis. These photographs captured the charm and emphasized the deep-down pride St. Louisans have in the land they live in. Here are representative photos from the contest.

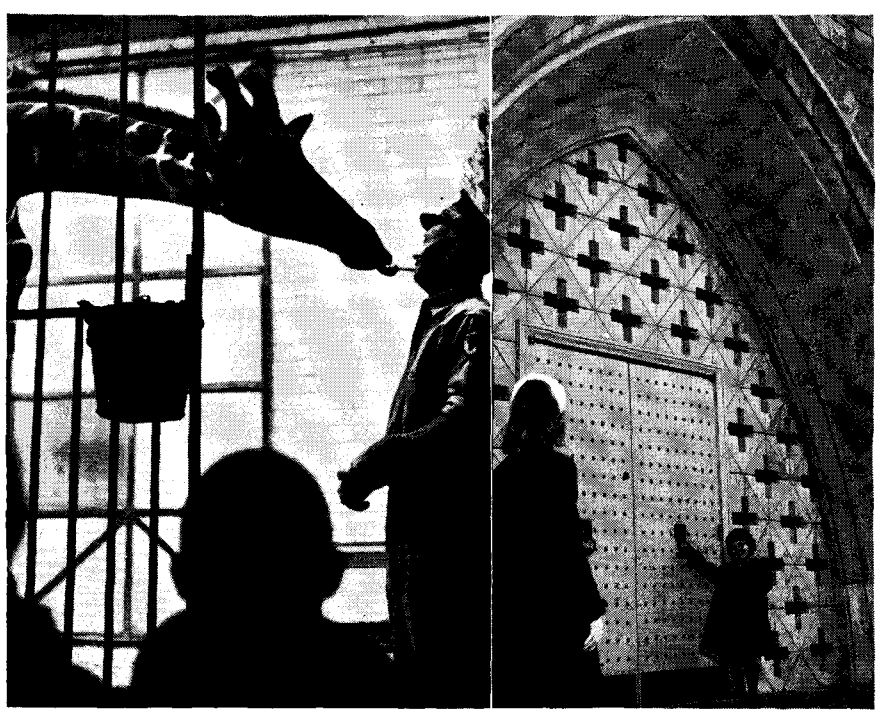
Hugo H. Harper: "The Milles Fountain with the Union Station tower in the background symbolizes St. Louis' prominence in transportation—the interchange of waters, the massive rail center, the clear sky at dawn."



Joseph G. Longstreth: "St. Louis is tearing down the old and unattractive . . . building the new and imaginative . . . keeping vital and progressive."

Aurel V. Collett: "St. Louis is the bowling capital of the world—no other city can claim both the '59 and '60 national singles match game champions."

Nelson H. Renick: "Modern and classic dance groups contribute much to cultural St. Louis."



Among other entries that pictured the fun . . . the spiritual strength found in St. Louis.

St. Louis — the Strategic Center of America — has good living in abundance . . . mineral and agricultural wealth . . . unsurpassed transportation . . . unlimited water from the Mississippi . . . plenty of electric power and more to come from Union Electric expansion now in progress. If moving plans are in your future, consider the St. Louis area for your home and business. You'll want to know more about this area. For information and industrial site listings, write me in confidence.

J. W. McAfee

PRESIDENT

UNION ELECTRIC COMPANY

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the October Ladies' Home Journal

BING CROSBY tells "How I'll Raise My Daughter"

Bing says: "All parents make mistakes bringing up their kids. I've made my share. I feel fortunate that none of my goofs with Gary, Phil, Dennis or Lin—although they loomed large at the time—couldn't be corrected in the course of time. It's no soft touch to try to get sons to toe the line but I can't think of anything more difficult for a father than disciplining his daughter."

In this exclusive article Bing tells how he plans to raise the "Princess." Education, religion, marriage, family life will be stressed to give her a feeling of security. As Bing writes: "Security comes from belonging—and knowing you belong. More than anything, that's what I want for my daughter."

PEACEABLE LANE

A disturbing novel of integration in the suburbs

Life was indeed peaceable in this exclusive community. Then they heard the rumor—a Negro was moving in—and there was no more peace . . . only cruelty and violence.

New Hope for Victims of Stroke

Today, using certain warning signals of impending stroke, medical or surgical treatment can effectively prevent a stroke from developing.

PLUS . . . A report on important recent findings on cancer . . . "Through All My Housework in an Hour" . . . Admiral Rickover on education and your child's future . . . Dr. Spock compares the behavior of Russian and American children.

In all, more than 30 features, articles, stories.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL Now on Sale

(*Continued from Page 118*) "The Ibsens seemed to like it," said Jimmy carelessly. "I only wish you'd been there, Louisa, to give an honest opinion. We don't only read Shaw either, you know," he added carelessly. "Last week we read Dylan Thomas. *Under Milk Wood*. It was a struggle, but I made 'em."

"Did they enjoy it?"

"Not particularly. But someone's got to take the lead."

With this same new assurance he propelled Louisa before him into the Theater Club cocktail bar and ordered a couple of dry Martinis. Again, as outside the Free Library, Louisa could have given sentiment rein; the bar was at one end of the old supper room, in Louisa's youth devoted to charity bazaars, of which her Aunt May had been a great supporter; Louisa never got further than washing up teacups—but did Jimmy remember, she wondered, the time she dropped a whole crashing load just as the mayoress began to speak? Singlehanded he'd helped her gather up the mess—being indeed the only one of her swains steady enough to be present.

"I come here quite a lot," observed Jimmy, but in how different a context! "It's about the most civilized place in Broydon."

Louisa had noticed that as the bar began to fill several people recognized him. They also took a good look at her. Louisa was wearing a really good black dress, bought secondhand, via the *Times* personal column, from MODEL DISPOSING OF WARDROBE, and her flaming hair fell naturally into the fashionable chrysanthemum mop. For a moment she felt uneasy, for more than once had an escort complained of being made to look conspicuous; but Jimmy's aplomb was unshaken. It even verged on the complacent.

Louisa quoted Mrs. Meare. "I daresay tomorrow everyone will be asking who I am!"

"Oh, I don't think I'm quite so important as all that," said Jimmy seriously. "Though I must say," he added, "you make me feel as if I were." He paused. "As you always did, Louisa! Remember?"

He'd taken the header of his own accord.

"All the same, from what *I* remember," said Louisa honestly, a little later, over dinner, "it was *you* who were rather grand—I mean compared with the rest of us. Yours was much the grandest house."

"No; I was out of things; you don't know what it meant, having a popular girl like you take notice of me."

"Well, we were friends," said Louisa moderately.

"Not that I saw much of you. You were always larking about with boys on bicycles."

"*You* weren't always there, at the library."

"I had to be home for supper," explained Jimmy seriously. "You still made me late once or twice—waiting in case you turned up. Did you ever know, Louisa, how I felt about you?"

"I'm not sure what I knew," said cautious Louisa. "Now I'm just remembering."

It turned out that they remembered jointly a great deal. An hour over dinner insufficient, the long light evening found them strolling across the common—identifying an oak tree Louisa used to climb, a nook where once bloomed honeysuckle amid a tangle of blackberry bushes. Both unhesitatingly, fondly, recalled a regulation Sunday walk—as far as the pond, once round and back again—after church, for Jimmy Brown, and chapel for Louisa. They'd neither of them been so fond of that walk at the time, Jimmy Brown flanked by his parents, Louisa tagging in the wake of Aunt May; but distance lent enchantment, and there is nothing so agreeable as sharing old memories.

"How splendid that you're here for a whole week!" exclaimed Jimmy, as they parted at the Court gate. "You'll let me see as much of you as you can, Louisa? Though I don't suppose I'll be very exciting company," added Jimmy humbly, "for anyone so glamorous as you."

All the way up the drive Louisa glowed with pleasure. Only once, hitherto, had she glimpsed even the possibility of being glamorous: at Kerseymere Kennels. She was happy indeed, as well as surprised, to appear glamorous to Jimmy Brown.

Actually Louisa began to feel pretty glamorous all round. Against the subfusc background of Broydon Court she sometimes felt practically dazzling. A couple of little typists were pretty, and one of the men away all day was reputed a successful architect, but Louisa's dash and *savoir-vivre*, and what she had no difficulty in presenting as a glitter of worldly success, set her—glamorously—apart. The only sales resistance came from Mrs. Brent, who tried to boost the architect in opposition, explaining to all who would hear that though at Broydon to supervise a mere block of flats, Mr. McAndrew—"Surely you know the name?" exclaimed Mrs. Brent. "*Andrew* McAndrew?"—commonly specialized in the restoration of stately homes. "I suppose there's

---

Most of us can't stand people who are intolerant.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

hardly a stately home in England," Mrs. Brent told people, "he hasn't restored at some time or another! I think we should all feel quite honored."

It was no use. Louisa just left lying about that old number of the *Tatler* in which appeared an Italian film star, plus two poodles, photographed by Datchett. Compared with film stars, stately homes were just so much old rope. Louisa also slammed down Mr. McAndrew whenever possible.

She might have been less successful professionally than she gave her public to understand; but in the new field of glamour her star undoubtedly ascended.

The next morning offering a gleam of sun, Louisa commandeered both Admiral Colley and Mrs. Brent for a session of photography. Between them, under Louisa's instructions, they carried out an old Ping-pong table, draped a dark rug over a clotheshorse behind it and induced first Ivor, then Ivan, to stand firmly in profile. Mrs. Brent hadn't anything of Mrs. Meare's knack as a handler, but the admiral, accustomed to command, was a tower of strength; before the rain came down again Louisa was pretty sure of having enough straights on film to make a reasonable showing.

In the afternoon she went to look at her old home.

Even as she entered Telscombe Road her motive was still obscure. Not from the bosom of any loving family had Louisa lit out for the metropolis; an uncle and aunt merely accepted, on Christian principles, responsibility for a niece, Louisa's parents having met their deserts—or so the circumstance was presented to her—when the local *palais de danse* stopped a buzz bomb. Louisa was, if anything, glad, despite Aunt May's prognostications, to think they'd been having a good time—and together, dad on leave from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desert; but she learned to keep her tears, like her opinions, to herself.

No doubt Aunt May and Uncle Thomas believed they were doing their best for her, in apprenticing her to Mr. Hughes for a pound a week, and taking back eighteen shillings of it for her keep.

Louisa halted; there it stood, the small, mean-proportioned, semidetached prison of her youth. The narrow front garden, however, was now neglected, the window curtains less than immaculate; No. 34 had so evidently changed hands that Louisa was able for the first time in her life to walk up the path without a sinking of the heart.

She knocked. The woman who opened was as stout as Aunt May had been lean and as florid as Aunt May had been pale; also, at four o'clock, still in curling pins.

"Tell me if it's inconvenient," said Louisa, "but I used to live here. Would you let me just look round?"

"So long as you're not from the hire-purchase," said the woman warmly, "look anywhere you like. Come in, dear."

Louisa mounted the familiar stair. Certain fittings had evidently gone with the house; the stair carpet was familiar too. But the stair rods weren't bright any more, and Louisa, whose Saturday task it had been to polish them, stepped over each with increasing confidence.

She pushed open the door to what had once been her attic bedroom. It was still inevitably an attic, but now housed chiefly empty beer bottles.

"Found the cellar?" called the woman cheerfully. "A joke, ain't it? Only we haven't a cellar, and my hubby never seems to take 'em back, and I can't abide waste, so there they go, and one day we shall have to have a lorry. Don't tell me that's what used to be your bedroom, dear?"

Louisa put her head over the balustrade and nodded.

"If you'd like to stay up there a bit—revisiting, like on the telly—just shift a crate off the chair."

"Thanks, I've seen all I wanted," said Louisa. "And thank you very much for letting me."

Only when she was out in the road again did she realize why she'd come. She had been burying—and how satisfactorily!—a ghost.

That night they went to the rep.

"It's very advanced," Jimmy warned her. "Some of the Ibsens haven't been able to make head or tail of it. But I dare say it's just up your street."

In fact, Louisa, observing the curtain already raised on a gallows, a bicycle and what looked like a sewing machine wreathed in straw, felt at home at once, it being the type of *décor* to which contact with Hugo Pym had accustomed her. Three muffled thumps—evidently borrowed from the famous *trois coups* of the French—heralded an action equally, in a way, familiar; complex, symbolic and gloomy, with a few music-hall jokes thrown in.

"I imagine that chap in the diving helmet's Fate?" muttered Jimmy.

"Just let it flow over you," advised Louisa.

No curtain descended at the interval; the house lights simply went up again as a couple of black-costumed handymen—probably borrowed from the Chinese—appeared to reset the stage.

"Interesting, isn't it?" said Jimmy, as they emerged. "Of course, you're perfectly right; one must let it flow over one. Would you like a lemonade?"

The foyer bar was unlicensed, but nonetheless thronged; as after a stiff examination paper, everyone was thirsty. Watching Jimmy's progress, how fortunate Louisa felt herself! He was not only game for symbolic drama; he was also the tallest man in sight. The next moment her thoughts were violently diverted, as she beheld purposefully forging toward her Hugo Pym himself.

"Dear Louisa, what a friend you are!" cried Hugo. "Is that him?"

Louisa had to think rapidly back over the past fortnight before she picked up the allusion, now so outdated, to F. Pennon. She had to think even before putting two and two together and realizing that this must be Hugo's Outer London rep—though she might have guessed it, from the performance just witnessed. The situation was still too complex to be immediately disentangled. Indeed, Louisa had no intention of disentangling it; she merely smiled consciously and asked after Hugo's bronchitis.

"Better," coughed Hugo. "Would he like to come backstage? They do, you know; the chaps who put up money. Why not bring him round?"

Louisa glanced toward Jimmy Brown still patiently in line for lemonade. She thought he might indeed enjoy going backstage; but the situation held too many awkward possibilities.

"Just leave it to me, will you?" said Louisa.

"Probably you know best," admitted Hugo, "though it does seem an opportunity. I must say he looks younger than I expected," observed Hugo Pym. "In fact, he looks very nice. A bit *de province*, perhaps ——"

Just as she'd resented his tone on behalf of F. Pennon, so Louisa resented it now on Jimmy Brown's. "Don't be so damned superior," said Louisa sharply.

"I say! You *must* be in love!" noted Hugo Pym. "What a lucky girl you are! All that cash as well! But thank you very much, dear, for bringing him; and I'll hope to see you both very soon."

To Louisa's extreme relief he cocked an eye at the foyer clock—was it he who thumped those three thumps?—and slid away just as Jimmy returned.

"Who was that you were talking to?" asked Jimmy interestedly.

"Hugo Pym," said Louisa. "He's the stage manager."

"What fascinating people you know!" marveled Jimmy. "I say, could he take us round backstage?"

"Not tonight," said Louisa. "He's got bronchitis; he wants to get home."

The encounter did her no harm, however, far from it. It made her in Jimmy's eyes all the more glamorous.

Full of confidence for the future, also living free, these were happy days for Louisa. Materially, indeed, she had been better off at Bournemouth, especially as regards food, but at Broydon Court there were more men about, and Louisa, though thoroughly determined to stop being fond of them, was far happier in the company of an admiral than in that of Mrs. Anstruther. Actually the admiral was a slight chink in her new armor; his situation struck Louisa as truly tragic, and she so much admired the rakish spirit in which he faced it that it was impossible not to grow slightly fond of him; but Mr. Wright and Mr. Wray she just liked seeing around, and otherwise remained quite indifferent to. Louisa had at least become fond of only one man out of a possible three, while with Mr. McAndrew she was practically at daggers drawn.

It lent an interest, even though the engagement was rather one-sided; Mr. McAndrew simply came up for punishment. He was a large, quiet-spoken, entirely personable Scot, and Louisa indeed would have had nothing against him if Mrs. Brent hadn't so persisted in building him up. Jealous for her own position as center of interest, however, Louisa slammed him down whenever possible.

Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Today there's a fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. The name of this medication: The PAZO Formula.

CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS. The PAZO Formula does *more* than just shrink hemorrhoid tissue. It also contains specific ingredients to relieve pain and itching promptly, fight infection, promote healing, lubricate membranes.

WORKS FAST. Soon after using The PAZO Formula, you sit, stand, walk, and enjoy active sports in *comfort*. This superior over-all medication brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

AVAILABLE NOW in stainless ointment or suppositories—the easy to use form with an exact amount of medication for prompt relief.

The PAZO® Formula

Another Fine Product of Grove Laboratories

OPPORTUNITY

IF YOU want extra money, and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

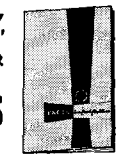
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
726 Independence Square, Phila. 5, PA.

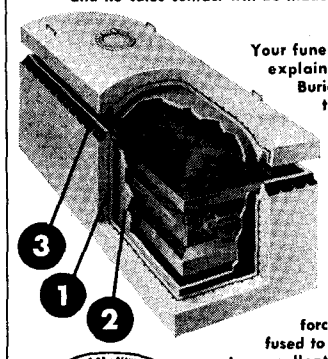
Know the facts about Funerals ...beforehand!

A bit of knowledge can be so helpful when YOU are the one who must "take charge." That's why you're urged to have a copy of this FREE informative booklet on hand . . .

FREE— "FACTS Every Family Should Know"

SEND A POSTCARD OR LETTER TO: WILBERT, P. O. Box 147-S-3 Forest Park, Illinois. (No obligation and no sales contact will be made.)





Your funeral director can explain how WILBERT Burial Vaults afford the best "peace-of-mind" protection. Scientifically made and proved through over a quarter-century of service, WILBERT Burial Vaults are made from heavy, reinforced concrete 1, fused to a thick, precast water-repellent asphalt liner 2. They are sealed by a special sealant 3. You should insist . . . in time of need . . . on the FOREMOST and MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BURIAL VAULTS . . .

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Wilbert® BURIAL VAULTS

® Trademark of Wilbert W. Haase Co.

FALSE TEETH Wearers... Use Improved, Softer EZO Dental Cushions!

Grips Dentures Firmer, Quicker
Helps Keep Seeds Out
Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
Helps Plate Fit Snug
Helps Prevent Clicking
Need a thicker cushion for your lower plate? Ask for New EZO Heavy Gauge Cushions!
At Your Favorite Drug Counter **60c**

MAIL ORDER FRANCHISE

No experience needed. Spencer Gifts, a well-established and successful mail order firm, starts you in business. Supplies catalogs with your own name imprinted. No investment in stock. No shipping merchandise. Catalog items pre-tested for salability. Initial investment of less than $50 can get you started. Write for FREE information kit. SPENCER GIFTS, LG-50, Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.

RUSH COUPON TO
Spencer Gifts, Wholesale Div., LG-50
Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.
Please send me FREE, without obligation, complete details of Spencer Gifts Franchise Plan.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

fast relief!
COLD SORES
LIP-EZE®
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS
SUNBURNED LIPS
LIP SALVE

The vital 1/10th of your appearance

BEAR BRAND hosiery

75c to $1.25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus: "Working up and down the country as I do," suggested Mr. McAndrew mildly, "I run into quite a few hounds myself. Maybe you've photographed some of them?"

"Actually no," returned Louisa, willfully misunderstanding. "Meets are rather local-talent stuff, don't you think? I'm a professional."

Mr. McAndrew, divided between wanting to say that he'd often seen staff-photographer photographs of meets in the *Times*, and that he hadn't been referring to meets at all, held his peace—slammed down again.

Another point on which Louisa preferred Broydon Court to The Pines was that she got more exercise. Wet or fine, Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch were like herself always ready for a walk. Sometimes the admiral came, too, and once had a really exhilarating row with the common keeper. Each day until six o'clock, though still a parenthesis, passed really agreeably; and at six Louisa called for Jimmy at the shop.

She had no fears now of too impetuously reviving old memories. It was Jimmy himself who suggested a pilgrimage to the Free Library.

Slightly to Louisa's disappointment it had been rather smartened up—gay wrappers off new books pinned to a board in the lobby, a positively enticing Children's Corner arranged in the reading room. But back in the stacks, between *B* for Biography and *C* for Ceramics, something of the old gloom lingered; and something of the old sentiment as well.

"D'you remember, Louisa?"

"Do I not!" sighed Louisa nostalgically. "You'd be surprised how much biography I picked up—waiting about."

"I picked up a good deal about ceramics—waiting about."

"You practically taught me to open a book," said Louisa. "I had to do something," she added honestly, "waiting about."

"I can't see why you waited for me at all. It wasn't always raining," said Jimmy, rather perceptively.

"I suppose I liked you," said Louisa.

"Even with my pebble lenses and my spots?"

"I didn't notice them."

"That I don't believe," stated Jimmy. "Everyone in Broydon noticed 'em. You were just kind, Louisa—as you are still."

It was the most oncoming conversation they had yet had. Entering the library, Louisa had had some idea of being kissed by Jimmy, in the stacks between *B* for Biography and *C* for Ceramics. If she'd at that moment offered her cheek, he quite probably would have kissed her. Mrs. Anstruther might have been at her elbow, as Louisa laughed and led the way out.

On another occasion, before dining as usual at the Theater Club—as usual! how precious a phrase!—Jimmy took Louisa back to see what he'd made of his own semidetached heritage.

"Of course, it's freehold," explained Jimmy seriously, "so I didn't mind spending a bit. But what d'you think of it, Louisa?"

Louisa beheld changes no less startling than those at Telscombe Road. But they were of a different sort—not from austere to easygoing, but from dowdy comfort to absolute elegance. She gazed about in unfeigned admiration. One wall at least must have been knocked down; between back and front windows stretched a relatively spacious apartment, made to appear all the more spacious by a glass door that separated it from, without concealing, a kitchen papered with cabbage roses.

There was almost no furniture at all, save for one long, low divan covered in Picasso-influence linen and a bamboo coffee table. This was in the front part of the room. In the dining alcove to the rear Jimmy had gone Regency.

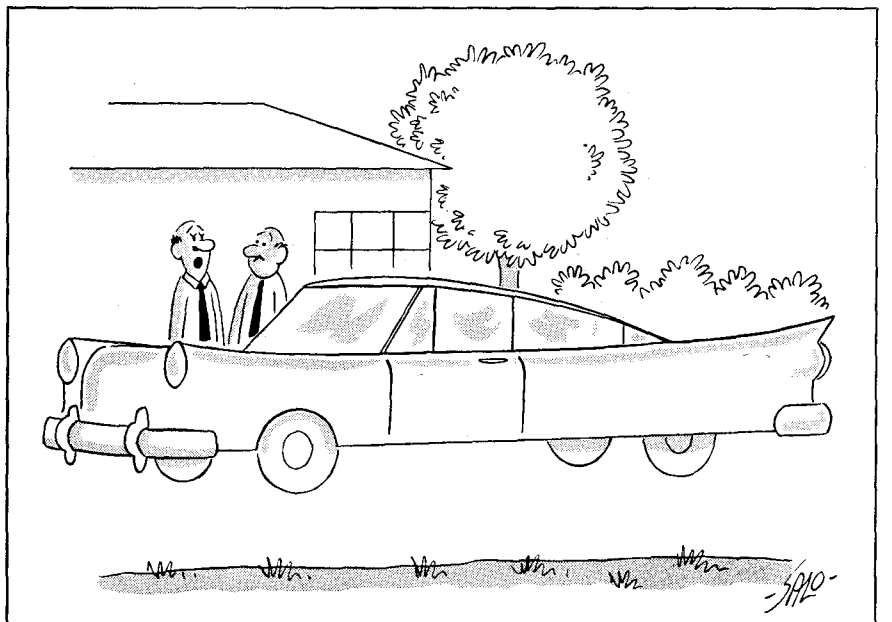
"I didn't care for it much, either," said Jimmy, watching her, "as it was. You weren't the only one, Louisa, to have ideas!"

If he was surprising her more and more, each surprise was a pleasant one. Louisa would have liked to see the bedroom, but really felt she could take it on trust. This was on the Sunday.

Louisa had already been four days at Broydon Court, and was thoroughly aware that the Wednesday must put a period to her stay. Dining out each night hadn't exactly saved her bacon with Mrs. Brent, but it was just as well that she did. The ill luck of losing one last evening out of two with Jimmy, however, so far from depressed her that she returned alone to the Court, on Monday evening, in excellent spirits.

To discover a common taste for bamboo and theater clubs had been truly delightful. What Louisa still desired most from a husband was stability; and nothing could have better confirmed her belief in Jimmy's basic steadiness than his reason for letting her down.

"I clean forgot," apologized Jimmy, Louisa calling for him at the shop as usual, "but I've an appointment with the dentist. Until I looked at my diary this morning, I'd clean forgotten. And as he's taking me after hours, as a bit of a favor, I don't like to put him off."



"Oh, it gets me to the finance company and brings me back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wouldn't want you to," said Louisa warmly. She was naturally disappointed, but even more struck by such a proof of sterling character. "I suppose you don't want me to come with you?" suggested Louisa tentatively.

"Good heavens, why?" exclaimed Jimmy. "I'm not a child."

No, but how many men were, reflected Louisa—recalling in particular Number Ten, whom she'd had practically to dope with gin before inducing him to benefit from the National Health Service.

"Are you having anything out?" asked Louisa hopefully.

"Just one at the back."

"Wisdom?" pressed Louisa.

"Actually it's impacted," said Jimmy casually.

Louisa sighed with pleasure. She wasn't unfeeling; she simply rejoiced in his solid worth. And as if this wasn't enough happiness, Jimmy said earnestly, "But tomorrow night I want you to do something you haven't done yet. I want you to have dinner with me at home."

So on this penultimate evening Louisa returned to the Court alone, but by no means low-spirited. On the contrary; the evening in prospect, domestically tête-á-tête, offered exactly the circumstances she would have chosen for springing a matrimonial trap. Quite honestly she didn't see Jimmy standing a chance.

Soberly content, gratefully optimistic, Louisa regained Broydon Court—and there stationed before the door beheld F. Pennon's Rolls-Royce.

She backed into the rhododendrons. The movement was purely instinctive, an instinctive recoil before all the complications of the past. Fond of men as she was, and particularly fond as she was of F. Pennon, Louisa backed so abruptly into the rhododendrons that she scratched her nape on a protrusive twig. But she had to come out again. Mrs. Brent, who had evidently been lying in wait, hurried breathless down the drive.

"You've a visitor!" panted Mrs. Brent in urgent but congratulatory tones. "He's in the lounge. He wouldn't have tea. In fact—I'm afraid I counted him as a resident!—he's ordered a bottle of champagne."

At least Freddy was in his usual form, thought Louisa; and the idea of a glass of champagne wasn't unwelcome to herself. Mrs. Brent hurried her on, pausing only to cast an admiring glance at the Rolls. "He hasn't said anything," panted Mrs. Brent, "but if he should want to stay, I could have a bedroom ready in an hour." At the lounge door, however, with a movement of irritating discretion, she drew back. Louisa rubbed the scratch on her nape, hardened her heart and entered warily.

There was Freddy with his bottle all right, neighboring Miss Wilbraham's patience table. A slight circumstance to touch her; a glass foamed among the patience cards too. Freddy had never liked to drink alone, but for Miss Wilbraham, what a treat! Still warily, however, Louisa said, "Hi."

"You've been a hell of a time," complained Freddy at once.

"Did I know you were coming?" retorted Louisa.

She advanced and sat. Miss Wilbraham hiccuped gently. There was a third glass set ready, but a glance at the bottle was discouraging. Freddy and Miss Wilbraham between them had almost polished it off.

"There's another on ice," Freddy reassured her. "Now we'll see how the old allez oop works."

Incredibly, at Broydon Court, he clapped his hands—echoing the *trois coups* of Hugo's stage management! Louisa still wasn't deceived; Freddy was being too larkish altogether. That old Albert the waiter immediately appeared with a fresh bottle of champagne gave him a temporary build-up; but he definitely wasn't his usual self.

Old Albert, with a flourish of dirty napkin, poured. Miss Wilbraham gently hiccuped again. An absent, almost unconscious movement of her hand—which had just laid a red nine on a red ten—slid her glass across the ace of spades in Albert's general direction. "Fill her up!" said Freddy. In the short silence that followed, Louisa took a welcome mouthful and waited.

The Wonderful World of Hilton Hotels

• • •

EASTERN DIVISION

Joseph P. Binns, Vice President

NEW YORK CITY: The Waldorf-Astoria, The Statler Hilton, The Savoy Hilton • BOSTON: The Statler Hilton • WASHINGTON, D. C.: The Statler Hilton • PITTSBURGH: The Pittsburgh Hilton • BUFFALO: The Statler Hilton HARTFORD: The Statler Hilton

CENTRAL DIVISION

Vernon Herndon, Vice President

CHICAGO: The Conrad Hilton, The Palmer House • DETROIT: The Statler Hilton CINCINNATI: The Netherland Hilton, The Terrace Hilton • CLEVELAND: The Statler Hilton • COLUMBUS: The Deshler Hilton DAYTON: The Dayton Biltmore • ST. LOUIS: The Statler Hilton

WESTERN DIVISION

Spearl Ellison, Vice President

LOS ANGELES: The Statler Hilton, The Beverly Hilton (BEVERLY HILLS) • DENVER: The Denver Hilton • HOUSTON: The Shamrock Hilton • DALLAS: The Statler Hilton • FORT WORTH: Hilton Hotel • EL PASO: Hilton Hotel ALBUQUERQUE: Hilton Hotel • CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO: The Palacio Hilton. *Hotels under construction in:* SAN FRANCISCO • PORTLAND, ORE.

HILTON INNS DIVISION

Conrad N. Hilton, Jr., Vice President

ATLANTA • NEW ORLEANS • EL PASO • SAN FRANCISCO. *Under construction:* AURORA, ILL. TARRYTOWN, N. Y. • SEATTLE, WASH.

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Robert J. Caverly, Vice President

Berlin, Germany, The Berlin Hilton • *Cairo, Egypt, U.A.R.,* The Nile Hilton • *Istanbul, Turkey,* The Istanbul Hilton • *Madrid, Spain,* The Castellana Hilton • *Mexico City, Mexico,* The Continental Hilton • *Acapulco, Mexico,* Las Brisas Hilton • *Montreal, Canada,* The Queen Elizabeth (a C.N.R. hotel) • *Panama, R.P.,* El Panamá Hilton • *San Juan, Puerto Rico,* The Caribe Hilton • *St. Thomas, U. S. Virgin Islands,* The Virgin Isle Hilton • *Sydney, Australia,* The Chevron Hilton • *Hotels under construction in:* Amsterdam and Rotterdam, The Netherlands • Athens, Greece • London, England • Port-of-Spain, Trinidad • Rome, Italy Teheran, Iran.

RESERVATIONS

Any Hilton Carte Blanche Reservation office (see telephone directory), any Hilton Hotel . . . or special reservation centers: New York, LOngacre 3-6900 • Chicago, FInancial 6-2772 Los Angeles, MAdison 8-6231 • San Francisco, YUkon 6-0575 • Toronto, Canada, EMpire 2-3771 • London, England, Whitehall 3061.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, don't you want to know why I'm here?" asked Freddy at last.

"No," said Louisa.

"That's a hell of a welcome, when I've driven all the way from town."

"Why aren't you at Bournemouth?" demanded Louisa sharply. For one alarming moment it crossed her mind that he had simply run away, that he was going to demand to be hidden. But at least it wasn't as bad as that.

"I shall probably drive back to Bournemouth tonight. I've come up to see my lawyers."

"Ah!" said Louisa. "Settlements?"

"That's it. I don't know how you guessed, but you're right. Enid's going to marry me next month," stated Freddy, with a sort of heroic impartiality.

"And why not?" said Louisa. "I think you're both being very sensible not to wait. And if you've driven all the way from town just to tell me, I think it's very sweet."

He hesitated. "As a matter of fact, that isn't the only reason."

This time Louisa refilled her glass herself. Indeed she had refilled it twice before Freddy came to the end of his remarkable proposition.

It was such as only a very rich man, and a very uninhibited rich man, could have even contemplated. F. Pennon was pre-eminently both; but perhaps the most surprising point of all was that he didn't appear to see anything unusual in it.

"It simply occurred to me," explained Freddy, "and the deuce knows why I didn't think of it before, while I'm making settlements, why don't I make one on you too?"

Louisa gaped. At this point she could say nothing at all.

"Say three or four hundred a year," proceeded old Freddy reasonably. "Just pin money, y'know; because, of course, you wouldn't have any expenses. I suppose you haven't changed your mind about the other thing?" he hazarded, almost in parentheses. "I mean, marrying me?"

Louisa shook her head.

"I thought not," said Freddy. "And you're quite right; I'm too old. I respected you, Louisa, for turning me down, even though I took a knock. So I've thought of this," continued Freddy more cheerfully, "because we did, didn't we, get on uncommonly well? All three of us? And at the same time you wouldn't care to take a salary. A settlement would look after everything."

Although by this time Louisa realized that what Freddy had in mind was nothing short of a permanent *ménage à trois*, at least she had the sense not to feel insulted. He was old, was old Freddy, and beginning to know it; he wasn't seeking a mistress; he was seeking, rather pathetically, a friend. Of course, he wanted a buffer too; but as he sat gazing at her across the card table Louisa read in his wistful glance chiefly a desire for her friendship. Nor did she accuse him of trying to buy it. His standards were such that he quite probably imagined her earning far more than three or four hundred a year—pin money—already. He simply didn't want her to lose on the deal.

"If you're thinking of Enid ——" began Freddy again.

What a thought was there! For a moment, fascinated, Louisa contemplated its full beauty: pin money, settlement, even, in a sense, a man at the top—the very booty Enid had described, and all looted from that experienced trapper's own trap!

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Freddy stiffly. "As I was saying, if you're thinking about Enid, she'll be as pleased as I shall. She told me to tell you ——"

"You mean she agrees?" asked Louisa.

"Of course. I may not know much about women," said F. Pennon complacently, "but I always knew you and she'd get on. Naturally Enid agrees."

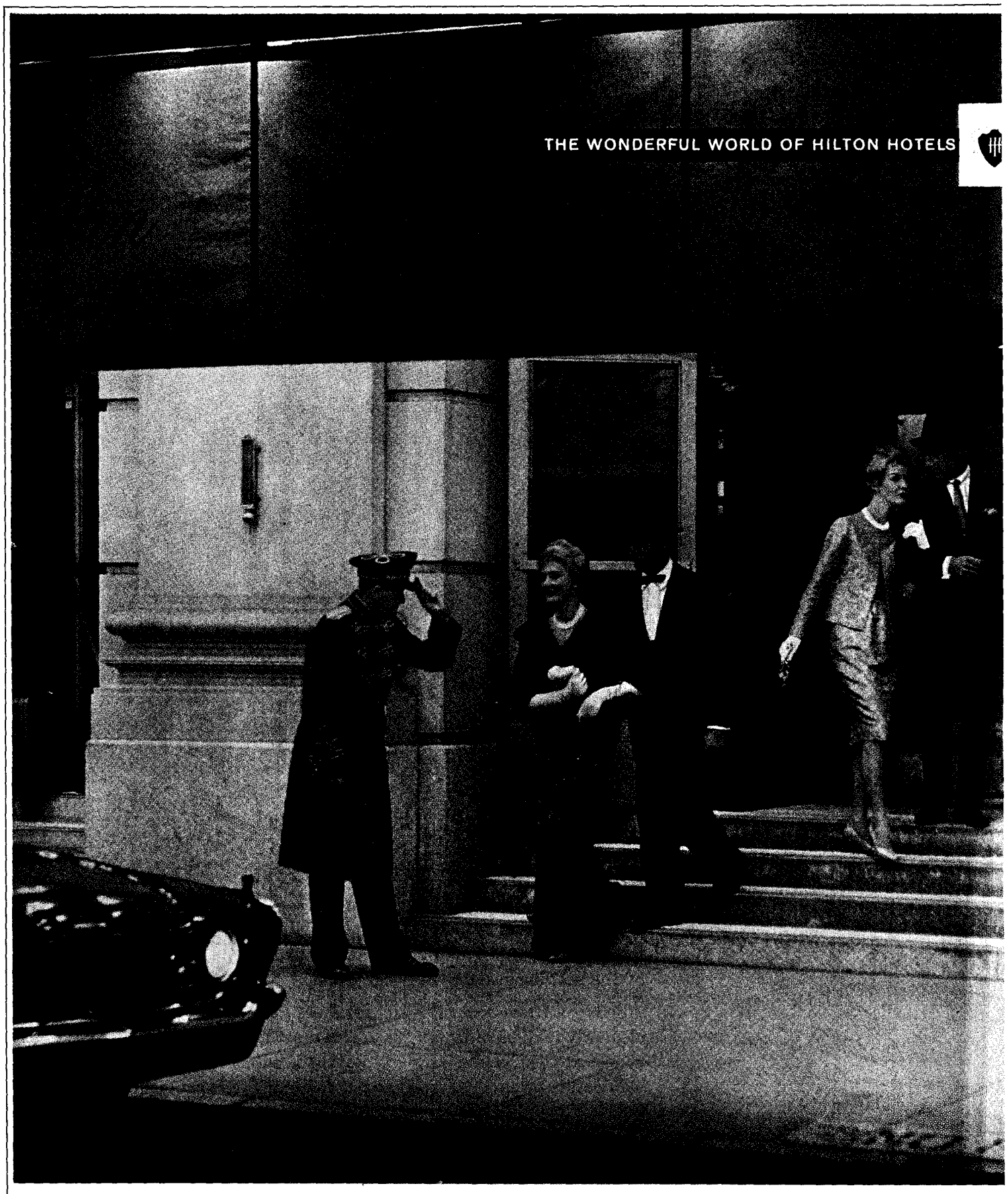
Louisa thought rapidly. Her first astonishment over, it struck her that Enid was an experienced trapper indeed; it struck her also that Mrs. Anstruther was gambling on a certainty. To Mrs. Anstruther's mind, if such a proposal could tempt Louisa at all, she'd have grabbed at it already—when it included absolute matrimony. Mrs. Anstruther was evidently gambling on the certainty that she, Louisa, was still a darned fool.

As perhaps I was, thought Louisa, *when I hadn't found Jimmy again.*

She had been overchivalrous that night at Bournemouth. It was easy enough now not to be tempted, since she so genuinely preferred what Jimmy Brown could offer; but Enid would have run more risk than she knew if Louisa had found him already pre-empted by that dewy-eyed fiancée!

As it was, she had only to spare Freddy's feelings.

"Dear Freddy, I'm sorry," said Louisa. "I like you so very much—and Enid too,"



Excitement begins . . . at a Hilton hotel

This is the beginning. You've just finished a superb dinner in The Columns, or The Empire Room, Trader Vic's, La Yedra or any of the other fascinating dining rooms that seem touched by Hilton magic. Ahead is the evening—the thundering majesty of a Beethoven symphony . . . the thrill of the overture, dimming footlights and curtain going up . . . the silver screen . . . the spectacle of a gay fiesta . . . exploring the exotic land of the Pharaohs. Whether you're in New York, Montreal, Istanbul or any of our 41 hotels, the world of excitement and adventure is just outside your room. Remember, unforgettable evenings begin, and end, at Hilton Hotels.

Wherever you go, use Carte Blanche The Hilton All-Purpose Credit Card. For application write Hilton Credit Corporation, 8544 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

Hilton AROUND THE WORLD Hotels

CONRAD N. HILTON, PRESIDENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she lied. "I hope you'll tell her from me I haven't words to express what I think of her." There was a pleasing ambiguity about this; Louisa hoped Freddy'd get it right. "But the fact is . . ."

She paused. She had learned so much discretion that she wouldn't say she was going to get married! Instead: "I'd miss photographing dogs," explained Louisa.

The conclusion was weak, and she knew it. Was it fair to Freddy, to be so discreet? As the lounge door swung open, how much Louisa would have given to see Jimmy himself advancing toward her, to make all plain by his earnest, devoted looks! But it was only Admiral Colley.

"If that's all, we'll buy a few," said Freddy readily. "Buy as many as you like! I'm fond of a dog myself."

Louisa saw she must be blunter. The admiral, reconnoitering Miss Wilbraham's card table, dropped anchor. Miss Wilbraham gently hiccuped.

"Dear Freddy, it just wouldn't be the life to suit me," said Louisa. "Fond of you as I am—and of Enid too—I can't think of anything likelier to send me up the wall."

"You might at least think it over."

"I don't need to, and it's much better to have it settled."

He paused in turn; then he did something very nice. He refrained from offering her more money. "If that's your last word, I suppose I must just take another knock," said Freddy sadly.

Louisa offered all the consolation she could. "Stay and have dinner, Freddy."

"Thank you, I think I'll just be getting along," said F. Pennon.

"As far as the grub goes, you're probably right," agreed Louisa heartily. But she was now feeling almost as sad as he was; she cast desperately about for some fresh, some gayer topic to carry them over the mournful moment. It was a relief to catch Admiral Colley's eye; though the admiral wasn't looking particularly cheerful either, the mere presence of a third might help.

"Who's that poor old feller?" asked Freddy.

"Admiral Colley," said Louisa. . . . "Admiral, this is Mr. Pennon."

"Have a glass of champagne," said Freddy gloomily.

Two hours later, what a change! What a party!

It was an evening such as Broydon Court had never known before and never would again. Freddy's carte blanche for champagne all round released every inhibition. What extraordinary experiences Miss Wilbraham related, of the siege of Lucknow! Mr. Wright was extinguishing fire bombs on the dome of St. Paul's, Mr. Wray fighting bulls at Màlaga. As for the lesser fry of residents, returning one by one to find practically an orgy going on, it was remarkable how quickly they forgot their surprise and entered into the spirit. Only Mr. McAndrew held slightly aloof. The two typists actually nipped upstairs and changed into evening dress—this after Mrs. Brent began to play the piano.

Who let in Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch? There they were, too, getting between people's legs, nosing into the champagne buckets. Mrs. Brent played the piano; even ol Albert, though run off his feet, obliged with a song; while at the calm center of this happy whirlwind F. Pennon and the admiral were swearing an eternal friendship based on the admiral's luckless devotion to a dear little woman at Malta.

"She'd the most charmin' profile," mourned the admiral.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Freddy. "My dear chap, this is amazin'! So's Enid's."

"Not Enid; Marion—and a way of peeping up at one that made one feel about eight feet high."

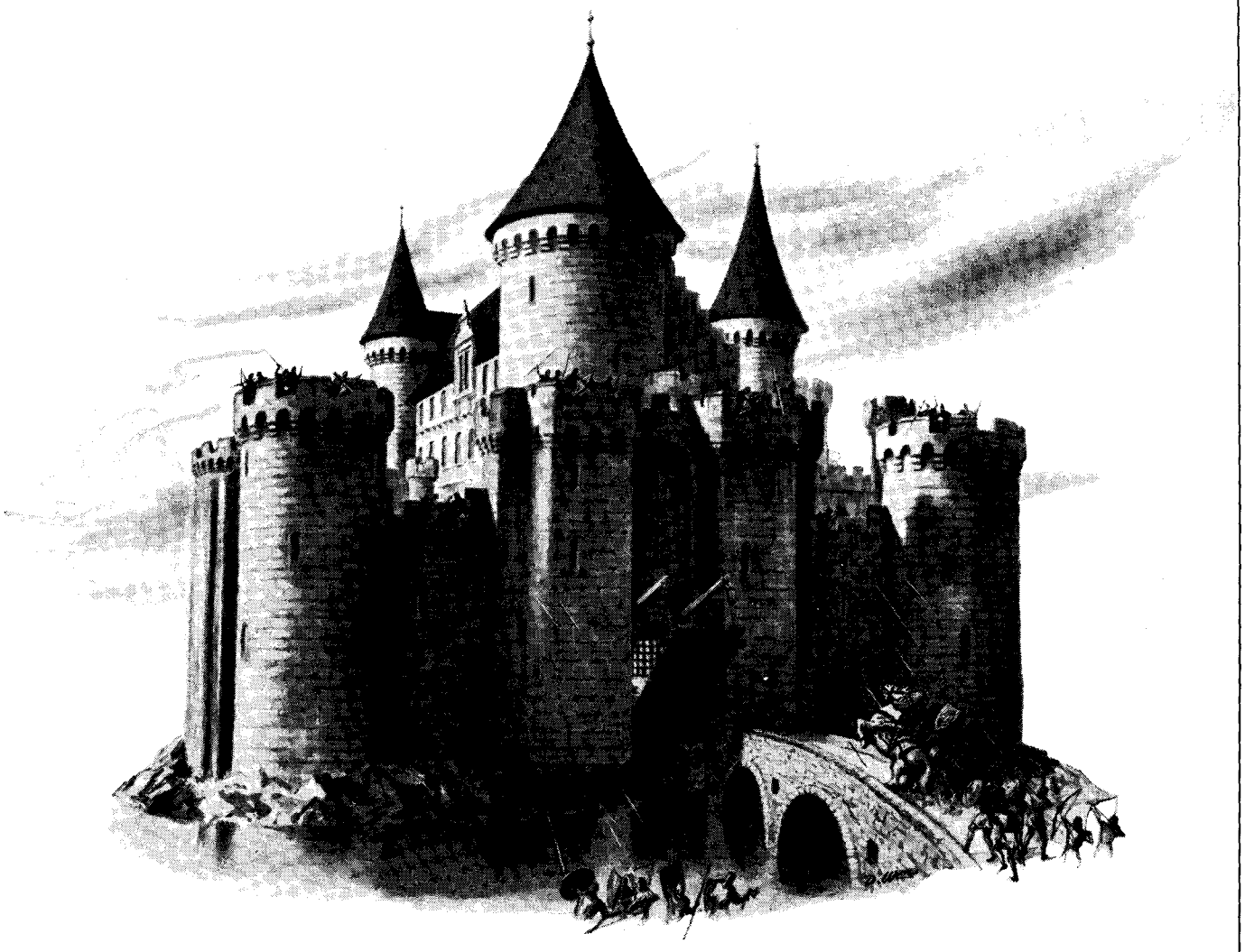
"Protective?"

"Exactly. A chap felt he wanted to lay down his life in her defense."

With happy astonishment, Louisa heard Freddy reply that this described Enid to a *T*. It might be the champagne in him speaking, but couldn't he always afford champagne?

Who turned the lights out in the middle of a Paul Jones? The lid was off Broydon Court with a vengeance! From the amount of giggling that ensued, Louisa guessed the typists were being kissed; and the next moment she was kissed herself. The lights went up again; she encountered on one side an extremely dour look from Mr. McAndrew, on the other the over-innocent gaze of Mr. Wray. *He must have stood on his toes!* thought Louisa kindly, and allowed him to lead her into a tango. That Mrs. Brent was playing a waltz was neither here nor there; Mr. Wray had learned to tango in Spain, and tango he would. Mr. Wright cut in, stately exponent of the slow fox trot; one of the young men took over from Mrs. Brent and launched a cha-cha. No one had any thought of dinner—indeed there was no dinner that night at Broydon Court; Freddy's bounty overflowed, via Albert, to the cook. More than once it crossed Louisa's mind to telephone and summon Jimmy; it seemed a shame he was missing such a good party; but the thought of his aching tooth restrained her; he was probably in bed. Actually the hour was no more than about nine, but Louisa, like everyone else, had lost count of time.

Freddy and the admiral at least, however, obeyed the well-known rhythm of partytime. About halfway they began to



Your Castle Needs Protection, Too!

From earliest times man has striven to protect his home by the best means available.

Today, a Great American Homeowners Policy provides an ideal way to safeguard *your* "castle" against loss due to fire, windstorm, explosion, burglary and theft, personal liability, many other perils. AND you can pay for your Homeowners Policy . . . as well as for your other family insurance needs . . . on easy terms, with our Budget Plan.

Get full details *now* from the Great American agent in your neighborhood, or your insurance broker.

Great American Insurance Company New York Incorporated 1872

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"

GREAT AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE · MARINE · AUTOMOBILE · CASUALTY · SURETY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get sad. Admiral Colley was the sadder—as he had reason to be: not for him, as for Freddy, reunion at last with his little woman!

"Don't think I grudge it you," said the admiral earnestly, "but, by the Lord, it's hard!"

"It's leaving the old Mansions I'm going to feel," mourned Freddy, not on champagne now; brandy.

"I'm in the sunset of my days," stated the admiral, "and what's it look like? You've heard of a D.B.S.?"

"Distressed British seaman," supplied Louisa, who had paused beside them in sympathy.

"That's right. Consuls have to send 'em home. Well, I'm a Distressed British admiral," stated Admiral Colley, "and no consul will ever send me home, because I haven't got one. I lie rotting in this unspeakable crab-infested dock waiting to die in my damned uncomfortable bed. How's that for a ghastly sunset?"

"Horrible."

"And what else can I do? Isn't one damned lodginghouse just like another

Time's Laggard

By James Hearst

The house of summer closed its
doors,
But like one fey or blind
I dreamed that I was still
inside;
I kept it so in mind.

Now I am mocked by time's
own truth;
A wild grapevine, far-flung,
Drops frosted fruit; at my
campfire
The smoke sticks out its tongue.

The wind pelts me with colored
leaves,
While in an oak a crow
Prophesies that an arctic clock
Is striking the hour of snow.

damned lodginghouse? A wife—don't think I grudge you, old chap, I don't. Let the best man go in and win!" exclaimed Admiral Colley, a trifle obscurely. "A wife sees to things. Goes to the butcher and gets a nice cut. Whereas here I lie rotting ——"

It was at this moment that Louisa had the inspiration destined to be so valuable all round.

The air outside struck fresh and cool; bright moonlight lent Freddy's Rolls an almost unnatural beauty. Behind its wheel sat Hallam, the chauffeur.

Louisa spared a moment to admire him—a custom-built Rolls chauffeur. After three hours' waiting he had but removed his cap and permitted himself a cigarette—and was obviously ready to don the one and extinguish the other at a moment's notice. Even at Louisa's—not his boss's—approach he performed both these actions simultaneously. It was a real pleasure to be recognized by him.

"Nice to see you again, madam."

"Look," said Louisa, "are you really driving straight back to Bournemouth?"

"If Mr. Pennon so decides, madam. The roads will be nice and clear."

Louisa hesitated. She was feeling extraordinarily clearheaded, but the moonlight on the bonnet slightly dazzled her.

"Look," said Louisa again, "it's just possible Mr. Pennon may have someone with him."

"There are plenty of rugs, madam."

"The difficulty may be the pagoda. Would it go in the boot?"

"How large a pagoda, madam?"

"About five feet."

"In sections?"

"I don't know," confessed Louisa. "Maybe you could lash it to the roof."

"In any case, just leave it to me, madam."

"Thank you very much," said Louisa warmly, and hastened back into the lounge.

Most fortunately the admiral had just been called upon to steady Miss Wilbraham with news from Delhi. Though not Army, he was eminently Service. Louisa dropped into the vacant chair beside Freddy's and refused a brandy.

"Honestly, isn't he tragic!" sighed Louisa. Freddy had no doubt of whom she spoke; they were both of them gazing in the same direction, the eyes of Freddy, at least, practically were overflowing with tears.

"You know what, Louisa?" said Freddy solemnly. "My heart bleeds for him. He tells me he ain't had a decent glass of claret in years."

"And how he'd appreciate one!" sighed Louisa.

"Not a doubt of it. You weren't here, Louisa, but on claret he's sound as a bell. We could have gone on talking, just about claret—we never even touched on hock—for hours and hours. What I'd give," exclaimed Freddy pathetically, "to have a chap like him at Bournemouth!"

There it was, in solution, the whole beautiful answer to Freddy's need for a buffer, the admiral's need for a home, and Louisa's need to see them both happy. She stopped sighing and precipitated it.

"Well, why not?" said Louisa. "Why don't you take him," asked Louisa explicitly, "back with you?"

From which moment things moved so fast that even Louisa, their instigator, was slightly astonished. "What about Enid?" suggested Freddy.

"Won't Enid love an admiral?" countered Louisa.

"By George, you're right!" agreed Freddy; and that settled Enid. Admiral Colley received the proposition with enthusiasm and sailorlike readiness.

As Louisa had foreseen, his one anxiety was for his pagoda. "Either in the boot or lashed on top," Louisa reassured him. A dozen willing hands helped him pack, while Freddy settled the bill. It was so enormous that the slight sum due from Admiral Colley Mrs. Brent just slipped in. Louisa genuinely admired her—she had never liked Mrs. Brent so well—as the latter downed a hasty cup of coffee and proved she could still add. She might regret the loss of a resident later, but at the moment six ten-pound notes rejoiced her heart.

Then the whole party went out to see Freddy and the admiral off. Of course, they had all had a great deal of champagne.

The pagoda had to be lashed onto the roof after all; but Hallam swathed it carefully in a rug. An unexpected detritus of Oriental bric-a-brac cumbered the floor space; there was still ample room, in a Rolls, for Freddy and the admiral. Hallam imperturbably lapped them, too, in rugs, as Freddy stuck his head out of the window for a last farewell.

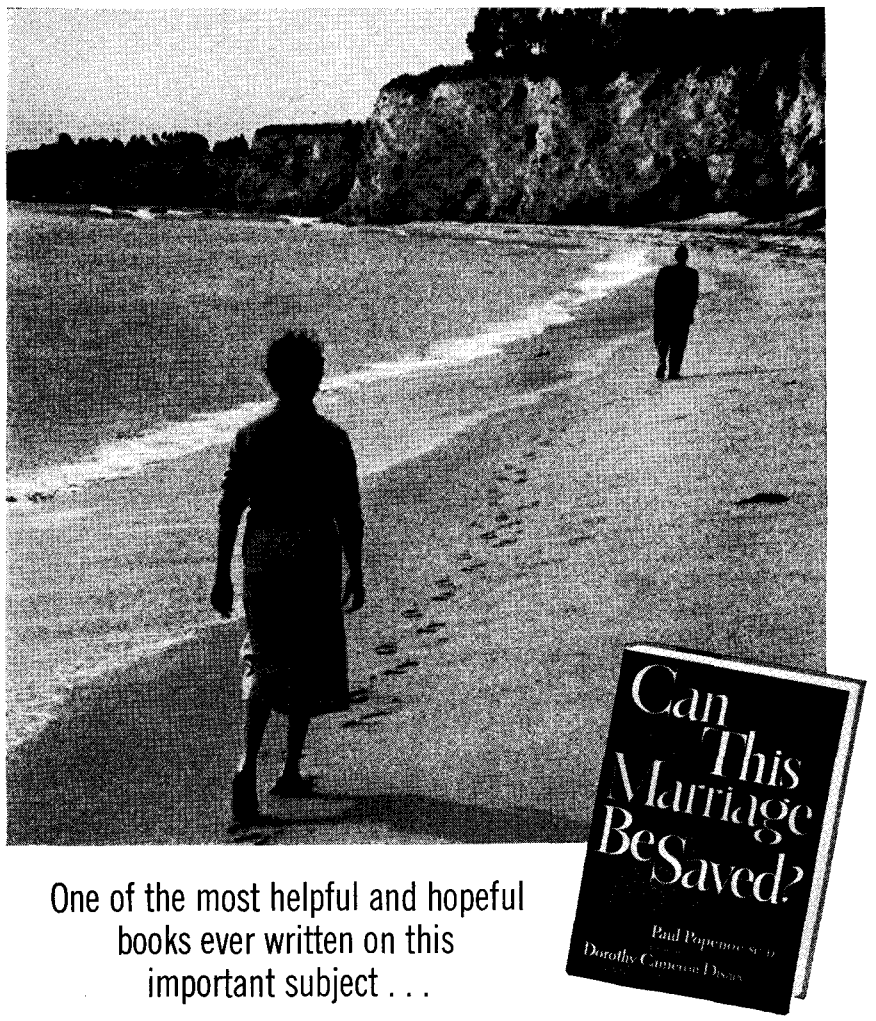
"Sure you won't come with us, Louisa?" called Freddy.

But Louisa, thinking of Jimmy Brown, was quite sure.

TO BE CONTINUED

MAGNIFICENT
BELONGS TO
OLD HICKORY
Magnificent! Wherever people get together, you hear it said. Magnificent is the one word that truly describes all that Old Hickory is. The rare, satisfying flavor of this great American bourbon... the gentle taste... the unusual care that goes into the quality distilling and patient aging. Try Old Hickory. You'll find it a magnificent experience.
Magnificent gown by Rudolf
OLD HICKORY
America's Most Magnificent Bourbon
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · ALSO 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DON ORNITZ

One of the most helpful and hopeful books ever written on this important subject . . .

Can This Marriage Be Saved?

Here is a book every married couple should read . . . as well as every young man and woman contemplating marriage.

Based on a popular series in LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the book contains much material that has never been published before.

In frank and fascinating case histories, the authors present the actual stories of 20 marriages which were headed for certain disaster. After discussing the wife's side and the husband's side in each case, the authors go on to tell how the marriage was saved from the ugliness and heartbreak of divorce.

The problems are common ones . . . self-centeredness, in-law trouble, money difficulties, disagreement over raising children, triangles, immaturity. And though these problems are often serious threats, the authors show they *can* be solved.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? presents a realistic picture of the complexities and tensions of modern married life. Its honesty and thoroughness distinguish it from the "theory" type of book on marriage. These are *real* problems . . . *real* people. Watching them discover the truth about themselves, about the rights and responsibilities of marriage is fascinating and informative.

Use the handy coupon on this page to order your copy now!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Dept. 1714, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Please send me a copy of *CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?*

Name_____

Street or R. D._____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Payment of $4.95 enclosed (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax)

☐ Bill me $4.95 plus a few cents for postage and handling

If you are not completely satisfied, return the book within 10 days for a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

Bernard Baruch's Own Story

(Continued from Page 36)

of Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Dr. James Conant, Dr. Vannevar Bush, former Assistant Secretary of War John McCloy and Maj. Gen. Leslie Groves, who had headed the Manhattan District—the code name for the A-bomb project. The committee was assisted by a board of consultants headed by David Lilienthal, then chairman of TVA.

Then early in March, Byrnes told me that President Truman wished me to serve as the American representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, to draft the American proposals for a system of international control.

My first reaction was to decline. After more than five years of working in the war-production program, I was looking forward to a rest. I also felt that the task required a younger man; I was then in my seventy-sixth year. But I soon realized that I could not decline. I conferred with Byrnes and other officials, and began studying the issues with which I would be dealing. The situation was suddenly confused by the unauthorized publication of the report of the Acheson-Lilienthal group.

This report, which laid the basis for a system of international control of atomic energy, proved indispensable in formulating specific plans. But it was, in Acheson's words, a "rough sketch, a sort of working paper." The report defined itself as "a place to begin." It did not pretend to offer a definitive program; for example, it did not deal with the problem of enforcement or with the question of the veto power, which I considered crucial.

Nonetheless the report was immediately regarded as the official statement of American policy. A day or two after its release Sir Alexander Cadogan told me that he had been informed by Acheson that the United States would offer the Acheson-Lilienthal report to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission as a basis for discussion.

I could not understand why Cadogan, the British representative on the UNAEC, should have been informed of the United States' intention, while I, the American representative, was kept ignorant. Nor could I see the purpose of my appointment if United States plans on atomic control had already been decided upon. I went to Acheson for clarification. When he confirmed what Cadogan had told me, I told him plainly that he would have to find another messenger boy, because Western Union didn't take anybody my age.

I asked for an appointment with President Truman. When I saw the President, I handed him the following letter:

March 26, 1946

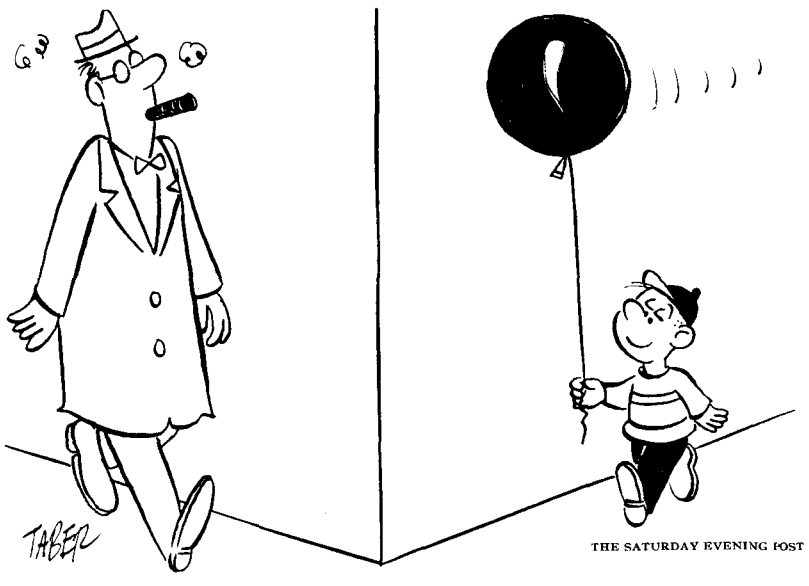
My dear Mr. President: I was, of course, very much gratified that you should have expressed such great confidence in me as to appoint me the United States representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. I do not underestimate either the honor or the responsibility, but, as I have become more familiar with the situation, there are certain elements of it which are causing me concern, and which I, therefore, want to discuss with you. As I understand my duties and authority, they consist presently solely of the obligation of representing United States policy on atomic energy, as communicated to me by you directly or through the Secretary of State, before the United Nations Organization. I see nowhere any duty or responsibility on me to participate in the formation of that policy.

This situation has been brought very forcibly to my attention by the press announcements of the report rendered by Mr. Acheson's committee. I do not underestimate the effect of this publication in the United States or in the world at large, and while I have not had an opportunity to examine the report with care and cannot state my own definite views with respect to it, the letter from Secretary Byrnes to me transmitting the report states that it was unanimously recommended by a committee headed by the Under Secretary of State. This brings the report pretty close to the category of the United States Government policy.

I have no doubt that the public feels that I am going to have an important relation to the determination of our atomic-energy policy. There is no legal basis for this view, and now that the Under Secretary of State's committee report has been published, the determination of policy will be greatly affected by the contents of this report. Even the superficial and incomplete examination of the subject that I have been able to make in the last few days convinces me that this report is likely to be the subject of considerable and rather violent differences of opinion. Its publication, which I understand to have been unauthorized, does not render the situation any less difficult.

These are the things that have been bothering me, and I wanted to talk them over with you before coming to a final conclusion myself as to whether, in the circumstances, I can be useful to you. I will need a little more time to reflect. As it presently stands, I think that embarrassment all around would be avoided if you would ask Chairman Connally of the Foreign Relations Committee to postpone any action on confirmation of my appointment until I have had a little more time to think things over.

Respectfully yours,
BERNARD M. BARUCH



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In discussing our interview in his memoirs, President Truman has suggested that I was trying to infringe on his Presidential prerogative to determine policy. He has written that he read me a lecture on the powers of the Presidency and admonished me that he, and he alone, would make policy. His recollection in this matter is, regrettably, inaccurate. Far from giving me any lecture, Truman was most affable, and plainly anxious for me not to withdraw from the task. When the question arose about who was to draft the atomic proposals, he made this exact and characteristic reply, "Hell, you are!"

I understood this remark as an expression of his confidence in me and his reliance upon me to give him my best advice as to what our policy should be. I appreciated, of course, that the final policy decision had to come from him and, to his everlasting credit, the one President Truman made was sound.

Byrnes echoed the President's attitude. At a meeting with him, attended also by John Hancock, Byrnes remarked, as Hancock noted in a memo summarizing this talk, that he "depended upon Baruch to take the initiative, develop the plans and carry the initiative in the creation of a policy which . . . [Baruch] might have approved by the President as . . . [Baruch] might wish."

With my position clarified, I assembled my team of alternates and fellow workers. I turned once again to old and trusted associates: the able and experienced John Hancock and Ferd Eberstadt; Herbert Bayard Swope, the distinguished journalist; and Fred Searls, head of the Newmont Mining Corporation and a former assistant to Byrnes in the Office of War Mobilization. These men put aside their private interests to serve with me, and I could not have carried on the work without them.

By and large, public reaction to the appointment of me and my colleagues was gratifying. But, of course, the approval was not unanimous. There appeared to be a conviction among scientists that only a scientist could cope with the problem of controlling the atom. My friend, Vannevar Bush, a distinguished scientist, told me point-blank that, in his opinion, I was the most unqualified man in the country for the task.

"Doc, you couldn't be more right," I said. "Put on your hat and let's go tell the President, and that will let me out."

"If you get out," Bush protested, "the damn thing will blow up."

I said, "What do you want me to do?"

"Oh, hell!" Bush exploded. "Stay in."

I was well aware of my ignorance about nuclear science, but I could not agree with Niels Bohr, who said to me, "Why not leave the question of atomic control to the scientists? They wouldn't destroy the world."

Apart from the implication in Bohr's remark that scientists would be wiser than others in dealing with the world's fate, I rejected his assumption that the fundamental problem in the control of nuclear energy is scientific. Albert Einstein once declared that the control of nuclear energy is an ethical and political problem. This was exactly my view.

Once I got to work, however, I found scientists who were willing to help. R.F. Bacher, Arthur H. Compton, C.A. Thomas and Harold Urey rendered invaluable aid by serving on the Scientific Panel. So did J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had played so vital a role in the development of the atomic bomb. But the scientist on whom I relied most was the late Dr. Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology, whose service I enlisted with Conant's help. I never knew a wiser man.

General Groves, Gen. Thomas F. Farrell, Acheson and Lilienthal were very helpful, too, and I struck up a warm friendship with Lilienthal, who ultimately became the first chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission.

With the aid of all these men, and with the Acheson-Lilienthal report as a guide, we set to work to elaborate a plan for the international control of atomic energy. Most of the next two months were spent in study and in conference with specialists of every kind.

There was no question on the basic principle of international control. How to effect it was the problem—how, for the first time, to provide international jurisdiction which would be effective. Where, for example, should such jurisdiction begin—with the ownership of mines containing fissionable ore, or at the point where the ore was refined? What means could be devised to detect violations? How could we provide an effective system of inspection without infringing on the legitimate privacy of nations? And what form should the agreement take—a UN resolution or a conventional treaty?

These were some of the questions confronting us. But central to all of them was the question of enforcement. The lessons of the past, with its meaningless disarmament agreements, were in my mind. Consequently I insisted that any plan for the control of atomic energy provide for penalties against those who violated the rules.

The question of penalties brought us up against the issue of the veto in the Security Council. By exercising its veto, any member could prevent the UN from acting against violation of the atomic agreement. Consequently we proposed that once the atomic-control agreement was ratified, the veto power could not be exercised against the application of penalties invoked under it.

Day after day we wrestled with these and other issues. Finally, on June seventh, we completed a "Statement of United States Policy." I took this document to Secretary of (*Continued on Page 129*)

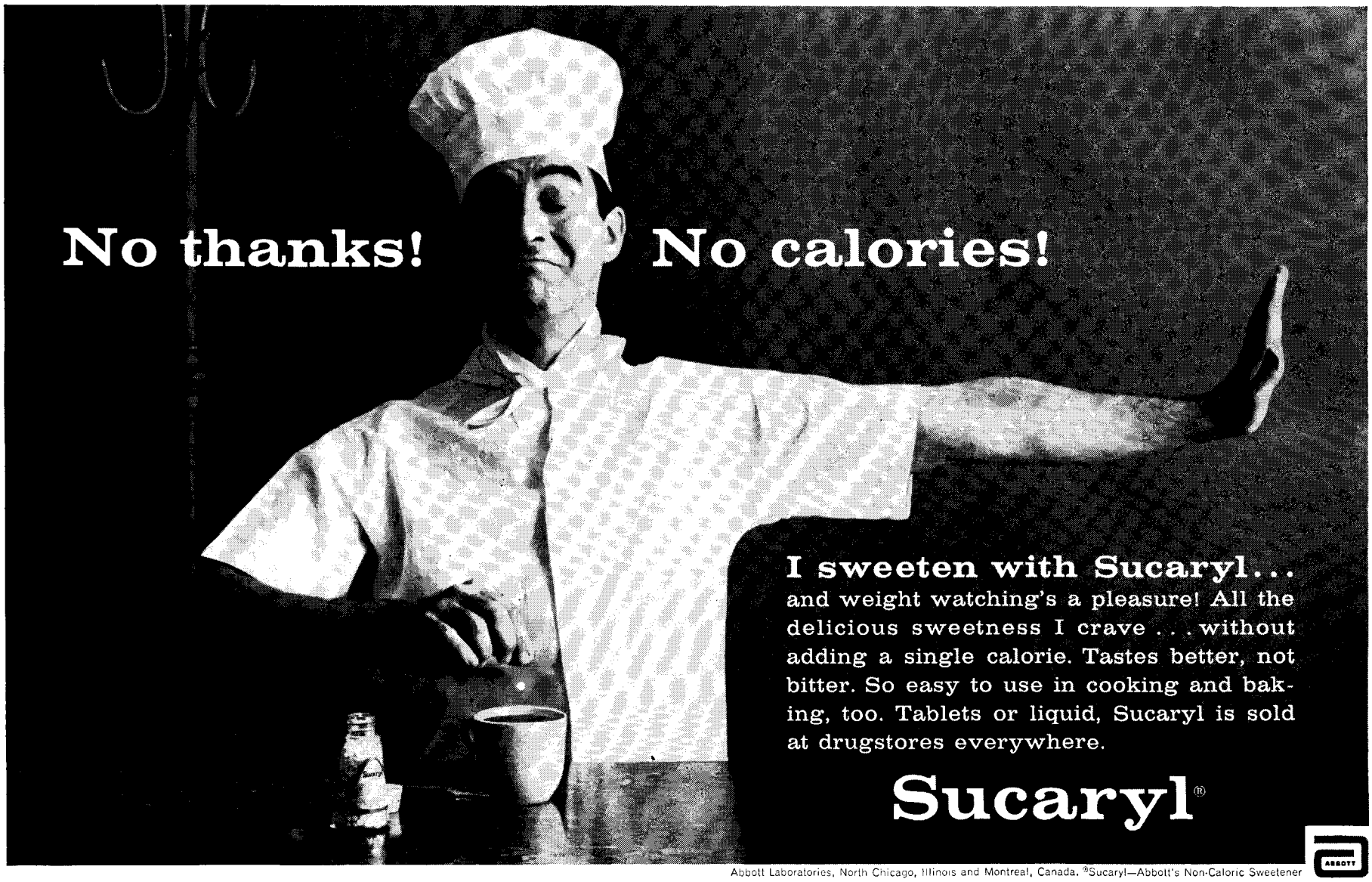
What Mr. Truman Wrote in His Memoirs

Baruch, who is usually referred to as an "adviser to Presidents," had, of course, full knowledge of the President's responsibility for national policy. His concern, in my opinion, was really whether he would receive public recognition. He had always seen to it that his suggestions and recommendations, not always requested by the President, would be given publicity. Most Presidents have received more advice than they can possibly use. But Baruch is the only man to my knowledge who has built a reputation on a self-assumed unofficial status as "adviser."

I had asked him to help his government in a capacity of my choosing. I had no intention of having him tell me what his job should be. I made that clear to him, in a very polite way, and so did Byrnes, as his letter indicates.

Mr. Baruch's principal contribution to the atomic-energy program was that he transformed the Acheson-Lilienthal Report from a working paper into a formal, systematic proposal and that he added a section that called for sanctions against any nation violating the rules.

(*From* YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE, *by Harry S. Truman, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., © 1956 by Time, Inc.*)


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure! All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter. So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Tablets or liquid, Sucaryl is sold at drugstores everywhere.
Sucaryl®
ABBOTT
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

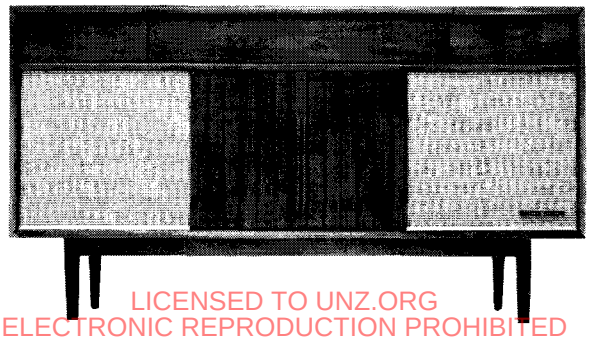
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stereo with Resonance brings even your old 78's to life!

Now every record you own can sound as real as the live performance.

Imagine—recorded music that actually does not sound recorded. General Electric has achieved it by adding resonance to stereophonic high-fidelity. (Resonance—that's the heart of music . . . the part that you feel.) Naturally, no surface noise can be allowed to interfere with music of such purity. So General Electric has introduced "Vacu-Magic" . . . a little vacuum nozzle and brush mounted on the tone arm. It cleans grooves as the music plays.

Another exclusive is General Electric's "Record Saver." It lets you take records from the jackets without touching the delicate playing surfaces.



Cabinets? There's a full line of rich hardwood furniture...in hand-rubbed walnut, mahogany, cherry and maple.

Tomorrow, drop by your General Electric dealer's and get acquainted with the most important advance in home-music since the long-playing record, "*Resonant Stereo*" with "Vacu-Magic."

RESONANT STEREO

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Section • General Electric Company • Decatur, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 127*) State Byrnes, who approved it, and the two of us went over to the White House to submit it to President Truman. I asked him to read it in my presence so that I could answer any questions he might have. As he read, the President initialed each paragraph, and at the end he wrote out his formal approval and signed his name. He did not change a word.

I want to emphasize that no man ever received more encouragement and support from his chief than I did from President Truman during my service on the UN Atomic Energy Commission. I say this as one who has had serious disagreement with him on other matters, and as one whose personal relationship with him has been ruptured.

A few days after delivering the policy statement to the President, Swope, Eberstadt and I were sitting on a park bench discussing the address I was to give before the UNAEC in presenting the American plan for control of atomic energy. In my opening remarks, I said, I wanted to convey my conviction that the question the delegates were about to debate was a matter of life and death for the world. A day or so later Swope phoned me and said, "I've got your opening line. It comes from the best possible source—the Bible." Thus it was that on June fourteenth, I rose before the assembled members of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission and began, "We are here to make a choice between the quick and the dead."

I went on, then, to outline the American plan for the control of atomic energy. It called for the creation of an International Atomic Development Authority to which should be entrusted all phases of the development and use of atomic energy starting with the raw materials and including (1) managerial control or ownership of all atomic-energy activities potentially dangerous to world security, and (2) power to control, inspect and license all other atomic activities.

The Authority was to have the right of free access at all times for inspection; and, by a system of rapid and effective punishment, it was to provide "a program not composed merely of pious thoughts but of enforceable sanctions."

"The matter of punishment lies at the very heart of our present security system," I said. Any nation guilty of illegal possession or use of atomic bombs, or of illegal possession of materials suitable for use in bombs, or of seizure of Authority plant or property, or any other violation, would be liable to "immediate, swift and sure punishment. . . . There must be no veto to protect those who violate their solemn agreements not to develop or use atomic energy for destructive purposes."

After a system of effective controls was brought into operation by successive stages, the United States would cease the production of bombs, and dispose of its existing stock pile of bombs according to the terms of the agreement. Thereafter, research and development in all fields of atomic energy, including the field of atomic explosions, would be carried out under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Atomic Development Authority, which would assist all nations to exploit the atom for peaceful purposes.

I concluded my presentation of the American plan with this statement: "The solution will require apparent sacrifice in pride and in position, but better pain as the price of peace than death as the price of war."

This, then, was our proposal for the control of atomic energy, a proposal unprecedented in its generosity. The United States offered to surrender a weapon it alone possessed, and to share its secrets, on only one condition—that every nation be guarded against its destructive use.

In the following weeks the details of the American plan were spelled out to the UNAEC. The reaction was overwhelmingly favorable among the United Nations except, of course, for the Communist bloc. A few days after the presentation of the American plan, Andrei Gromyko presented the Russian proposals. In brief, the Soviet plan called merely for an international convention outlawing the production and use of atomic-weapon stock piles. The Russians were against any system of international inspection, control and punishment; they refused even to consider surrender of the veto, protesting that this did violence to national sovereignty. Of course it did. Every treaty involves some diminution of sovereignty.

I summed up the difference between the American and Soviet positions in a letter to Mr. Truman on July 2, 1946, pointing out that the atomic race would be on if we accepted the Russian position. "We should stand firm," I wrote, "on the position we have taken."

President Truman was in complete accord with me. In his reply he wrote that

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Now I'm Run Down

Hal Chadwick

I hate the alarm clocks
That buzz without let-up ——
Electrical gadgets
That force me to get up.
I liked the old-fashioned
Mechanical ones
That finally ran down
If I stuck to my guns.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"we should not under any circumstances throw away our gun until we are sure that the rest of the world can't arm against us."

After the American and Soviet plans had been presented, the detailed negotiations began. From all the diplomatic maneuvers, the envenomed tirades of Vishinsky, the stolid debating of Gromyko—from all these, one central fact emerged: The Russians would not countenance an effective system of international control of nuclear energy.

By mid-September, after three months of debate, it was clear that deliberations were deadlocked. Finally, after six months of debate, I was ready to concede that further discussion was hopeless. My associates had been pressing me to call for a vote, and at last I agreed. The vote was scheduled for December thirtieth. Just before I entered the committee chamber, Sir Alexander Cadogan called me aside, and told me that His Majesty's Government could not support the American position.

I was shocked. The British had stood firmly with the United States from the beginning. I could not understand this reversal, unless they were trying to bluff us into putting off a vote. As I heard Sir Alexander's words, however, I could feel the color leave my face. I told him in the plainest language, and in the presence of others, that if Britain walked out on us, I would denounce her in unmeasured terms.

Cadogan, who was only following his instructions, took it all with aplomb. We then went in to take the vote. The bluff having failed, Britain voted with the United States and eight other nations in support of the American plan. Poland and Russia abstained.

With the issue now before the United Nations Security Council, I felt that my work was over, and on January 4, 1947, I submitted my resignation to the President.

The impasse over the control of atomic energy foretold a continuing deadlock between Russia and the West. By the end of President Truman's first term the hopes for enduring peace had faded. The country was disillusioned by the "cold war," and a great deal of recrimination was focused on the President. His domestic policies had also antagonized a large part of the public.

As the 1948 elections approached, the President was at the nadir of his popularity. He had been deserted successively by the less-ardent New Dealers, most of the party bosses, Mr. Roosevelt's sons, and the conservative Southern Democrats.

As the convention approached, Truman supporters were hard to find. Indeed, a good part of the Democratic Party was ready to deny him renomination. I was visited by a number of Democrats, some of them supposedly friends of the President, and others identified with the liberal wing of the party. All of them wanted to talk about the possibility of ditching Mr. Truman. They tried to enlist me in this effort, and one or two even had the notion that I ought to go to the President and try to persuade him to withdraw.

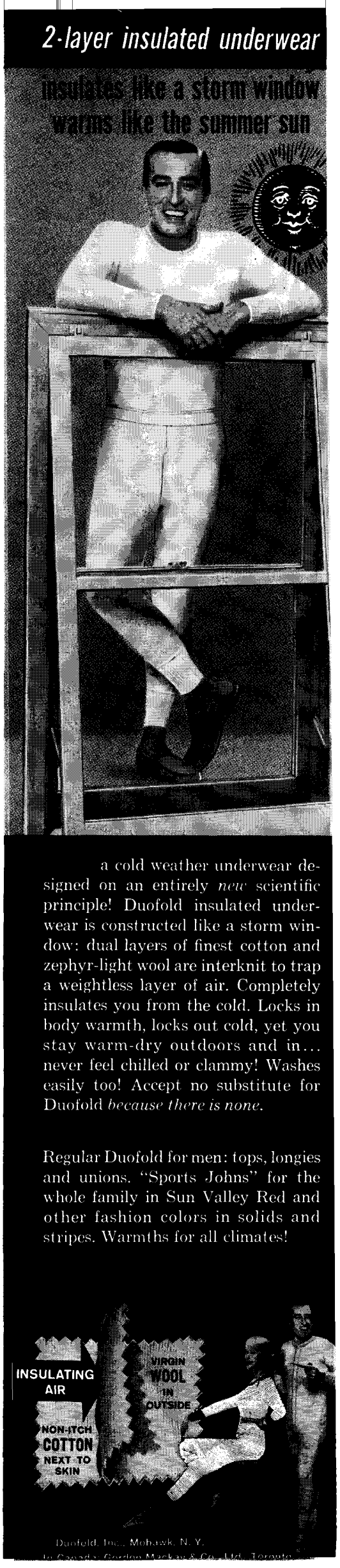
The man whom many of these visitors had fixed on to succeed Mr. Truman as leader of the Democratic party was General Eisenhower. Despite my regard for Eisenhower, I could not countenance this proposal to dump the President—quite apart from the fact that none of those seeking to boom Eisenhower for the Democratic nomination knew whether he would accept, or where he stood on the issues confronting us.

To all my callers I gave the same reply. I told them that the effort to unseat President Truman would fail, since as President he controlled the party machinery. Whether they liked it or not, I said, Mr. Truman would be the nominee, and it seemed to me that a Democrat could best serve his party by supporting him.

I intended to. There was much in Mr. Truman's policy with which I disagreed, but I saw nothing in his record which deserved rebuff and insult from his own party. He had shown qualities of greatness during his first term; the Truman Doctrine, the Berlin Airlift, the Marshall Plan were achievements to be admired.

Indeed, I was as ready to support Mr. Truman in 1948 as I had been in 1940, when he had been hard pressed to win renomination to the Senate against the bid of Gov. Lloyd Stark. At that time F.D.R. had tried to get Truman to withdraw from the primary race, and Truman's prospects looked bleak. According to Jonathan Daniels' account of that primary fight, Truman did not even have funds to pay the postage on campaign literature.

At the request of James Byrnes, then Senator from South Carolina, and Bennett Clark, the senior Senator from Missouri, I contributed to Truman's 1940 campaign. Truman won by fewer than 8000 votes. After the election he came to my hotel apartment in Washington with Bennett Clark to thank me for my help. He told me that it had been the toughest fight he had ever waged and that he would never forget my support. Later, when he was asked about this incident, Mr. Truman said that he knew nothing of it.


2-layer insulated underwear
insulates like a storm window
warms like the summer sun
INSULATING AIR
VIRGIN WOOL IN OUTSIDE
NON-ITCH COTTON NEXT TO SKIN

a cold weather underwear designed on an entirely *new* scientific principle! Duofold insulated underwear is constructed like a storm window: dual layers of finest cotton and zephyr-light wool are interknit to trap a weightless layer of air. Completely insulates you from the cold. Locks in body warmth, locks out cold, yet you stay warm-dry outdoors and in... never feel chilled or clammy! Washes easily too! Accept no substitute for Duofold *because there is none.*

Regular Duofold for men: tops, longies and unions. "Sports Johns" for the whole family in Sun Valley Red and other fashion colors in solids and stripes. Warmths for all climates!

Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y.
In Canada: Gordon Mackay & Co., Ltd., Toronto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toward the end of June, 1948, I went to see Mr. Truman at the White House. We discussed the opposition he faced within the Democratic Party, and I said that I had some suggestions which might improve his chances for re-election.

I suggested that he go to Philadelphia in person to accept the nomination, announcing to the convention his intention of calling a special session of Congress, and challenging Republicans to use that session to fulfill their platform promises.

President Truman listened attentively as I spoke. When I had concluded, he rose from his chair and walked up and down in front of his desk. "You've got something there," he said. "You've got something there."

After I left Mr. Truman's office, I called on Clark Clifford, the President's counsel, and Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder. I repeated to both of them the suggestions I had made to the President. Snyder, a close friend of the President, was pleased with my support. He went on to tell me of difficulties he was having in raising money to bring the Missouri delegation to Philadelphia. To his delight, I promised to contribute the sum he needed.

A few days later Clifford came up to New York. While there he paid me a call and asked me to elaborate on the suggestion I had made to President Truman. This I did.

Within a few days I left for Europe. During my absence, the Republicans nominated Thomas E. Dewey and were confident of victory. The Democrats came to their convention in Philadelphia a divided party, anticipating defeat. The proposed candidacy of Henry Wallace threatened to attract important segments of New Deal support. The South was on the verge of bolting over the civil-rights issue.

Mr. Truman, acting along the lines I had suggested, came to Philadelphia for what he knew was inevitable—his nomination. It came after midnight of the third day, on the first ballot.

The President appeared before the convention at two o'clock in the morning. It may be that no candidate has ever accepted the nomination from such unenthusiastic delegates. Before he was through, however, Mr. Truman had brought them to a roaring pitch of excitement.

It was a rough, angry, fighting speech. "Senator Barkley and I will win this election, and make these Republicans like it, don't you forget that," he said. He went on to make a cutting attack on the Eightieth Congress and the Republican platform. Then he produced the dramatic challenge:

"On the twenty-sixth day of July, which out in Missouri we call 'Turnip Day,' I am going to call that Congress back and . . . ask them to pass laws to halt rising prices and to meet the housing crisis—which they say they are for in their platform.

"At the same time I shall ask them to act upon other vital measures, such as aid to education, which they say they are for; a national health program; civil-rights legislation, which they say they are for; an increase in the minimum wage, which I doubt very much they are for . . . funds for projects needed in our program to provide public power and cheap electricity. . . .

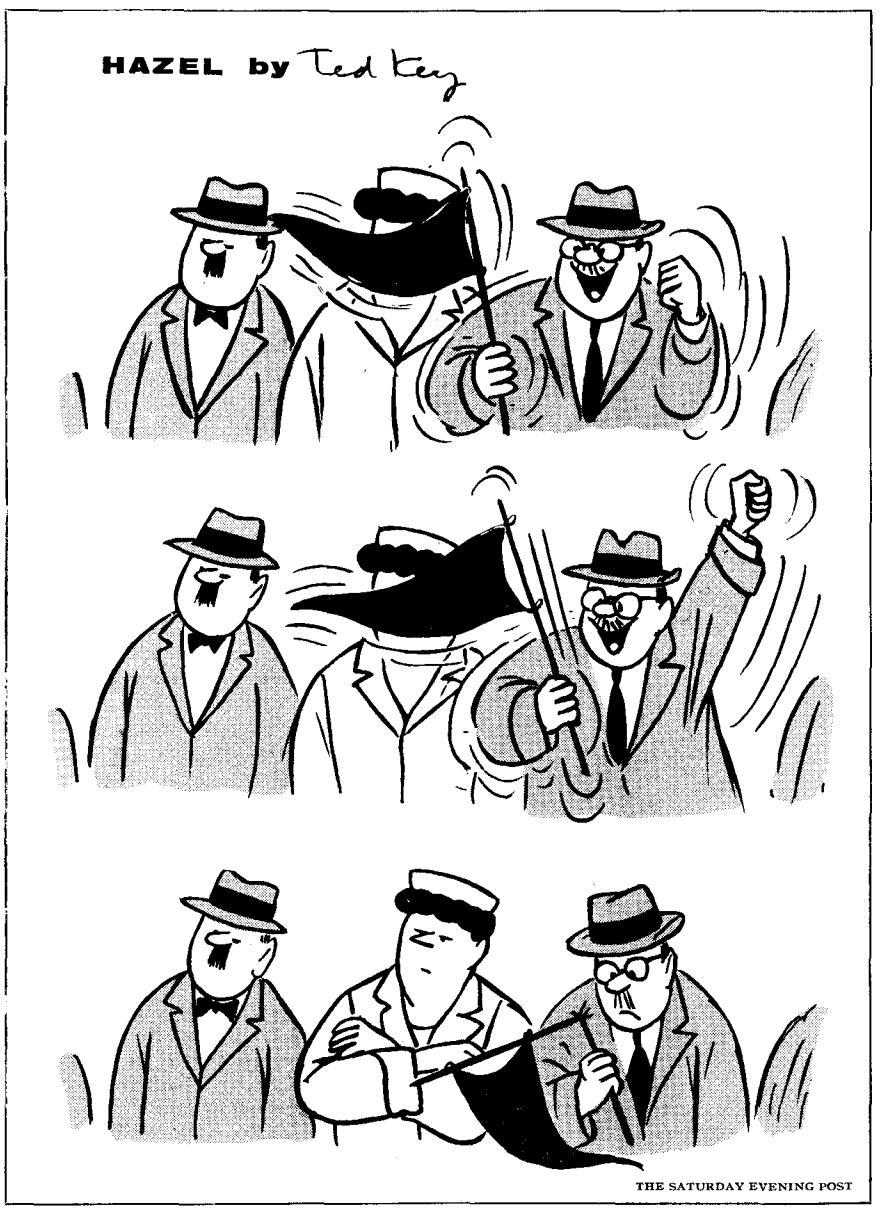
"Now, my friends," he concluded, when the tremendous applause died down, "if there is any reality behind that Republican platform, we ought to get some action out of a short session of the Eightieth Congress. . . ."

With this rousing finale, President Truman's campaign was launched. From Europe I cabled Clifford my congratulations on Truman's convention speech. "The President's stock is going up," I said.

I returned to the United States shortly after the convention. Illness then kept me in bed for some time. When I was up again, I went one day to the dedication of Idlewild International Airport. President Truman and Governor Dewey were both present. As I took my seat, Dewey came over and inquired, "Baruch, what have you got to say about our campaign?"

"*Our* campaign!" I exclaimed. "I'm for the Democratic ticket, Tom."

After the ceremonies I went over to shake hands with President Truman. "That was a wonderful job you did at Philadelphia, Mr. President," I said. "I haven't had a chance to congratulate you, other than by the cable I sent. But you handled it beautifully."



To my astonishment, Truman looked at me as though he had never seen me before. I went back to my seat dumfounded. I was even more surprised to receive the following letter, a few weeks later, from the President.

August 19, 1948.

Dear Mr. Baruch: I was talking with Senator McGrath yesterday and he suggested that it would be very greatly to the advantage of the Democratic organization if you would agree to serve on the Finance Committee. I hope you will be willing to do that.

Sincerely yours,
HARRY TRUMAN

P.S. Congratulations on your birthday today.

I replied on August twenty-seventh:

The delay in answering your letter of August nineteenth has been due to the fact that when I returned to town you had gone on what I am sure is a much-needed vacation. In regard to my going on the Finance Committee, I have never yet served on any committee of the Party, nor have I ever made a political statement. As you well know, that is not because of lack of interest, but over the years my friends have agreed with me that my methods were perhaps the best. Roosevelt, among others, thoroughly agreed with me.

What I had told the President was true. I had made it a rule never to serve on committees, particularly fund-raising committees for political purposes. I did not expect the President to take my declining very hard, but it miffed him—or perhaps, as Jonathan Daniels has put it, he "mistook . . . an old preference for a new desertion."

In any case, he replied as follows on August thirty-first:

My dear Mr. Baruch: I read your letter of the twenty-seventh with much disappointment. A great many honors have been passed your way, both to you and your family, and it seems when the going is rough it is a one-way street. I am sorry that this is so.

Sincerely yours,
HARRY TRUMAN

The fact is that in more than forty years of public life I have always declined the honors which often reward party loyalty. I have declined ambassadorships and an assortment of other appointments; I have never accepted a party post.

What I found particularly hard to understand in Mr. Truman's letter was his evident belief that I was hostile to him. After my initial anger and resentment at the President's letter had cooled, I decided not to reply. Mutual friends who knew of the letter were unhappy about it. Louis Johnson told me heatedly that he would get Truman to retract it, and John Snyder was also apologetic.

But I was content to let the matter rest and to attribute it to the pressures which beset the President during the campaign. I certainly did not want to get involved in any controversy which would add to the President's problems.

I have only myself to blame for the fact that this matter led to an open break between the President and myself. Just a few days before the election, Westbrook Pegler came into possession of a garbled version of the correspondence between Mr. Truman and me. Pegler asked me, over the telephone, if I would let him see the originals. I refused. But in talking with Pegler, whom I knew well and to whom I thought I was speaking in confidence, my resentment at Mr. Truman's unjust charge flared again, and I characterized his letter in harsh terms.

Next day the papers carrying Pegler's column appeared with blazoned headlines in which my angry words were quoted. Coming as it did on the eve of the election, the story created a sensation and opened a breach between President Truman and myself.

When I was a boy, my mother used to admonish me to keep my tongue between my teeth when I was angry. I had followed that rule most of my life. This was one time I didn't, and I have regretted it.

Since this incident I have seen President Truman only once. In May, 1951, I had made an address at Virginia Military Institute in honor of George Marshall, dealing in it with the question of foreign affairs. The President wrote to express his appreciation of my tribute to Marshall, whom he admired as greatly as I did, and to say that I had added something to an understanding of the Administration's foreign policy. Shortly afterward I was visiting the Marshalls at their Virginia home. I was ready to return to New York when Mrs. Marshall said, "The President has called. He is going to come down, and he told me to keep you here."

When the President arrived, he was accompanied by Chief Justice and Mrs. Vinson. He was cordial, and we sat around in a circle talking for a while. Then, as the President was ready to leave, I said to him, "Mr. President, I regret very much that any wedge should have been driven between us."

Mr. Truman replied, "I'll see that it doesn't happen again." Then, as he walked off, he turned and shook a finger at me. "That's a promise," he said and grinned.

But it was the last time we spoke.

President Truman's second term was filled with crises and tainted with bitterness. He had done the right thing by intervening in Korea; yet, in at least one sense, his Administration had invited that aggression by failing to maintain our military strength. The President had other second-term troubles: the revelations of Communist espionage at home; the whole sensational business of the Alger Hiss trials; the disclosure of corruption within the Administration; the outcry over the dismissal of General MacArthur, and finally the spectacular rise of Sen. Joe McCarthy.

But even his critics must concede that Mr. Truman represents, and represents strikingly, the capacity of a man to rise to great challenges and opportunities. No one can deny that he made the hard decisions, and made them well. All in all, I have no doubt that history will rank Mr. Truman far up among those Presidents who have served their country with distinction.

This is the last of three articles taken from *Baruch: The Public Years*, the second volume of Mr. Baruch's autobiography, published this week by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.
— THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

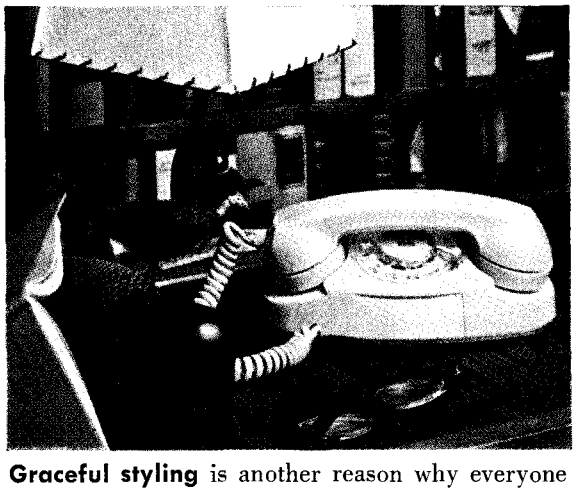
America has fallen in love with the

new *Princess* phone

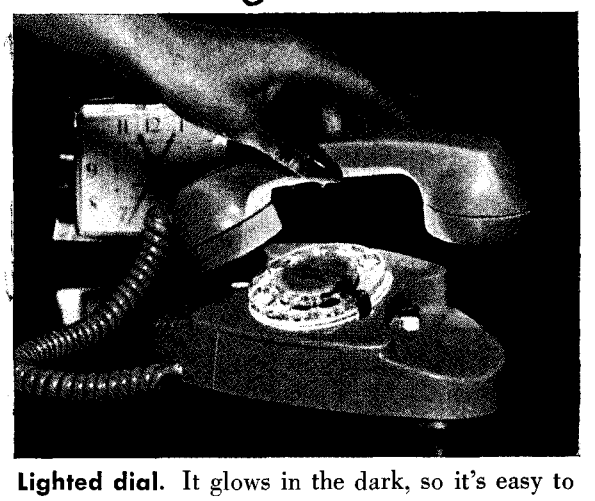
In white, beige, pink, blue and turquoise—attractively priced

it's little!... it's lovely!... it lights!

Small size is one of many reasons why the Princess is so popular. It fits in where you didn't have room for a telephone before—as an extension on a kitchen counter, on a writing desk or a bedside table.



Graceful styling is another reason why everyone is so charmed by this phone. You can put the Princess anywhere and be sure that its lines and the color you choose will blend in beautifully.

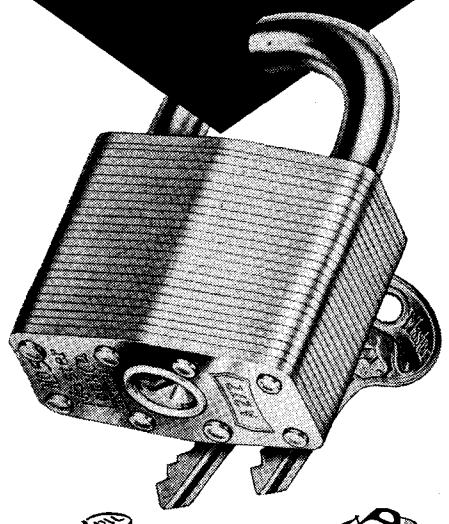


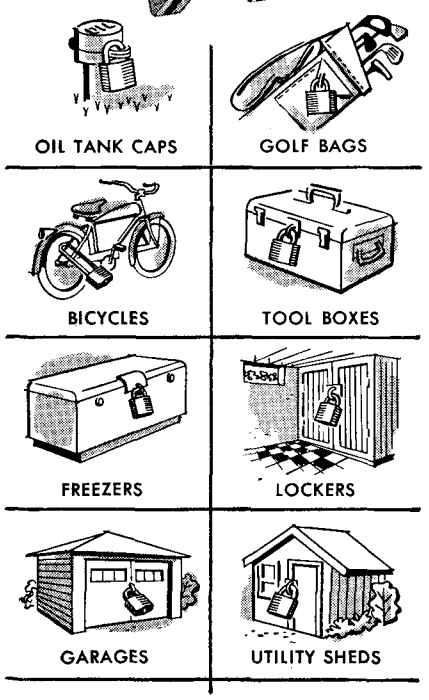
Lighted dial. It glows in the dark, so it's easy to find, and lights brightly when you lift the receiver, so it's easy to dial. To order the Princess, just call our Business Office or ask your telephone man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get the best
SECURITY
for your valuables
Master
LAMINATED
Padlocks





Be secure with MASTER PADLOCKS—steel laminated construction plus genuine pin tumbler locking mechanism gives you greater strength.

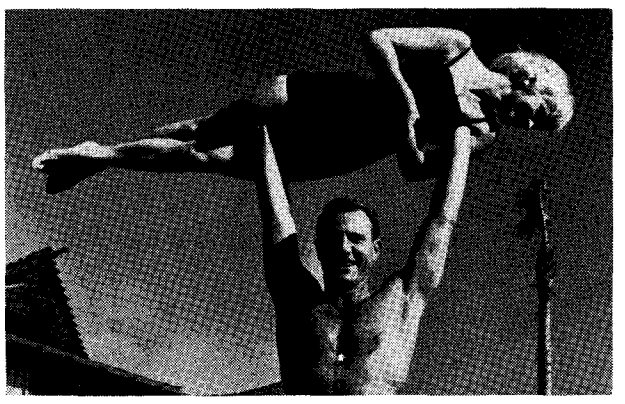
From $1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere.

Master Padlocks
ALWAYS ON GUARD — DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wisconsin
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

Keeping Posted

The Man Who Slugged the Man Who Rode the Thunder

To weave the hair-raising details of I RODE THE THUNDER (page 24) into narrative form, Marine **Lt. Col. William H. Rankin** spent every weekend this past spring with free-lance writer Harry Kursh and a tape recorder. Rankin recorded twenty miles of tape, and Kursh clocked 13,000 miles commuting from his home above Peekskill, New York, to Rankin's bachelor quarters near the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, Virginia. "I outlined the story and made the tapes," says Rankin, "and Harry did all the pounding of the typewriter."



Marine pilot Rankin gives Rosemary Fulton a flying lesson.

Harry also pounded the colonel on one occasion. The colonel is a firm believer in physical fitness, and he takes a portable gym—weights, sit-up board, exercise mat—with him from one duty station to the next, to keep in shape for flying. The colonel also expected Kursh to lift weights, to keep in shape for typing. When Kursh accused Rankin of trying to kill him with fitness, the colonel invited Kursh to even the score by slugging him. "I'm no lightweight," says Kursh. "In my day I could hold my own as a wrestler and boxer. I hit him with everything I had—and my hand bounced off his stomach. Later I talked to a Navy flight surgeon in Norfolk who told me that few, if any, other aviators could have survived what Bill did after he bailed out. The doc said Bill's physical fitness is the reason he came through that storm alive."

Our photo suggests that the colonel's present duties, at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego, are not interfering with his fitness program.

Animal Wisecrackers

Interviewing animals is more trying than interviewing people, testifies **Jack Brownell,** author of THE LIGHT-FINGERED KANGAROO (POST SCRIPTS, page 42). How many human interviewees, Brownell would like to know, chew on a reporter's pencil (see photo) while he's trying to write, and demand grapes and bread to pose for photographs?

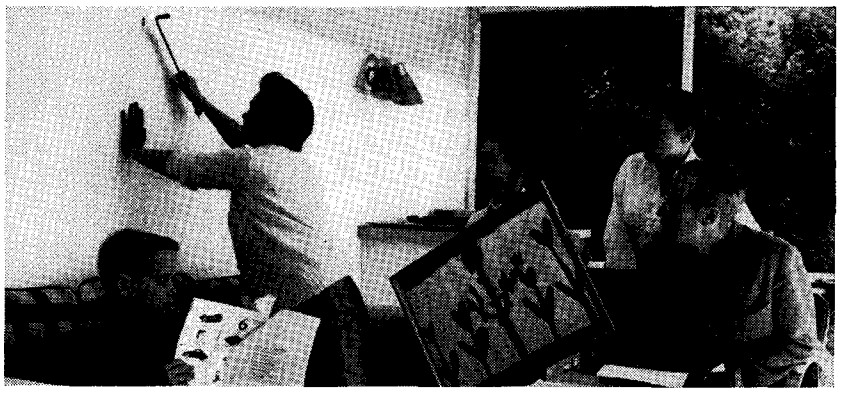
Brownell's series of discussions with members of the animal world (THE IRRITATED OYSTER, THE OBSTINATE OSTRICH, and so on) came about as a result of his trying to write a serious article about bats. "The more serious I got about bats," he says, "the funnier they seemed. So I decided to do a series of humorous nature studies. Perhaps I've broken new ground in the nature-study field, and I hope nature lovers will forgive me."

Contributor Brownell is in the employ of the Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn advertising agency, where he handles all copy for Con Edison, the New York City electric-and-gas utility. "I live in Stony Brook, Long Island," he says, "and am married to four women—a wife and three daughters."

Interview with a 'roo named Victoria.

Freddie to the Rescue

"I'd better be out of town when this piece runs," said **John Bartlow Martin** when we bought TO CHICAGO WITH LOVE (page 19). After twenty-two years' residence in or near Chicago, Martin has come to expect Chicago's volatile citizenry to be outraged whenever their city's faults are held up to the light. He says his March 31, 1951, *Post* article, HOW CORRUPT IS CHICAGO?, pleased almost no one in the city. One of the milder protests came from the Hon. Martin Kennelly, then mayor of Chicago, who objected to the statement, "He [Kennelly] is the great greeter and wake attender. He meets every strawberry queen at the airport." Martin says His Honor didn't seem ruffled by the suggestion that he might be more serious about the responsibilities of public office. What did bother him was the matter of protocol: The mayor didn't meet beauty queens at the airport; the beauty queens came to the mayor's office.



Freddie, Fran, Dan, Cynthia and John Martin at a family hanging.

Reporter Martin lives in suburban Highland Park, Illinois, with the four other Martins at left. In our photograph, Mrs. Martin is hanging a painting executed by Dan, aged nine. Cynthia, eighteen, a freshman at Sarah Lawrence College, paints, too. Freddie, seven, paints *and* writes. His current project is a novel, titled *Freddie, The Great Hero* and illustrated by Freddie. Somehow Freddie is triumphant in every chapter. (Sample chapter heading: "How Freddie Saved His Parents From Drowning.")

Freddie's big test as a lifesaver is at hand: How will he protect daddy from outraged readers who will be phoning at all hours to complain about those slurs on their beloved Chicago?

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTINGHOUSE GUARANTEES THE 1961 LAUNDROMAT® GIVES YOU
AUTOMATIC WASHER

CLEANER CLOTHES OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Model LAB

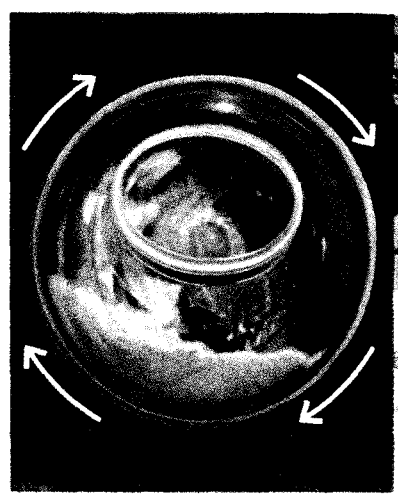
MORE WASHING POWER FOR CLEANER CLOTHES

Yes, the Laundromat—with More Washing Power and two deep rinses—washes your clothes cleaner. Yet the Laundromat saves water on every load . . . uses half as much bleach and detergent as other automatics.

The exclusive weighing door helps you save even more: it tells you where to set indicator for the right amount of water and detergent!

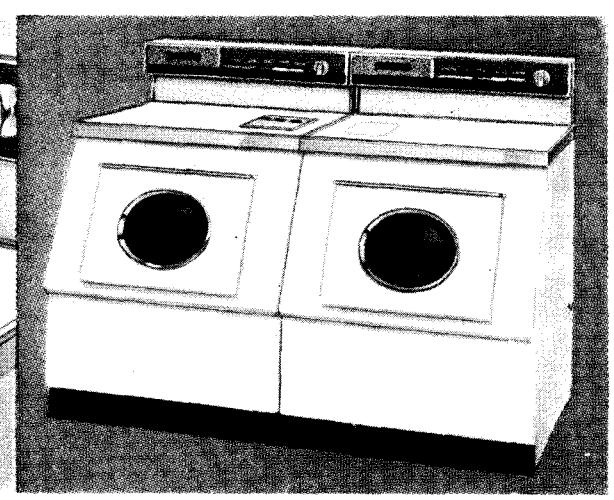
Use the Laundromat for 15 days. You're sure to be delighted. But if, within that time, you don't agree that your clothes are cleaner than ever before, your participating dealer will take the washer back and refund the complete purchase price. See your Westinghouse Dealer soon!

IMPORTANT: This Money-Back Guarantee applies to all new 1961 Laundromat models LAB, LBB, LCB and LGB. Offer expires December 30, 1960. You Can Be SURE . . . If It's Westinghouse.



UNIQUE WASHING ACTION lifts clothes in and out of hot, sudsy water throughout the entire wash cycle. Then two deep rinses in fresh, clear water. Yet it uses up to 10 gallons less water than other automatics.

NEW BLEACH DISPENSER automatically adds the bleach to the wash at just the right moment, safely diluted, in the right amount. No worry about "how much", no fear of spilling. Holds a full 6 weeks' supply.



1961 LAUNDROMAT AND MATCHING DRYER also feature: big capacity . . . self-cleaning Lint Ejector for lint-free washes . . . Dryer dries faster, at safe, low temperatures. And there's a model for every budget! See your Westinghouse Dealer soon! Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

Westinghouse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK

All the Kellys at home for Halloween—all set to take pictures.

Emmett Kelly says: "Catch <u>your</u> ghosts and goblins in color. It's easy with Kodacolor Film!"

"If I can take treats like these, it's no trick! Halloween at our house means kids, costumes, and color," says famous circus clown Emmett Kelly. "What a time for snapshots in color! I catch our little girls having fun—the way they really look. The pictures come out so lifelike! All I do is put Kodacolor Film in our Brownie camera—and shoot. Kodacolor Film makes you lucky and talented at once!" (*Use it in the family camera. Have it processed and prints made locally or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.*)

"Stasia and Monika, 5 and 3, bob for apples in our back yard. Kodacolor Film catches the apples in their cheeks, too!"

"Our little hobos look over their treats. I have a big enlargement of this shot to keep me company in my dressing room."

"My wife Evie was with the circus, too. See how well Kodacolor Film works with flash!"

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED